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# FOLK

## THE STORY OF A LITTLE LEAVEN IN A GREAT COMMONWEALTH

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THE fables and the fairy tales and the parables that have become classic in the lore of civilized peoples, doubtless owe their perennial existence to something in each of them that tallies with the actual common experience of men, rather than to a unique, bizarre and fantastic woof and design. The parable of the mustard seed, the simile of the "leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," and the story of the prince who broke through the thorn hedge and woke the sleeping castle, are not mere literary figures; they represent parallel experiences in the lives of men almost as common as those of birth and death and giving in marriage. Every man, since men came out of the forests, has seen the compelling power of kindness work its miracles in the world. Christ and Grimm were not the first to discover how the leaven of righteousness leaveneth, and how a brave deed frees men from stupefying wrong. And yet — so curiously are we constructed — whenever the mustard seed of some man's faith in decency does grow in a community and blossom there, or whenever the brave prince breaks through the hedge of miserable convention and barbarous custom and awakes a stupid world to the light, we stand agape at the ancient time-worn spectacle and call our neighbors to witness the marvels of these modern times.

This preface seems necessary to the story of the achievements of Joseph W. Folk as governor of Missouri, lest the reader consider them some sort of signs and wonders, and make for the young man who is doing them a sort of mythical character. For the truth is, the achievements are simple enough if one cares to undertake them with an honest and hardy purpose; and as for the man Folk, he is a most ordinary young man equipped with the usual physical and mental accouterment, whose only difference from many another young gentleman in Vanity Fair is that Folk has sense enough to be honest and to make it pay.

It is important that we should look for a moment at Missouri as it was, that we may better appreciate Missouri as it is. For a generation, Missouri had been under the domination of the Democratic party. In that generation a Democratic machine had been constructed, which, like machines of all parties in all states, had no moral sense. Party government superseded constitutional

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government, as it will supersede constitutional government in any state where party government is long dominant. Missouri conditions were not peculiar to Missouri. Men were rewarded for party service rather than for public service, and if that party service consisted of stealing an election by forgery and ballot-box stuffing, or by maltreating honest citizens at the polls, that service was rewarded by the party that was served just as carefully as though it had been performed to promote the general welfare. Missourians literally paid taxes to maintain a system that curtailed their rights and liberties as citizens. When a non-partizan court happened to send an election thug to jail, or a ward heeler to the penitentiary, the party "took care" of him with a pardon, as a matter of course. For thirty years the people were chloroformed by the election of two entirely respectable men to the United States Senate, who never interfered with the local crookedness of the party, and who accepted, almost unquestioned, the dictum of the local machine in small matters of patronage that came up during a long Republican federal régime.

Bass drum statesmen were developed by the machine, who put words together with a rhetorical glucose sticky with figures of bending blue skies, and singing birds, and laughing streams and prattling children, and golden grain and that sort of folderol; and when a community showed signs of throwing off the yoke of the machine a big bass drum would be sent to boom in its midst — a sort of savage war slogan — about "Ger-rand old Missourah!" and the people continued to bow down to wood and stone. The legislature met biennially, and enacted such laws as the corporations paid for, and such others as were necessary to fool the people, and only such laws were enforced as party expediency demanded. The statute prohibiting murder was operative except against persons who had served the party by stealing elections; and the statute against larceny was operative only when it could be shown that the offender was outside of the party machine, and stealing from private citizens. Boodling, bribe-giving, public blackmail, legislative hold-ups, corrupt political deals and combinations carrying thousands of dollars with them flourished, and politicians who benefited thereby were accounted shrewd. A baking-powder law was bought through the legislature so flagrantly that when the chief lobbyist of the baking-powder trust was elected to a high office, his triumph was celebrated in the Missouri House of Representatives by a shower of baking powder over the heads of the legislators who exalted him. The machine was literally a school of political seduction, as a permanent machine is in any state, and it ruined young men of both parties by the score.

The nominal head of the machine, and of the government in Missouri under boss rule, was the governor. The governors were honest men in that they would not steal or take a direct bribe. But they were — with one or two exceptions — pasteboard men, whose ways were so devious that each incoming governor, seeing the coarse work of his predecessor, remarked upon it; and as a result, of all the living ex-governors of Missouri, it is said that only two are on speaking terms with one another! The hollowness of that kind of government — which is by no means peculiar to Missouri — may not find a more delicious illustration. These governors, however, were not real governors of the people of Missouri. Naturally, when there is a machine, the force that operates it must come from without. It cannot in the nature of things, be directed from within. And the force that operated the Missouri machine is the force that operates most of the state machines throughout the nation. Fifty men in New York City, form the boards of directors of the majority of the great railroads, the great banks, the great life insurance companies, the great public service corporations. A score of these men are high-salaried lawyers. A dozen big law offices in New York hire subordinate lawyers in every American state and territory, and it is not so much the duty of these subordinate lawyers to practice in the courts as it is to control the courts and the forces that make the courts and the laws that the courts pass upon. Half a dozen of these great New York lawyers, through their common subordinates in the state capitals and trade centers, can practically dictate the election of United States senators, governors and Supreme Court judges in two-thirds of the American states. For, by the use of railway passes, the subordinate attorneys may say what delegates shall attend every important local convention, and thereby what candidates shall win, and what state policy shall be followed. Given a permanent machine in a state, amassed wealth controls it as surely as the

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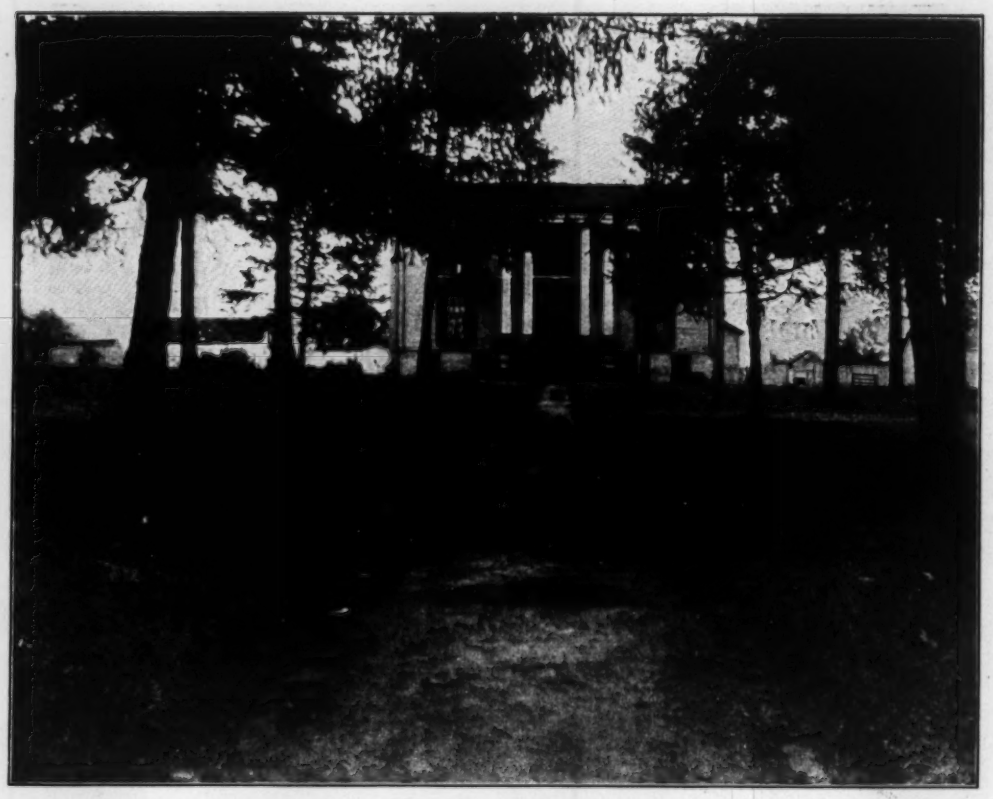
THE MOTHER OF GOVERNOR FOLK

sparks fly upward. The wires that supplied much power to the Missouri machine were Alexander Cochran, state counselor for the Missouri Pacific, and John Carroll for the Burlington. These two men were not the real governors of Missouri. But to them governors and legislators and political upstarts of all kinds went for their orders. Cochran and Carroll were the gods behind the machine, and they got their orders from New York. They and men like them kept the conscience of Missouri asleep behind the thorn hedge of party bigotry for thirty years.

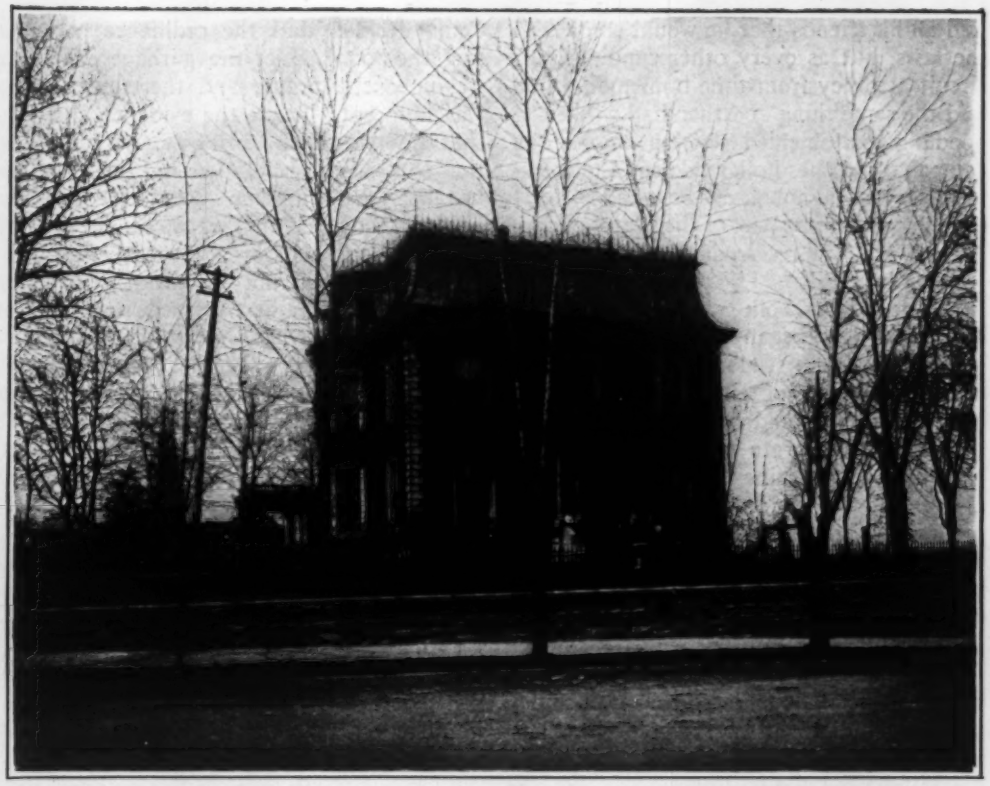
And now for the story of the coming of the king's son: Folk broke through the thorn hedge at the point of greatest resistance, and that point was at St. Louis. To understand the difficulty of his task, we must look for a moment at St. Louis, and its relation to Missouri; for St. Louis's corruption was the mainspring of the Missouri machine. The relations between St. Louis and the state government of Missouri are necessarily intimate. For Missouri is the type of American state, which has kept close rein over its cities. Many states have let their cities go their way, or have placed only state legislatures over them. But the governor of Missouri has more power in cities of the first class than have the mayor or the other elective officers of the city. For the governor appoints the majority of the police commissioners, and the policemen may be his strikers — if he chooses to make them so. He names the excise commissioners, and the saloon-keepers may be enlisted as the governor's henchmen



THE BIRTHPLACE OF GOVERNOR FOLK—BROWNSVILLE, TENNESSEE

—if he needs them. The governor is the overlord of the Missouri city. And so the Missouri Democratic machine found its chief source of corruption and strength in the largest city of the state. Rural Missouri has been honest and fairly well governed from the beginning. But the venal politicians, who always dominate any party machine, found the opportunities for graft and boodle in St. Louis too tempting. Briefly, the St. Louis organization was this: James Campbell, the traction magnate eager for privileges and concessions, an eminently respectable citizen who never got his fingers dirty, the representative of high finance in town, clubman, leading citizen, promoter of a tin-cornice of civic respectability and—Ed Butler. Ed Butler—a sort of wild boar of the jungle, who preserved the jungle law among the animal kind with whom he lived, and obeyed that law himself, except when he was hungry—was Campbell's retriever. Butler organized the election thugs. Butler's "Indians" beat up men at the polls; Butler owned councilmen of both parties in fee simple, having secured their election by open and unblushing fraud. Butler rounded up the purchasable cattle for the powers that drugged respectability in St. Louis, and who thereby made it possible for Butler and his "Indians" to control the town. Butler's duty was to "go fetch", and he did his duty efficiently and honestly.

The St. Louis machine was bi-partizan. Its creed was the most graft for the least money. The result of this system was that the governor appointed police commissioners that protected bruisers in assaulting honest citizens who went to the polls to vote for honest city officers; and the dishonest men elected held up every measure before the city council in which there was a dollar at stake. Franchises were boodled through the council without regard to the right or wrong of the matter; contracts were fraudulently let; the bribe-takers organized as a matter of course, after a parliamentary fashion, and appointed committees to solicit bribes and blackmail men having honest public business to transact. If citizens complained, Butler's "Indians" assaulted them in their party conventions, and the Democratic police protected the toughs. When an honest Democrat was nominated in their sphere



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION IN JEFFERSON CITY

of influence, Butler and his heelers elected a Republican. Graft was non-partizan, but the machine at the State Capital that protected the grafters was Democratic. That was the hedge, and this is how Folk broke through it. Said Ed Butler, sitting on the porch of the Hotel Navajo, in Manitou, making a fine picture of a defunct leader — a statesman out of a job: "It was like this: I was going to nominate a man named Clark — good fellow, and all right, 's far 's I know, when in comes Harry Hawes to my office one day an' says, 'Colonel, how bad do you want that man Clark?' An' I says, 'well — I dunno; I 've promised it to him.' 'Well,' Harry says, 'I got a young feller name Folk I want to have it.' That was Harry's way. He wanted to be a leader. An' he knew he could n't beat me fair; so he done it the other way. I says, 'well, I 'll see Clark and see what he says.' And I seen him and he says he did n't need the office particularly, and I says, 'well, if you don't, Harry Hawes 's got a young feller name Folk that 's been attorney for the Union Labor fellers and settled up their strike for 'em, and Harry kind o' wants to name him,' and so the next time I seen Harry I says, 'bring your little man around,' and he done it and I looked him over, and there did n't seem to be anything the matter of him, so I says all right and he was nominated. An' look what he done — spent four years tryin' to put me in the penitentiary — that 's the kind of a man Harry Hawes is. He 's a leader now, and I 'm out. An' that 's how he done it." The old man's huge, thick-skinned face — whereon is scratched a composite map of hell and Ireland — did not crease or twitch as he paused, but his little porcine eyes looked up furtively from his great paws, and glared malignantly about at the thought of his former feast of carrion, and he growled something that in a more human creature would have been an oath.

And that is how Folk was made circuit attorney. He did not get in under false pretense. The man who was assigned to the task of nominating him in the Democratic convention laid great stress on the fact that Folk would enforce the law — which was considered a great joke in St. Louis when Folk afterwards put the orator in jail for boodling. Folk said in all his speeches and

told all his friends that he would enforce all the laws, but as every other candidate for circuit attorney from time immemorial had said the same thing and then had winked at boodling and shielded election crooks, the campaign speeches Folk made and the promises he made did not alarm the evil-doers. It was supposed to be part of the patter of candidates, and was received strictly in a Pickwickian sense.

But as soon as Folk got through the hole in the hedge, he began waking up the sleeping castle. His first alarming action was to indict a number of election thieves. He prosecuted them and convicted them — in spite of the elaborate explanation made to him by the machine leaders, that these thieves had worked for his own election. His predecessor in office warned him that there was no sense in making trouble for himself by pushing these cases; that the people would forget all about it when he needed votes. But Folk went ahead; reading in the St. Louis papers a rumor of boodling in the city council, he followed that trail, and a number of indictments were issued. Boodlers began to betray one another. New indictments followed and Ed Butler waked up. He and the local party leaders threatened Folk with political extermination. But the indictments kept popping; leading citizens began to leave for Mexico and Europe.

Within three years Folk uncovered in St. Louis more corruption than had ever before been uncovered at one time and place in the civilized world. The legal records of the country show that before Folk became circuit attorney of St. Louis, thirty-four cases against bribe-takers had been brought in the United States in over one hundred years. In Missouri, in all the history of "that imperial state," as the bass drum orators of the machine used to call it, not one indictment had ever been brought against a public officer for boodling. Folk, in four years, brought forty cases; convicted twenty men — a dozen of whom were released by the State Supreme Court upon technicalities — and of the twenty convictions eight convicted men are serving time in the penitentiary. During those four years every man in St. Louis of any prominence was called before the grand jury as a witness. The only place of safety the corruptionists had was the State Supreme Court. When Ed Butler was caught and convicted of bribing a health board to give him a garbage contract, the Supreme Court decided that the ordinance permitting the board to let the garbage contract was unconstitutional, and therefore Butler was innocent, though the evidence showed that he offered the bribe-money and got the contract and fulfilled it. In another instance the Supreme Court let out a covey of boodlers in this way: the court had held in a score of cases that an information need not be sworn to by the circuit attorney: it reversed itself on a minor case and when the attorneys for the convicted boodlers appeared, the court cited this minor case as precedent, and released the offenders. The Missouri Supreme Court is one of those high and lofty bodies that regards the dignity of the court as far superior to the dignity of the governor and of the legislature — which are, of course, coordinate branches of the government each equally sacred. Recently, in response to a crying demand from the people that popular rights shall not be curtailed by peremptory imprisonments for contempt, a law was passed forbidding the Supreme Court to imprison citizens for contempt not committed in the presence of the court; but the Supreme Court promptly overruled the power that made the law, and declared the law unconstitutional. The court held that the law threatened the dignity of the court. Though why a governor and a legislature do not have just as much dignity as a court, and as much right to imprison those who speak disparagingly of them is not plain to the layman.

This may seem irrelevant, but in his fight for good government as circuit attorney, Folk was so continually finding his work undone by the State Supreme Court that it seems fair that some note of the court's part in the fight should be set down here. For the influence of a court is far reaching. The fraternity of lawyers is a freemasonry whose grand officers — the superior courts — are sacred. Young lawyers and old ones, too, for that matter, who had cases in the Missouri Supreme Court did not always express their sentiments at the trifling of that body. And in Missouri one often found lawyers defending the boodlers, and sneering at Folk. The machine was strengthened thereby. But Folk was arousing the torpid conscience of the common people. In St. Louis, for a time, he was a popular hero. But during that time in Jefferson City, the State Capital, where the big and little wheels

of the machine revolved, Folk's name was a byword. At St. Louis the business men took up a subscription to buy him a home — which, naturally, he refused, saying that popular approval was the only reward he cared for. At Jefferson City they said: "He has only done his duty — why this fuss over that?" But in private the influences he was combating poured their corroding wrath upon him; they tried to entrap him; set courtesans upon him; threatened him with assassination, and sent men to him to say that when he was out of office corruptionists would make it impossible for him to live in Missouri. This they did many times, until Folk believed that they would keep their word — if they could. Whereupon he saw but one thing for him to do, if he lived in Missouri after his term of office expired, and that was to destroy the corrupt forces which controlled the machine. There was but one sure way to destroy it — and that was to become governor and be governor in deed and in truth, instead of in name only as former governors had been. It would seem to be a foolhardy undertaking. But where the state laws and state constitution are such that the city is chained close to the state government, the only sure way that a city may be reformed is to go back of the city government to the state government. Under a crooked machine, in such cases, the city corrupts the state; but given decency in the state government, the state assumes the leadership and reforms the city. This is one of the anomalies of American politics. So in corrupt Missouri, St. Louis — its largest city — furnished the sinews of corruption to the state; in honest Missouri to-day, under Governor Folk, the state furnishes the sinews of decency to the city.

Rightly to understand the things Folk has done since he became a candidate for governor of Missouri, it is necessary to know the man. As circuit attorney of St. Louis he was a local figure, and in a measure he was what his enemies called him — a specialist, but since his rise from that office, as a candidate and as a gubernatorial officer, he has become a national figure, and the things he has done justify a close scrutiny of the man. The foundation of the character of Joseph W. Folk, governor of Missouri at the age thirty-six and one of the half-dozen real leaders of civic honesty in America, is religious morality. This is unusual to-day. Many contemporary statesmen and moralists are pagans. They have a philosophy of life deep and broad and cosmopolitan — which Folk has not — and they are Christians only because they have a sort of protective mimicry of creed, that merges them into their environments. But Folk, without much depth to his natural philosophy of life, is

*Photograph by Strauss*

CAPITOL OF MISSOURI AT JEFFERSON CITY

*Photograph by Strauss*

ALEXANDER COCHRAN

*Before Folk loomed up, Cochran, as state counselor for the Missouri Pacific Railway, was one of the real "powers" in Missouri*

deeply pious, without being in the least sanctimonious, and without any cant. He is a smallish man in stature, being a trifle less than five feet seven in height, and some day he will be stout. He is of the sack-coat size and build and temperament — as Roosevelt is — but finding himself a public man, he dresses the part in what we of the West call a Prince Albert coat, a garment which seems to give citizens confidence in their public officials. And this leads one in to the core of the man's character — caution. If the word "foxy" could be knighted into polite diction, it might be applied to Joseph W. Folk. For, though intrigue is foreign to his nature, and though he never walks on his toes, and has no stomach for shams and pretenses, every step he takes is taken with direction ; every word he says is weighed carefully — though hardly painfully as a stupid man's words are doled out to cover his ignorance ; and every act, public or private, which may have the least significance upon those who witness it, is measured by some wise rule. Hence the Prince Albert coat ; hence his abstinence ; hence his unruffled front ; hence the conventionality of his daily walk. Nor is this veneer. It comes from his heart. Fearing the effect on young men who might see him smoking, Folk has given up his cigar and pipe. He is as modest as a girl, and yet he is worldly-wise enough to know the force of the example of a public man, and he willingly sacrifices his comfort that he may not violate this trivial obligation to the people. His language is as clean as a woman's, and it comes from a carefully-weeded heart. Add to the picture of a frock-coated, smooth-faced, clear-eyed, shy-mannered, self-deprecating young man, a black soft hat and a boyish smile playing elusively over a countenance regular and oval, and it needs but few touches to make it live. Therefore one must know that Folk is of southern birth — though of a distinctly northern quickness of articulation. He

*Photograph by Strauss*

"ED" BUTLER — DEFUNCT BOSS OF ST. LOUIS, CONVICTED OF BRIBERY

*Who, in an unguarded moment, let Folk become circuit attorney. "An' look what he done," says Butler, "— spent four years tryin' to put me in the penitentiary!"*

slurs few "R's" but occasionally burrs an "R" to indicate, perhaps, that the war is over, and that he is not a "professional" southern gentleman. His father was a lawyer in Brownsville, Tennessee, and was of North Carolina extraction, while his mother was an Estes, from Virginia, and both families were in the Revolutionary War, though before the Revolution the Folks came from Germany. Folk's father was his father's seventh son, and Governor Folk, the youngest of ten children, is his father's seventh son. The boy Joseph got the education of a boy in a wholesome American country town, and went to Vanderbilt University — the Yale of the South — and took the law course and a little work in the college department. He was graduated with the law class of 1890, and after practising for a time in Brownsville, came to St. Louis, opened an office and built up a profitable business. He became the attorney and representative of some striking street-car employees, and through the prominence the case gave him he was made the Democratic nominee for circuit attorney for St. Louis. He is a good lawyer.

Ed Butler, the deposed Irish boss whom Folk convicted of bribery, says that Folk is insincere. And in St. Louis, among men who hold that sincerity means standing by one's friends right or wrong, one hears this said of Folk often. If Folk is fooled in a man he quits him. If a friend turns crooked he need not look to Folk for protection, no matter what the personal debt of favor or friendship may have been between them. For instance: when he was nominated for circuit attorney he was what vote-getting politicians desiring to strengthen local tickets call a "logical" candidate for circuit attorney. He was nominated through Hawes's influence though not, as Butler says he was, in order to overthrow Butler. For

Hawes probably was as anxious as Butler and the other men who thought they had "made" Folk to have the boodle investigations stop, long before Butler's indictment was reached; but the soft, purring, plush-covered, cork-cased little dynamo was charged with a high voltage, and not even Hawes, who pressed the button which threw on the current, could shut it off, if he had tried. A more abdominal and less ascetic politician would have paid heed to the words of his personal and political friends, would have been moved by gratitude if not by cowardice; but Folk had a curious notion that his obligation was to the people and his God, and not to the politicians, so the prosecutions went on. If the quality of heart which places public duty before personal regard is insincerity, Folk is the soul of duplicity. For the man's dominant passion is the public service. He is ambitious — though not very frankly so — but his ambition does not sap his moral sense, as it weakens the moral sense of vain men. There must be a chamber in his heart, wherein hangs a picture of the White House at which he must look frequently; but his passion is for public service, so much more than for public honor, that he would compromise no more with ambition than he would with friendship.

Intellectually, Folk is not yet the big man that he is morally. He is not a person of broad and catholic culture. One would say that his learning is not that of the college, but of the newspaper and the magazine. He has, however, the sixth sense to know men and to hide himself that guided McKinley. Always he puts on a good front, and intellectually he is growing.

But his honesty is exceptional; it is a great gift that should be carefully nurtured. Here is an interesting thing about Folk's morality as it appears to the writer:

His honesty seems to be the result of a deliberate conviction, of faith or creed, that honesty is the best policy. It does not seem to be as unconscious as his breathing. Reporters are good judges of men. The reporter in Missouri who admires Folk most, said of him: "He always seems to me to be acting on the theory that honesty pays; one feels that he has decided that at some time — made it a rule of his life, and he

NATIVE MISSOURIANS ON THEIR NATIVE HEATH — IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED, NAMING FOLK FOR GOVERNOR

follows his rule implicitly. I never saw a man before who made palpable honesty pay more obviously than Folk." The reporter skirted close to another strong trait of Folk's character: He works by rules of life. He has decided, for instance, that people have small faith in a public man who changes his mind — so he considers long before making a public decision, and then never changes it. When Governor Folk says the murderer shall hang — he hangs. Without being in the least punctilious about formalities, Folk is rigid in his observance of conventionalities. He is pleasant and good-natured to a point of geniality, but he is never humorous — never sarcastic, never flippant. He never (as Roosevelt often does) lets himself loose. His countenance has a glow to it, but it is not of gaiety, but rather of kindness. He plays the game of life with a smiling face, but with his cards close to his vest buttons. He is as unimpulsive as McKinley whom, in many ways, he strongly resembles. There is nothing of the dare-devil in Folk, though insomuch as the bluff is a recognized weapon of polished diplomacy he uses it deftly. The great difference between McKinley and Folk is that with all the piety, conventionality, caution, and calculation which they have in common to a marked degree, McKinley studied the people, and went to them for his moral guidance — Folk has faith in the people but goes into his own heart for guidance and lets the people follow him. Folk — barring some great catastrophe in his life — will make a leader. McKinley was a great follower.

FOLK AND FOLK WORKERS AT CLOSE RANGE — PLANNING A MOVE IN THE BATTLE FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP

Folk seems to have no confidants; no advisers; no board of strategy; he walks on his heels — cautiously, slowly, silently often, but always in a straight line, and always on his heels. He is a queer human mixture — but a strong one. He is so entirely the antithesis of Roosevelt in everything but moral courage and moral sense, that it is odd that people frequently name the two men in the same breath.

And this cautious, conservative, scrupulously conventional person, is the young man who made the whirlwind campaign for governor of Missouri. Beginning with the entire State Central Committee of his party arrayed against him, with the outgoing state administration of his party bitterly opposed to

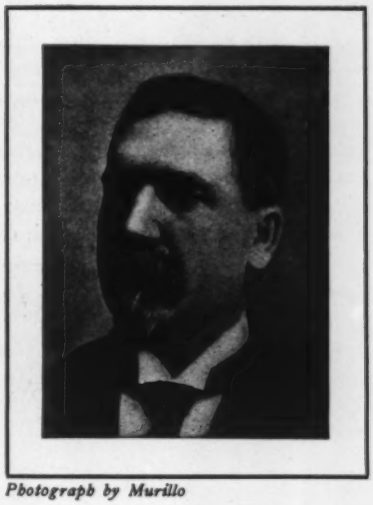
him, with an unlimited campaign fund subscribed to defeat him, and with all the politicians of any note in his state sneering at him, he closed his campaign with a unanimous nomination (carrying every county in his state but two) defeated favorite sons in their own homes, and organized the new Democratic state central committee of his party, with twenty-eight out of thirty-four committee men enthusiastically behind him, and the others afraid to cheep. How did he do it? He had developed no Napoleonic capacity for political organization. He had no considerable campaign fund. He was a new man in an old state, with scarcely any acquaintance outside of St. Louis and he had neither "family" nor social prestige of any kind. He is no orator—as Brutus was. He talks simply but not eloquently, and has little rhetorical skill. Neither is he a big Durham-bull sort of personage, who imposes confidence by sheer avoirdupois. He is not magnetic, and he cannot palaver. And yet—there is the result. The manipulators of the Missouri Democratic machine kept in their headquarters a map, representing Missouri by counties, and whenever Folk carried a county they covered it with charcoal. He went from county to county speaking to the people. He ignored the politicians; he made no deals or combinations; he replied to none of the abuse the machine leaders were heaping upon him. But he went straight to the Missouri farmers; told them what he had done in St. Louis, and how the Democratic machine was treating him, asked for their support in a straightforward fashion, unashamed and without promises of what he would do. Because he was clearly an honest man and unquestionably a brave one, they took him on faith, and the charcoal began to spread over the map in the machine headquarters. It was plain to every one but the machine leaders that there was something in the air of Missouri other than politics. A great moral issue was moving among the people. That issue concerned the enforcement or the annulment of law, and Folk dramatized it. His career, and the fight made upon him for that issue, cast him as the hero, and Americans never fail to applaud the hero and hiss the villain. After his nomination, all the forces of graft in both parties united to defeat him at the polls. The railroads, the brewers, the crooked corporations, the machine Democrats, and the office-hungry Republicans formed the combination to defeat him. He was the target of their fight during the four-months-long campaign. Folk announced in his speeches that he did not want the votes of boodlers, that they were neither Democratic nor Republican, but traitors to the state. But he asked for honest votes in all parties with such obvious sincerity that the dishonest in all parties feared him. Missouri has been accounted a state of prejudices; it has been called hide-bound. And yet when the votes came in, the State of Missouri showed more intelligent independence at the polls than any other American state; Roosevelt carried it by 25,000; Folk carried it by 30,000; the entire Republican state ticket excepting Folk, was elected by about 15,000 and the Democratic state machine, with all of the Bourbon leaders, was wrecked and in the scrap heap. Curiously enough during the campaign in St. Louis, where the visible political sentiment of the community was anti-Folk, where most of the newspapers were either harsh or cold toward him, and where every political force opposed him viciously, the people gave him 10,000 plurality, and it is believed by those who know St. Louis conditions that the election thieves stole 20,000 more from him. This shows two things clearly: that the return from boss government to constitutional government, may be accomplished by the people whenever they desire to do so, without any new laws, and without any unusual conditions; that whenever a politician appeals to the people directly and sincerely upon a moral issue, he need fear no deal nor combination nor strategy on the part of the crooks or their friends. The people have sense; they know the right and the wrong of a cause, and only when the right and the wrong are muddled by compromising manipulators on both sides of a fight, is the issue in doubt. Folk's victory should teach young men in politics first to champion the sheer right of a question, and then to trust to the basic common sense of the people to see the right and choose it.

Up to this point the career of Folk has had many parallels in public life. Many young men have made excellent prosecuting attorneys and have been promoted for their good work. But in nine cases out of ten promotion finishes a young man's usefulness. He sees another promotion, and begins to compromise to get it, and that is the end of

*Photograph by Murillo*

WILLIAM J. STONE

*United States Senator from Missouri 1903-1909—formerly governor of his state*



*Photograph by Murillo*

"BILL" PHELPS

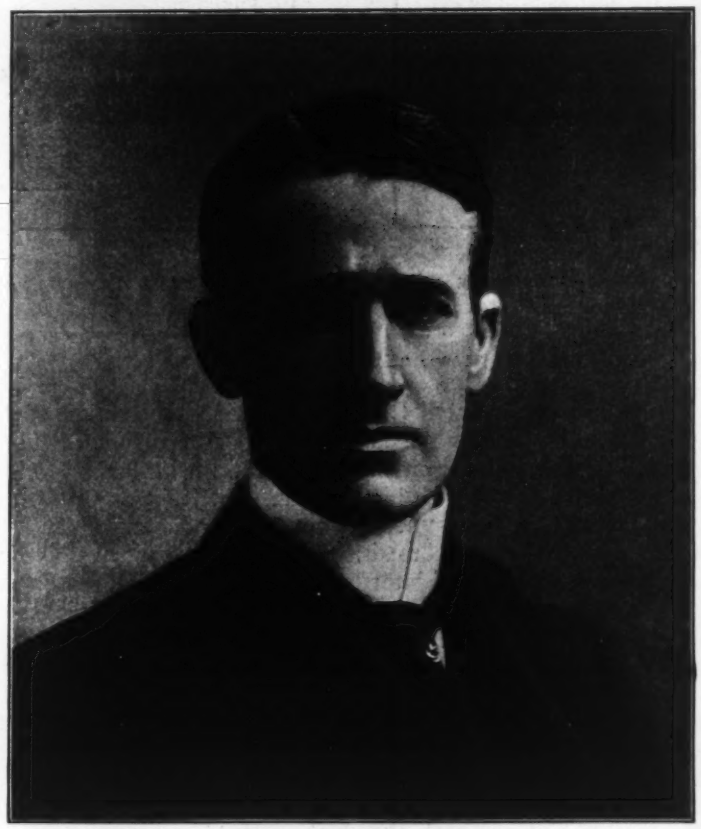
*A notorious lobbyist who keeps away from Jefferson City nowadays—out of respect for Folk*

*It was Phelps who said of Stone: "Stone sucks eggs as I do, but he hides the shells"*

him. But this young man Folk is not letting down. He is keeping up his standards, living up to the ideals which gave him his promotion. Political prosperity agrees with him. As soon as he was inaugurated he summoned the political attorneys of the railroads, whose business it was to bribe legislators, and told them that he proposed to enforce the anti-pass law, which had been a dead-letter on the Missouri statutes for nearly forty years. This law prohibits railroads from giving passes to legislators or state officers or state employees. By violating this law the political attorneys of the railroads have been able to prevent any railroad legislation fair to the shippers; and, more than that, have been able to direct other legislation so closely that in times past other governors of Missouri have sent for these same attorneys and have begged them to allow a decent law to pass, so that its failure might not embarrass the party! This situation is common in American states! But Folk, having a reputation as a producer of indictments, spoke with some point and emphasis when he said that if passes were sent to the legislators he would not bother with the legislators, but would see that indictments were brought against the offending attorneys of the railroads! Also he told them to keep away from the capital during legislative session. He announced that if Bill Phelps — one of the most notorious of the railroad lobbyists — hung around Jefferson City during the session of the legislature, something important would happen. And when Mr. Phelps had a few hours of private business in Jefferson City he reported to the governor upon arrival and told him when he would leave and explained what he would be doing while he stayed. It was Bill Phelps who said of Senator Stone of Missouri: "Stone sucks eggs as I do, but he hides the shells." Phelps is not ashamed of his calling and only buys when he deems it necessary. He intimates that Stone adds hypocrisy to his other shortcomings.

While Folk was conferring with the railroad representatives, he told them that if they would stay away from the capital and call off Phelps they might have his help to defeat any unfair measure proposed in the legislature, and he was as good as his word. Half a dozen unfair railroad bills were passed, and were promptly vetoed by the governor. But while the unfair bills were killed by the governor, he gave his support to the needed railroad legislation, and for the first time since 1873 a law was passed by the Missouri legislature regulating freight rates in the state. A law was passed prohibiting railroad employers from working their employees more than sixteen hours at a time on freight runs; another law was enacted requiring corporations to give employees quitting their service a letter stating the reason the employees were discharged, thus eliminating the black-list; a fair demurrage-charge law

was put on the books, and railroads were compelled to stop at stations when ordered to do so by the railroad commissioners. A damage-act became a law, authorizing suit for damages resulting from the death of an unmarried adult, and increasing the amount which may be recovered from $5,000 to $10,000. Heretofore there had been no right of action for the negligent death of an adult unmarried person. The railroads have always succeeded in killing off legislation of this kind; the long-hoped-for law permitting plaintiffs to sue the original and connecting carriers who injure shippers by delays or otherwise, was passed; as also was the law authorizing the railroad commissioners to compel the establishment of freight depots at junction points, when the commissioners decide that it is just. "Railroads" were legally defined to include street railways, and private car companies were made subject to taxation. The work of men in smelters and reduction works was limited to eight hours. A compulsory educational law was passed. At different times, for many years, state platforms of both parties had promised these laws and the people desired them, but the reign of the railroad attorneys in Jefferson City had prevented such legislation. Government by corporation was overthrown by Governor Folk and government by the people reëstablished, simply through the enforcement of existing laws. The anti-pass law had been in the hands of every governor of Missouri for a generation, but as nearly all of those governors had been elected by railroad influence, they were afraid to use the club in their hand and be loyal to the people who paid the taxes.



H. S. HADLEY, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF MISSOURI

*As pronounced a Republican as Folk is a Democrat, but standing shoulder to shoulder with Folk in his work—governing the state in the interest of all the people and not in the interest of part of the people*

Among other laws passed by the Missouri legislature which had the active opposition of the corporations at long range, was the law prohibiting race-track gambling and making it a felony. The St. Louis race-track, known as the Delmar track, was one of the most active gambling

places in the country, and the telegraph companies sent the reports of the Delmar races all over the land, turning a pretty penny thereby. The track was outside the corporation of St. Louis, in St. Louis county, where the governor seemed to have no power to enforce the law. The Delmar people kept on racing and gambling. Local sentiment in St. Louis county was with them, and naturally the local officers were in sympathy with the gamblers, and they prepared to invite all Missouri to laugh at its overzealous governor. Folk allowed their violations of the law to become so flagrant that the whole state understood the situation. He made it clear to the people that it was their law and not his which was broken, and thus, having aroused the state, he had public sentiment behind him and he went after the gamblers. He planned his fight as a chess-player lays out his game. He was told he could do nothing. Lawyers very generally agreed that the governor had no power; but Folk determined for himself that it was not only his right but his duty to stop organized crime anywhere in the state. If there should be a question as to his right to use the police outside of the city which hired them, he held that those engaged in the commission of felonies could not legally complain. No rights of theirs would be violated by police interference. The gamblers expected him to call out the state militia, and were preparing to impeach the governor for sending the militia where the local officers had not asked for it. But one day a squad of St. Louis policemen appeared at the gates of the Delmar track and asked for admission, and being refused, departed. That was all. The next day they appeared, asked for admission, and being refused, walked in. They made no arrests, but stood around, and left when the races were over. The next day the same squad of policemen appeared at the gates, marched in, and at the proper time arrested the bookmakers. Then Folk's intimate knowledge of human nature came into play. Bookmakers are proud men, and are prone to glory in their impudence, and their superiority to the law. So the Delmar gentry were loaded into an open patrol wagon, and instead of being driven quickly and in a surreptitious manner to their destination, were driven at a dead walk, six miles through the heart of the city to the police station surrounded by a hooting, jibing crowd of scornful citizens. When the crowd grew tired and threatened to dissolve, the drivers of the patrol wagon, following instructions, slowed up or stopped to let the crowd regather and jeer the law-breakers. The next day when it was rumored that there would be a big raid, and that the track-frequenters would be hauled into court, the gates of the Delmar track were closed, and have been closed ever since. A notice was posted on the Delmar gate that owing to the arbitrary action of the police the races would discontinue. The owners of the Delmar track represented great wealth and much political power in Missouri. They complained bitterly that the law did not permit the governor to use the police in stopping felonious violations of the law, but nevertheless they quit. The horses are gone, the bookmakers have fled, and gambling upon the results of the St. Louis races has ceased all over the United States. More than that, as one of the indirect results of this lesson the Western Union directors have decided to take their wires out of all race-track stations, and receive only such gambling news as is brought to them. The company will not be the partners of touts. The gamblers went before the State Supreme Court asking that body to dissolve the temporary injunction secured by the chief of police of St. Louis to prevent the sheriff of St. Louis County from arresting the St. Louis policemen who appeared at the race-track to enforce the law.

As soon as the legislature adjourned, and left his hands free, Governor Folk set about to enforce the Sunday-closing law, which has been on the Missouri statutes forty years unamended. He has control of the police boards in three first-class cities in Missouri — Kansas City, St. Joseph and St. Louis — and also the control of the excise commissioners there who have absolute power to revoke a saloon-man's license at will. The Supreme Court had decided that the Sunday-closing law is inoperative against every business except the saloon, and the saloon men could not compel other stores and shops to close because the saloons were shut up. That weapon was denied them. And when the order came to close at midnight Saturday, they closed. The first Sunday a throng of drunken men and women crowded the St. Louis bridge coming and going to Illinois where liquor could be bought. The second Sunday the saloons closed. Then, after the custom in such cases, a few of them opened their back

doors. Their licenses were promptly revoked by the excise commissioner. The throng on the St. Louis bridge was not so large that Sunday. The third Sunday — which is the Sunday when Sunday closing spasms generally cease, a few more back doors opened, and Monday morning the keepers of those places lost their licenses. There were a few convictions also in court of violations of the law. The crowd on the bridge was gone. The people were getting used to the law. And from that time on, St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph saloons have been closed on Sunday, and the excise law has been observed as well as the law against larceny or against murder. And the German-American population of St. Louis — which is supposed to be particularly obstinate in its demand for beer, law or no law, is larger in St. Louis than in any American city of its size. The German-Americans are there obeying and upholding the law. The story that they are law-breakers is a saloon-keeper's scarecrow to frighten weak-kneed politicians. Outside of St. Louis, in St. Louis county, where the amusement parks are located, the governor's display of policemen at the Delmar race-track put the fear of the law into the saloon-keepers and restaurant men so completely that the law is observed there strictly. The hotel bars and all drinking places are closed on Sunday in the first-class cities of Missouri for the first time in the history of the state. And to-day Missouri is probably the only state in the Union without a dead-letter law on its statute books.

And this is how it has paid: Since the election of Folk as circuit attorney of St. Louis, the value of land in the state has increased twenty per cent. The annual immigration to the state has increased twenty-five per cent. The railroads announce that after a summer of Sunday closing the Sunday excursions into the three first-class cities of the state have increased nearly ten per cent, showing that it pays to cater to the sober and industrious rather than to the lawless. The Sunday business of the local street-cars has increased twenty-five per cent, and the Monday deposits in the banks of the cities have increased remarkably, while the number of arrests in the three cities, where statistics are available, has decreased twenty per cent and the Sunday arrests have diminished forty per cent. More than this the trade of the grocers and small merchants has increased so materially that they are making a sentiment for Sunday closing, strong enough to maintain it when Folk leaves the governor's office at the end of his term in 1909. Similarly the commercial clubs and business men's clubs in the Missouri cities have generally endorsed the enforcement of the anti-gambling law, on the ground that clerks and employees are no longer tempted to tap tills and gamble. A wholesome sentiment for the enforcement of law, as the sensible business thing, is growing up all over Missouri. It has its mainspring in the religious morality of the governor in his attitude toward his official duty, and it is appearing among citizens not as a moral principle but as a business conviction. It is making itself felt practically in politics, and the Republican state officials, who in any other state and under any other conditions might feel that party policy required them to hinder rather than help a Democratic governor, are doing all they can to help him. Attorney General Hadley, a young Republican of the new school of politics, has been standing shoulder to shoulder with Folk in every important fight, and he deserves the highest praise for the way he has risen above partizan bias, and has become a faithful servant of all the people. But for Hadley's sense and loyalty, Folk might have been badly crippled.

Now Hadley is a Republican to the core of his heart, and Folk is a Democrat of the strictest caste. Yet both are party servants in the high sense that they ignore party in the public service. Peanut politics has disappeared in Missouri—for the time at least. In the smaller cities and in the rural counties the people are demanding that local officers enforce all the laws. The hard native sense of the Missourian has been aroused. The state has had a tonic. It has found that a law enforced is the best investment a taxpayer can make. The decent majority has routed the lawless minority, and can do it again. There was no boodling at the last legislature; boodlers who have escaped jail, have fallen into the fire of public scorn. The words of the Missouri apologist for the boodlers who said that "bribery has never cost the taxpayers of Missouri a dollar" have turned to ashes in his mouth. The reign of law is unquestioned. The inmates of the sleeping castle are awake, "doing business at the old stand"; and the little leaven has leavened the whole lump.

At the conclusion of a topic like this, concerning the success of an honest man and his

honest work, it is fitting to ask: What does it all mean? What is the lesson of it? Wherein has it a broad human interest. And the answer to these queries seems to be this: The needful thing in our country is not more law but more respect for existing law. For example, the country is now aroused by the impudence of the public service corporations, which have set themselves above the law; yet the man who encourages the saloon-keeper to break a law, because local sentiment regards it as a foolish law, must remember that local sentiment in Wall Street regards the law which high finance is breaking as a "crank" law, and if the saloon-keeper breaks the law that checks him, the broker and the corporation director will disregard the law that would check them. Folk having made the saloon-keeper obey the law, and the race-track gambler obey the law, and the railroad obey the law in the minor matter of issuing passes, is now free handed to make the larger offenders against society in the public service corporations obey the law. But unless he had enforced all the laws, the director of the public service corporation might well accuse the governor of playing to the galleries. And on the citizen's part, if he breaks one law he has no right to whine when his neighbor breaks another. If a man tries to get an illegal Sunday drink, he should not whimper if the directors of the insurance company wherein he invests evade the laws that regulate them, and cheat him of his rightful dividends. If this country is to be reformed, reform must begin at the bottom — with the citizen; if he makes himself the judge of the laws that hamper him, he will find himself cheated by other law-breakers who set themselves up as judges of laws that hamper them. Governor Folk's success means that men are growing in their respect for law, and that translated into simple terms means that the partnership in civilization which exists between every human being and his fellow creatures, is coming more definitely into the consciousness of men. No man's goods are his own goods; he owes society for the opportunity by which they were acquired. No man's business is his own business; the laws of the land which protect him make his fellow citizens his partners, and he has no right to cheat them, and no right to hoard his wares under his own roof.

The citizen is a custodian — not an owner. The law recognizes the public's partnership in insurance, in railroads and in banks, and men say that law must be obeyed. Other laws also recognize a partnership of society in every man's business, and abrogate his right to cheat or wrong his fellows, but these laws are often flouted. Until they are obeyed, government must be in just that much a farce; and these laws will not be obeyed so long as men believe that the individual is the judge of any law, and may give or withhold his obedience to law, according to his whim, or the whim he calls "local sentiment."

The will of the majority in government must rule; the voice of the partnership in society must prevail or the partnership — which is our civilization — eventually will dissolve into savagery. This traced to its last conclusion is what Folk stands for, and what every teacher and expositor of civic righteousness stands for.

One cannot close an attempt at an honest account of Joseph W. Folk and his work without deprecating the effort to make him a presidential candidate while he is still up to his elbows in a work that he has sworn to do without variableness or shadow of turning. To many of those who know him best and admire him most he does not yet seem to be of size or of strength for presidential timber; or better, perhaps, it may be said that he does not seem to be of such size and strength as he will be after ten years more in the school of life, and that the kind of a president he might likely make three years from now is so much inferior to the president that they hope and believe he would make ten or a dozen years from now, that they dislike to see him wasted on an earlier opportunity. Indeed those are not his best friends who insist on booming him for president. On the contrary, in Missouri his dearest and most unswerving enemies are those who talk loudest about Folk as a presidential candidate in 1908. And the blind enthusiasts outside of Missouri, who are joining the claque, are merely helping the devil in Missouri take a wholesome, simple-hearted, brave young man up into a mountain to show him the kingdoms of the earth. What this country needs of Governor Folk, and what it has a right to demand of him, is that he keep right on making Missouri a model American commonwealth, that other states may profit thereby. It is not exaggeration — though it may seem so — to say that Governor Folk can make Missouri the best governed state in the world, by continuing in his present course. And yet it must be highly distracting to have the maggot of a presidential nomination wiggling

in his consciousness while he is doing a real public service, not merely to his state, but to his country. The friends of good government in this land therefore should control their emotions while thinking of Folk as a presidential candidate, and give him such absent treatment as they can to make him a good governor of Missouri; and, after that, an active citizen of his community until he shall grow in mental stature, to keep up with his moral stature, and shall be ripened for whatever great and good work his country may have for him. Just because a sapling is straight, is no reason why it should be supposed to be strong enough for the beam of a ship. With ten years of seasoning in public life — perhaps six of it in Washington — Folk would be sound and strong and worthy of any burden; but now his duty lies in Missouri, at his appointed task.

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# THE CLOUD AND THE MOUNTAIN

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE Cloud spake to the Mountain and it said:
"Lo! I am still as thou and lift a hoary head,
Men marvel at my height and are adread.

My promontory rides the blue, a gallant prow;
My valleys they are deep, the sunset smites my brow.
I draw men's eyes with distance, even as thou."

The ancient Mountain spake: "Ephemeral and vain,
This evening thou shalt vanish never to come again,
A shape, a fleet similitude, built out of rain.

No flocks of sheep or goats follow thy phantom trails;
There are no folk inhabiting thy misty vales;
Thy insubstantial headland, lo, it faints and fails.

Thou art a dream, a shadow and a lure,
A ghostly mountain and a haunted moor
Where thin thoughts move, but nothing can endure."

The Cloud spake to the Mountain: "Even so:
It is with thee and thy perpetual snow;
Thou art a dream that insect generations know.

Ages before thou wast conceived, I AM:
Before the earth took shape or harbored man,
When the chained stars like molten rivers ran.

The men that build their cities upon thee
Are dimmer than the shapes that people me,
Figments of flesh and soon no more to be.

For as I am a fable in thy sight,
Art thou and all things, save the still small light
Of candled souls that journey home by night."

# THE COURTSHIP OF THE BOSS

BY

ANNE O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

IT was not surprising that Daniel Hennessey and his fellow townsmen sometimes forgot that the mayoralty was not a hereditary office in Crowley. For so many undisputed terms had he been chief magistrate that at last the very town seemed to him his heritage.

The people of the larger city that lay across the state line from Crowley — in this case the state line was a river — were given to much abuse of that begrimed center of mills, railroads, gas-works, and oil-tanks. When they spoke of Crowley's mayor and his administrations, it was with the triumphant vindictiveness of those who maintain their own virtuous standing chiefly by the shortcomings of others.

But all the periodic outcries of its great neighbor left Crowley placidly unmoved. Mr. Hennessey and the town agreed admirably with each other. Its population was a poor one; it was the shabby sleeping-place of a horde of petty clerks and workmen, who were ferried over to the big city in the morning twilight and back at evening dusk; it was the abode of its own soiled mill-hands and railroad laborers, of the employees on the trolley lines, of its rotund saloon-keepers, and of their graduates in the staring, new, rectangular City Hall that was its boast.

Habited to makeshifts and blunders, they accepted without resentment the caving-in of badly-laid pavements, the bursting of shell-like sewer-pipes, and the spluttering and flickering of illuminating gas that did not illuminate.

Daniel Hennessey suited them. If he did not give them good streets, he made ample amends in the way of picnics, free to all comers; if he amassed property at a rate unpleasantly suggestive, wealth did not render him proud. Moreover he spent his income in a way that made Crowley as indifferent to taxation as a loyal Briton on Coronation Day. No mayor within a hundred miles had more diamonds, raced better horses, or kept a more expensive or more easy "open house" at New Year's and other times when he bade his constituents hearty welcome.

Even his political associates were not jealous of Hennessey. He was a "fair man," they said wagging their chins judicially; by which they meant that if Daniel held stock in each new trolley that won a franchise from the town, they too held stock in their degree; and that if the company which mysteriously, in spite of a high bid, received the contract for opening up a new street, balanced things by restoring a small proportion of its fee to the city officials, they, as well as Daniel, profited.

And they continued to let Daniel rule them and rule Crowley, while the opposition languished into a negligible quantity, prating of assessments, civic honor and the hygienic disposal of refuse, but never organizing a barge party in the summer or distributing coals in the winter.

If Crowley's center was the disgrace to civilization which its neighbors named it, the outskirts were indescribable. The streets went unpaved, the roads ungraded, the infrequent street lamps were erected apparently as targets for stray missiles. Along the riverside toward the north was the road which the big city was constantly urging the little one to turn into a boulevard or a speedway, so great were its natural beauties. On one side lay the winding, isleted stream and on the other sloping, wooded stretches. But Crowley had small use for speedways; so the river-bank north of the town's center went quickly

to ruin. Here a flood had encroached upon the road and left a great gap of jagged rock and water; and there a quarrying company, empowered by the city to blast rock, had left holes and pitfalls. The rains came and washed down the earth, uncovering the old corduroy foundations, until even the sure-footed horses from outlying truck farms were forced to seek a new road to town.

In the tangled growth of grass and weeds and trees that sloped up from the river's bank, were five or six old houses. They had been country seats when Crowley was merely a ferry-slip. They had been built with that ancient solidity which defies time and even vandalism. The owners had long since ceased to occupy them, and for the most part they were untenanted. The shingles had fallen from their roofs, the glass was gone from their windows, the doors were fallen from their hinges, the columns of their high piazzas were scarred and chipped by the hands of many picnickers. In the coarse grass that covered their old carriage-ways the wheel tracks of the past were dim, and ragged weeds choked out the fine grass where lawns had stretched.

It was one morning in September that Mayor Hennessey was tempted to try this ramshackle road. He had intended to take a spin out of the town and try his new horse on the good roads south of his jurisdiction, but when he came down the steps of the City Hall, he found he was too late for the run. Yet there was an unwonted freshness in the air — the wind blowing the many smokes of Crowley away from him — and he wished to try the horse. He bent to lift Lady Hamilton's hoofs with practised hand, then rising, flushed with the exertion, he climbed into the light rig and took the reins from the slouching hostler.

In the Crowley language he was "a fine figure of a man," broad and well padded by nature across the shoulders and ample of chest. Crowley liked the ruddy, jovial face, the fine, fierce iron-gray mustache at which his honor was wont to pull while his little blue eyes twinkled down upon a voter's baby.

They started delicately, Lady Hamilton and her owner. His big hands in their orange driving gloves grasped the reins lightly. On the River Way Daniel had purposed to give the horse her head, but the twisting road did not look promising for speeding. Although along the winding way he kept a tight rein, at a sharp turn he came upon calamity.

An adventurous furniture van — what idiot could be carting furniture along the River Way? — blocked travel. Its rear wheel hung over a minor precipice washed out of the road. Some of its contents had escaped their rope moorings and lay below, a damaged pile with the ripples washing it. The driver stood scratching his head futilely, and a woman was surveying the scene.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said his honor, elaborately. "Excuse me for not dismountin' to help you, ma'am, but this mare, ma'am, is a bit skittish this morn'. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, if you please," said the lady with unfeminine promptness. "I think this driver 's drunk. I thought so when he came this morning, and that 's why I came along with the load. I don't care to have him finish dumping my furniture into the river. If there is such a thing in that town back there" — she nodded contemptuously in the direction of Crowley's center, and the Mayor felt a thrill of wounded pride such as he had not known in thirty years — "as a decent furniture wagon and a man sober enough to unload this on it, please send them to me."

"I will, ma'am, with pleasure, ma'am," answered the Mayor, resentful of Lady Hamilton's determined pulls to be gone.

"I will be much obliged," announced the lady in a tone that implied no consciousness of overwhelming obligation.

"Not at all, ma'am, not at all," the Mayor managed to jerk out, as the horse, safely turned, began to make good her late owner's claims in regard to her speed.

To insure it that the calm woman of the gray eyes was properly served, Daniel sent to her aid a city dray driven by a man so sober as to be absolutely taciturn. This being never mentioned to her that the infamously famous Mayor of Crowley had befriended her.

The Mayor was no "lady's man." Fifteen years before he had, as he put it, "buried his wife." Since then he had been too busy to think much about women. Indeed he had been so before poor Mrs. Hennessey had made her final pathetic appeal for thought. But since then he had been the despair of the ladies of Crowley's political circle who were well aware of his eligibility.

To-day, however, there was a gentle tumult beneath his striped shirt and his checked waistcoat. The direct gaze from a pair of fine, unexcited gray eyes kept intruding between him and his official business. And at night he went laggingly to the brick structure of which he had always thought proudly as the finest house in Crowley, being seized with an inexplicable distaste for its solitary splendors.

He stood at the door of the parlor, hoping by a contemplation of it to restore the brilliancy of his conception of his home. The ormolu clock ticked loudly on the black marble mantel. Daniel scowled at it and at the tall Chinese vases at either end, and even at the silver loving-cup inscribed with divers names and with high-sounding sentiments.

The lace curtains hung in spotless evenness clear to the floor, and swept the rose-strewn carpet a few inches. The chairs, upholstered in plush of the softest texture and the most glowing hue, stood evenly against the flowered wall. The marble table supported a gorgeously-bound Bible, an empty card receiver of jade and silver, and a plush photograph album. A long gilt-framed mirror doubled the room, chair for chair and ornament for ornament — even the great, dead, upright piano over against the folding doors, where the red portières were pulled back by heavy gold cord like the fringe on a general's epaulets.

"An' no one to play it," grumbled the Mayor.

By morning, however, his honor was better. At fifty, the successful politician seldom perishes of love at first sight. He made up his mind to visit the farm-house where some of his horses were pasturing, to buy a library — the Mayor did things on a grand scale — and to start the campaign. Not that there was much arduous campaigning in Crowley. "It 's a walk-over for us, all right," said the Mayor, half annoyed at the fact.

He had smoked a cigar and had a chat with the District Attorney as part of the day's business, when a clerk from the outer office stood at his desk.

"A lady to see you," said the clerk. The District Attorney looked his surprise. So did the Mayor.

"You mean me?" he asked.

"Yep," nodded the clerk.

"Did ye tell her I was busy?"

"Says she 'll wait."

"What t' 'ell can she want?" pondered the Mayor aloud, for the female lobbyist was the one political evil unknown in Crowley.

"Have her in and see, Dan," counseled the District Attorney. "I 'll stay and help you out."

"All right. Send her in, Bill," concluded his honor. And in two more minutes a plump, neat, forceful looking woman was ushered into the mayoral presence.

Daniel whirled in his chair to see his visitor; then he bounded to his feet.

"How d' ye do, ma'am, how d' ye do?" he cried joyously. And as he advanced he muttered to the District Attorney: "It 's all right, Carr. Get out." Which Carr did with a smile made up of equal parts of amazement and comprehension.

The lady of the gray eyes looked her astonishment.

"Oh!" she said, "it 's you?"

"It is, ma'am," said Daniel, beaming as he pushed forward a chair with one hand, and with the other sent his cigar stub flying through the open window. "An' delighted if I can be of any service to you. The man I sent — the dray — they were all right?"

"Oh, yes," she replied absently, as she sat down. "They were all right. You were very kind. I did n't understand. The man would take no pay. I thought he was crazy."

"Oh, no, he 's sensible enough. I told him to take none. He 's on the rolls, you see."

"Ah, yes," said the lady absently again. She looked vaguely through the window and out onto the sunburnt turf of the square.

"Badly sodded," she indicated the square with an inclination of her neatly coiffured head. The Mayor flushed.

"It 's its first season," he said apologetically. And again there fell a little silence while the visitor stared through the window. But she soon recovered herself. She turned her cool, pleasant eyes upon the great man and smiled.

"I 'm a little upset," she said. "I came here to find fault — and it don't seem very grateful to find fault with any one who was as kind as you were yesterday. But I came to complain, and I 'm going to."

She had a firm little chin, and now that the smile had died away there was a look about her wholesome mouth that bespoke her no trifler. The Mayor, estimating the gray strands in her brown hair and the lines about her eyes, was calculating, "Thirty-eight or

maybe forty." But he closed his arithmetical exercises to say, with pained attention:

"To find fault? With me, ma'am?"

"With you — since you 're the government of Crowley," she answered, again with the smile that took all harshness from her face, "anyway, with the government of Crowley."

She paused. Mayor Hennessey, suffused with red, had no apt reply. So he fixed his blue eyes, from which the twinkle had departed, dejectedly upon her and waited.

"I have been left an old house," she announced, "out on the road you call the River Way. It used to be known as the Blair Place."

"Yes 'm," said the Mayor.

"I am a poor woman," she went on, "a self-supporting one ——"

"A widow — or did her husband desert her?" inwardly questioned the Mayor in a perspiration of fear.

"My husband died thirteen years ago, and I have got along pretty hard until now, when I come into possession of this property."

"It could n't come to better hands," declared the Mayor, bowing his best. But his visitor seemed not to hear, and he felt himself all at once absurd and small.

"It is n't much of a place now," she said. "Of course I did n't know or I would n't have moved here clear from Illinois. However, I 'm here. And I mean to stay. And I mean to open a boarding-house there, for the house is as big as a barn, and I 'm used to the business. But the road to it has to be repaired, Mr. — Mr. ——"

"Hennessey," supplied the Mayor.

"Mr. Hennessey. No one would travel over such a road to get anywhere. There ought to be a breakwater all along the river-edge there," she finished severely.

The Mayor began to recover himself.

"Oh, my dear madam," he said in the florid political manner, "we 're not a rich community like the city over there. Ours is a workin' population. A breakwater is an expensive luxury for which our taxpayers would be unable to pay."

The widow gazed at him steadily.

"I 've read all about Crowley," she announced.

"I suppose you mean in them blackguardin' papers across the river," he returned, stirred to an unwonted heat.

Again the widow's soothing, radiant smile appeared.

"I suppose they were opposition papers," she conceded. "But that River Way is a disgrace and a danger. And it is in the city, you know."

Charmed by her amiability, the Mayor hastened to concede also.

"It has been somewhat — er — neglected in the press of other matters, but now that we seem likely to have a — er — population out that way — something will have to be done."

"The street lamps do not seem to be lighted out there at night. It 's rather gloomy if one 's a stranger," she said.

"Never a whimper about bein' a woman!" thought Mayor Hennessey proudly, while he proclaimed aloud: "If the lighters ain't doin' their duty, ma'am, we 'll soon know the reason."

The lady rose to go. Her face was divided between its grim resolution and its sunny confidence.

"You will do something, then?" she said. "You see I 'm ignorant. Maybe I ought to have gone to some one else, but I said to myself — 'I 'll go to the head.' I 've always found it best to go straight to headquarters. Why, I broke half my furniture yesterday. And I was a little — desperate."

"Whenever anything goes wrong with you in this town, ma'am," answered the beaming Mayor, "you come straight to me. An' if our broken road was the cause of your broken furniture, you send in a bill, ma'am."

She looked dubious.

"Send in a claim, ma'am, an' don't bring a suit for damages," begged the Mayor in sounding terms. And to facilitate her progress he placed official foolscap by the pens and ink ready on his desk.

When in neat, unaccustomed chirography she had made out the bill against Crowley for a broken piano, a broken what-not, and a broken case of crockery, Mayor Hennessey had the satisfaction of learning that her name was Maria Downs. And he felt that the twenty-eight dollars at which she estimated her loss was a small price to pay for the information — since it should be the city that would pay it. Mrs. Downs departed, bowed out of the outermost door of the City Hall by the Mayor, to the marveling delight of the clerks and hangers-on. Then he departed to see the Chief of Police.

MAYOR HENNESSEY

They talked of many things — of the Mayor's horses and of the Chief's son who had inopportune yearnings to go to Annapolis in spite of the fact that his father had quarreled with the recommending Congressman. But Mayor Hennessey had not quarreled. He would speak the word in due season; and — by the way, would the Chief see to it that the River Way was diligently patrolled for a while until the young toughs of Crowley had it firmly fixed in their minds that the River Way was not for them? The Chief would!

"A man that never forgets his friends," commented the Chief warmly, picturing his son a naval ensign as he looked at the Mayor's broad back in its plaid retreat from the office.

Daniel Hennessey, as he strode along, banished merely sentimental reflections. He had work to do, reforms to undertake, a bill to have paid, auditors and treasurers to manage. And he managed them so easily that it was but a short time before he found a neatly written, but it seemed to him unnecessarily brief, note from Maria Downs acknowledging the receipt of twenty-eight dollars, and thanking him for the trouble he had taken in her behalf.

The campaign went on; and the result was the usual one. The Mayor was triumphantly reëlected. The returns reached him at the party headquarters, conveniently adjacent to Casey's saloon. He and his aides sat about a long table in an upper room, dimly perceiving one another's good-natured faces and tilted hats through a haze of smoke. There was plenty of laughter during the evening, and when the last district had been heard from, the Mayor, according to his time-honored custom, invited his friends to remain until Casey sent up a little something to drink success to the government. They all waited except young Donahue, the new alderman.

"You 'll excuse me, Mr. Hennessey," he apologized, slipping into his overcoat, "but there 's a little woman at home that 'll be sittin' up to hear the good news."

He gripped the Mayor's hand. He was the Mayor's man, and there was gratitude in his dog-like young eyes. And the Mayor shook his hand so hard that his fingers were scarred from the pressure of a big diamond.

"Poor Hennessey," he said in detailing the evening's occurrences to his proud wife, "I misdoubt me but he 'd like some one to be waitin' up to hear the news himself."

A few days later the restless undefined craving of the Mayor for the River Way could no longer be kept down. With a soberer steed than Lady Hamilton attached to an open buggy, he started. It was cold, and he wore the seal-lined ulster that Crowley esteemed the brightest jewel in its municipal crown. He had looked with some satisfaction at the reflection given back by his hall mirror before he left the house. In some vague undefined way he thought of himself as a triumphant warrior setting out to receive the victor's final meed.

As he approached the turn in the road that gave upon the old Blair place, he was conscious of a sort of dizziness. Beneath his ribs his heart thumped loudly. He threw back his overcoat and told himself that driving heated a man. Then he wondered if Mrs. Downs would regard him as insane if he should call upon her.

He rounded the curve — and there she was, a determined figure in a short skirt and a woollen reefer-jacket. A red muffler enveloped her head and throat, and crisp little ringlets blew from beneath its close folds about her animated face. Two men worked busily under her directions, piling rocks along the bank. The Mayor pulled up sharply. Mrs. Downs looked askance until she recognized him. Then she advanced with outstretched mittened hand.

"Oh, Mr. Hennessey!" she cried. Then she laughed. "You see, I 'm building my own breakwater."

"But — but," sputtered the Mayor, "we can't allow that, Mrs. Downs. When a lady does us the honor to settle with us, she should n't have to — have to —— "

"So I think myself, Mr. Hennessey, but I can't have the storms and the river eat away any more of my land. There 's a foot gone in places since I came. So I contracted for these rocks — and I 'm making a temporary wall. Next summer —— "

"Next summer, ma'am," declared the Mayor, with sudden decision, "there 'll be two miles of as fine breakwater as you 'd want to see along this road. And the city 'll build it."

"I 'm sure I hope so," said Mrs. Downs with skeptical dryness of intonation.

"You have me word for it, ma'am," said the Mayor at a summer temperature of embarrassment. Then awkwardly enough he persuaded the lady to permit him to drive her along the road for a way, and he felt a thrill

"BOWED OUT . . . BY THE MAYOR, TO THE MARVELING DELIGHT OF THE CLERKS AND HANGERS-ON"

"THE RESULT WAS THE USUAL ONE. THE MAYOR WAS TRIUMPHANTLY REËLECTED"

of pride when, looking doubtfully from her shabbiness to his seal-lined elegance, she averred that "she was n't fit."

Back in the City Hall by-and-by, he sent for young Donahue and for young Wilson. Young Donahue learned that he was to introduce a bill providing for a breakwater along the River Way, for a two-mile stretch of macadam road, for the planting of new shrubbery and for the cutting through of a street behind the few dwellings that fronted on the river. Nothing but the boundlessness of his belief in his boss saved him from panic.

"Do — do you — think it 'll go through?" he asked.

"It 'll go through," answered the Mayor, shortly.

Young Wilson, tall, slim, blond and indolent, had, for his uncle's sake, to draw a salary. But he was a foolish youth, scarcely fit even for the ornamental secretaryship created for him in the office of the Commissioner of Docks. To-day Mayor Hennessey decided that he should "earn his keep."

"Where are you livin', Wilson?" he demanded abruptly.

"Up at Mrs. Snyder's," replied the astonished Wilson.

The Mayor considered how to make it up to Snyder.

"Like it there?"

"First-rate place," replied Wilson, examining his nails carefully. He was reported in City Hall circles to be addicted to the manicure habit.

"Could you move — to oblige me?" said the Mayor. Mr. Wilson bestowed a sharper glance than usual on his chief.

"Should n't care to," he drawled. Then he explained. "You see, I 've been there two years and it 's homelike and — er —" he finished with a simper.

"Making up to Snyder's girl, eh? Well, what I 've in mind would do you no harm there. You 'll get her all the quicker for not bein' under her feet the whole time, and I 'll square it with the missus. Now I want" — and he scheduled what he wanted.

Of course he had his own way. Wilson might sigh and grumble and declare that it was too far out for a person who liked to see a little life of an evening, but Wilson knew that he must be persuaded or lose the easy secretaryship, and he was persuaded.

All that week the Mayor's obscure agents were busy searching the titles of the River Way estates and bargaining with the long-disgusted holders of them. Had Daniel Hennessey appeared as a purchaser the owners would have suspected expensive schemes and would have held their land dear. But only a few poor fellows, not even real estate speculators, wanted to buy. They had to buy on small mortgages. The estates went very cheaply, and the mortgages were cleared with astonishing speed after the transfers had been made to Mr. Daniel Hennessey.

Then Mr. Hennessey worked with his aldermen, his Common Council and his Board of Public Works. They did not see, at first, just what was in it, but under the guidance of their astute chieftain their vision gradually cleared.

Nearly two miles of river-front land in his possession; a breakwater and a macadam roadway in front; a street opened through in the rear; a branch of the main trolley-line running along that new street; what more natural than the formation of the River Way Real Estate Company, the erection of villas —all chocolate-colored gables and crushed strawberry porticos and shallow cream-colored bay-windows? A great light began to break in upon the municipal brains. Then there was the Point, three miles farther on, where the river made its deep dip and the land was a wooded promontory. There was a beach there — a fine sand beach. Picture the macadam road and the buttress against the water continued to this point on one side and the trolley buzzing through to it on the other! Was there anything the matter, the Mayor would like to know, with organizing the Laurel Point Pleasure Resort Association? The Mayor's friends enthusiastically agreed that there was not, only one irrelevant man venturing to point out that there were no laurels within two hundred miles of the little cape.

So the Mayor worked and manipulated and waited. To his allies he seemed, as usual, a great and genial organizer who never "forgot his friends." But he knew himself for the humbler wooer of energetic Maria Downs.

Maria Downs did not know him so. Had he informed her that a sea-wall was building because she had stood one windy morning directing two rude masons before her house, or that "restricted villas" were rearing themselves in pink- and yellow-gabled angularity that she might have neighbors of the safe sort, or that a trolley-line ran to her back

door that her boarders might travel to and fro with ease and her venture prove successful, she would only have thought him a more elaborate liar than she had been already taught to believe him. And perhaps her skepticism would have proved more nearly true than his fancy, for certain it is that his active mind had more pleasure in this indirect pursuit of her than the chase of an inamorata often affords a man.

The Mayor was a frequent visitor at the big boarding-house, where he marveled to find her open fire more attractive than his gilded radiators. He wondered, too, why her homely work-basket seemed so much more of an ornament on her red-covered table than the jade card-receiver on his marble-top at home. But, slow to unfamiliar sentiment and awkward in her actual presence, he never put the questions to her. The years when women had not mattered to him had done their work.

As the third Christmas of Maria's residence in Crowley approached, the Mayor took a great and courageous resolve. Something softer than usual in her self-reliant face, a little touch of pensiveness about her firm lips, a cloudy glamor sometimes before her gray eyes, inspired him with a more tumultuous sensation than ever, when he was with her, and with a greater restlessness, when he was in his own barren house. He looked upon what he had done for her and he was glad and proud. He would claim his reward! A humbler mood prevailing, he would decide to beg her to take pity on his loneliness. He would ask her to play hostess at his New Year's reception.

"An' if she mentions clothes an' things," he said to himself, as he drove along the rehabilitated River Way by the white brilliancy of the December stars and the great arc-lights, "I 'll tell her we 'll go over to Paree the week after, an' she can get what she wants."

The old Blair place beamed rosy and yellow out into the white radiance of the night. The Mayor's heart thumped painfully and his fingers bungled as he fastened the weight to the bit. His voice was a little thick as he asked for Mrs. Downs, and the smiling maid admitted him.

Mrs. Downs came in after a brief delay. There was a flush on her cheek like a young girl's, and her eyes were starry. Her plain frock was exchanged for something that fluted and fluttered about the throat. The Mayor surveyed her with an agitated pride.

They wished each other a Merry Christmas and drew their chairs before the fire. The Mayor tugged at his big moustache, and cleared his throat many times. Then he played with the cat. Mrs. Downs gazed silently at the blaze. Suddenly she turned toward him.

"I want to tell you something," she said with her old directness. "You 're my oldest friend here; you gave me my start with the dray and the driver and — and — my first boarder. You remember. Well — I 'm going to be married."

Daniel stared at her, his big red face expressionless, his eyes like two bits of dull blue china. She hurried on nervously.

"It 's Ed — Mr. Wilson. You 're responsible, you see, for it all."

A slow amazement crept over Daniel's face. He was galvanized into speech, and with one sentence showed how vast a gulf lies between tact with men and tact with women.

"Why, he 's nothing but a boy!" he blurted out.

Brickish red traveled slowly up Maria's sensible face.

"He is older than you think," she said stiffly, "and maybe I 'm not so old."

Daniel looked at her with drooping jaw for a minute.

"Maybe," he acquiesced finally, but it was the acquiescence of an unbeliever.

"And you don't know," she hurried on, ashamed of her brief animosity, "how a woman who 's had a hard time and — none too much pleasure — or — liking — in her life, wants it when it comes. You see," she wound up with a final attempt at gayety, "you 're a hard-headed business man and a politician, and I don't believe you know about romance."

The Mayor stared at her from glazed eyes for a minute. "I guess you 're right," he agreed at last. He rose and, going to the red-curtained window, looked out across the sloping lawn, flecked with lights from the house. The smooth road above the river shone white in the night. He could hear the water softly beating the stone defense he had made against it. There was a dull weight in his chest.

"I guess you 're right," he said as he turned back to the room and stretched out his big hand in congratulation. "I guess you 're right. Romance ain't in my line."

"A SLOW AMAZEMENT CREPT OVER DANIEL'S FACE"

# LOVE OF LIFE

BY

JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS," "THE CALL OF THE WILD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

*"This out of all will remain—*
*They have lived and have tossed:*
*So much of the game will be gain,*
*Though the gold of the dice has been lost."*

THEY limped painfully down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. Head-straps, passing across the forehead, helped support these packs. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

"I wish we had just about two of them cartridges that's layin' in that cache of ourn," said the second man.

His voice was utterly and drearily expressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm; but the first man, limping into the milky stream that foamed over the rocks, vouchsafed no reply.

The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their foot-gear, though the water was icy cold — so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their knees, and both men staggered for footing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy, and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

"HE CRIED LOUDLY TO THE PITILESS DESOLATION THAT RINGED HIM AROUND"

The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out:

"I say, Bill, I've sprained my ankle."

Bill staggered on through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

"Bill!" he cried out.

It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait up the slow slope toward the soft sky-line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

Near the horizon the sun was smoldering dimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors, which gave an impression of mass and density without outline or tangibility. The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August — he did not know the precise date within a week or two — he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear Lake; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens. This stream in which he stood was a feeder to the Coppermine River, which in turn flowed north and emptied into Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean. He had never been there, but he had seen it, once, on a Hudson Bay Company chart.

Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft sky-line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses — naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes

"Bill!" he whispered, once and twice; "Bill!"

He cowered in the midst of the milky water, as though the vastness were pressing in upon him with overwhelming force, brutally crushing him with its complacent awfulness. He began to shake as with an ague-fit, till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He hitched his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, wincing with pain, to the bank.

He did not stop With a desperation that was madness unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared — more grotesque and comical by far than that limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lurched on down the slope.

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held, sponge-like, close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskeg to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.

Though alone he was not lost. Farther on he knew he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and weazened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the *tit-chin-nichilie* — in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush-grass on that stream — this he remembered well — but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide. He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the River Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fish-hooks and lines, a small net — all the utilities for

"YET THE LIFE THAT WAS IN HIM DROVE HIM ON"

the killing and snaring of food. Also, he would find flour — not much — a piece of bacon and some beans.

Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson Bay Company post, where timber grew tall and generous and there was grub without end.

These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, that Bill would surely wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch, and many times, of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he conned the grub of the cache and the grub of the Hudson Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. Often he stooped and picked pale muskeg berries, put them into his mouth and chewed and swallowed them. A muskeg berry is a bit of seed inclosed in a bit of water. In the mouth the water melts away and the seed chews sharp and bitter. The man knew there was no nourishment in the berries, but he chewed them patiently with a hope greater than knowledge and defying experience.

At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack-straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap he built a fire — a smoldering, smudgy fire — and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

He unwrapped his pack and the first thing he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into several portions, wrapping them in oil paper, disposing of one bunch in his empty tobacco pouch, of another bunch in the inside band of his battered hat, of a third bunch under his shirt on the chest. This accomplished, a panic came upon him and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven.

He dried his wet foot-gear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket socks were worn through in places and his feet were raw and bleeding. His ankle was throbbing and he gave it an examination. It had swollen to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his two blankets and bound the ankle tightly. He tore other strips and bound them about his feet to serve for both moccasins and socks. Then he drank the pot of water, steaming hot, wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets.

He slept like a dead man. The brief darkness around midnight came and went. The sun arose in the northeast — at least the day dawned in that quarter, for the sun was hidden by gray clouds.

At six o'clock he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the gray sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a bull caribou regarding him with alert curiosity. The animal was not more than fifty feet away, and instantly into the man's mind leaped the vision and the savor of a caribou steak sizzling and frying over a fire. Mechanically he reached for the empty gun, drew a bead, and pulled the trigger. The bull snorted and leaped away, his hoofs rattling and clattering as he fled across the ledges.

The man cursed and flung the empty gun from him. He groaned aloud as he started to drag himself to his feet. It was a slow and arduous task. His joints were like rusty hinges. They worked harshly in their sockets, with much friction, and each bending or unbending was accomplished only through a sheer exertion of will. When he finally gained his feet another minute or so was consumed in straightening up, so that he could stand erect as a man should stand.

He crawled up a small knoll and surveyed the prospect. There were no trees, no bushes, nothing but a gray sea of moss scarcely diversified by gray rocks, gray-colored lakelets, and gray streamlets. The sky was gray. There was no sun or hint

of sun. He had no idea of north, and he had forgotten the way he had come to this spot the night before. But he was not lost. He knew that. Soon he would come to the land of the little sticks. He felt that it lay off to the left somewhere, not far — possibly just over the next low hill.

He went back to put his pack into shape for traveling. He assured himself of the existence of his three separate parcels of matches, though he did not stop to count them. But he did linger, debating, over a squat moose-hide sack. It was not large. He could hide it under his two hands. He knew that it weighed fifteen pounds — as much as all the rest of the pack — and it worried him. He finally set it to one side and proceeded to roll the pack. He paused to gaze at the squat moose-hide sack. He picked it up hastily with a defiant glance about him, as though the desolation were trying to rob him of it; and when he rose to his feet to stagger on into the day, it was included in the pack on his back.

He bore away to the left, stopping now and again to eat muskeg berries. His ankle had stiffened, his limp was more pronounced, but the pain of it was as nothing compared with the pain of his stomach. The hunger pangs were sharp. They gnawed and gnawed until he could not keep his mind steady on the course he must pursue to gain the land of little sticks. The muskeg berries did not allay this gnawing, while they made his tongue and the roof of his mouth sore with their irritating bite.

He came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from the ledges and muskegs. Ker — ker — ker was the cry they made. He threw stones at them but could not hit them. He placed his pack on the ground and stalked them as a cat stalks a sparrow. The sharp rocks cut through his pants' legs till his knees left a trail of blood; but the hurt was lost in the hurt of his hunger. He squirmed over the wet moss, saturating his clothes and chilling his body; but he was not aware of it, so great was his fever for food. And always the ptarmigan rose, whirring, before him, till their ker — ker — ker became a mock to him, and he cursed them and cried aloud at them with their own cry.

Once he crawled upon one that must have been asleep. He did not see it till it shot up in his face from its rocky nook. He made a clutch as startled as was the rise of the ptarmigan, and there remained in his hand three tail-feathers. As he watched its flight he hated it, as though it had done him some terrible wrong. Then he returned and shouldered his pack.

As the day wore along he came into valleys or swales where game was more plentiful. A band of caribou passed by, twenty and odd animals, tantalizingly within rifle range. He felt a wild desire to run after them, a certitude that he could run them down. A black fox came toward him, carrying a ptarmigan in his mouth. The man shouted. It was a fearful cry, but the fox leaping away in fright did not drop the ptarmigan.

Late in the afternoon he followed a stream, milky with lime, which ran through sparse patches of rush-grass. Grasping these rushes firmly near the root, he pulled up what resembled a young onion-sprout no larger than a shingle-nail. It was tender and his teeth sank into it with a crunch that promised deliciously of food. But its fibers were tough. It was composed of stringy filaments saturated with water, like the berries, and devoid of nourishment. But he threw off his pack and went into the rush-grass on hands and knees, crunching and munching, like some bovine creature.

He was very weary and often wished to rest — to lie down and sleep; but he was continually driven on — not so much by his desire to gain the land of little sticks as by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his nails for worms, though he knew in spite that neither frogs nor worms existed so far north.

He looked into every pool of water vainly, until, as the long twilight came on, he discovered a solitary fish, the size of a minnow, in such a pool. He plunged his arm in up to the shoulder, but it eluded him. He reached for it with both hands and stirred up the milky mud at the bottom. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Then the water was too muddy to admit of his seeing the fish and he was compelled to wait until the sediment had settled.

The pursuit was renewed, till the water was again muddied. But he could not wait. He unstrapped the tin bucket and began to bale the pool. He baled wildly at first, splashing himself and flinging the water so short a distance that it ran back into the pool. He worked more carefully, striving

"HIS MIRTH WAS HOARSE AND GHASTLY, LIKE A RAVEN'S CROAK, AND THE SICK WOLF JOINED HIM, HOWLING LUGUBRIOUSLY"

to be cool, though his heart was pounding against his chest and his hands were trembling. At the end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. Not a cupful of water remained. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool — a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day. Had he known of the crevice, he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his.

Thus he thought, and crumpled up and sank down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself, then he cried loudly to the pitiless desolation that ringed him around; and for a long time after he was shaken by great dry sobs.

He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking quarts of hot water, and made camp on a rocky ledge in the same fashion he had the night before. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry and to wind his watch. The blankets were wet and clammy. His ankle pulsed with pain. But he knew only that he was hungry, and through his restless sleep he dreamed of feasts and banquets and of food served and spread in all imaginable ways.

He awoke chilled and sick. There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hilltops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss-fuel.

This was the signal for him to strap on his pack and stumble onward he knew not where. He was not concerned with the land of little sticks, nor with Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the River Dease. He was mastered by the verb, "to eat." He was hunger-mad. He took no heed of the course he pursued, so long as that course led him through the swale bottoms. He felt his way through the wet snow to the watery muskeg berries, and went by feel as he pulled up the rush-grass by the roots. But it was tasteless stuff and did not satisfy. He found a weed that tasted sour and he ate all he could find of it, which was not much, for it was a creeping growth, easily hidden under the several inches of snow.

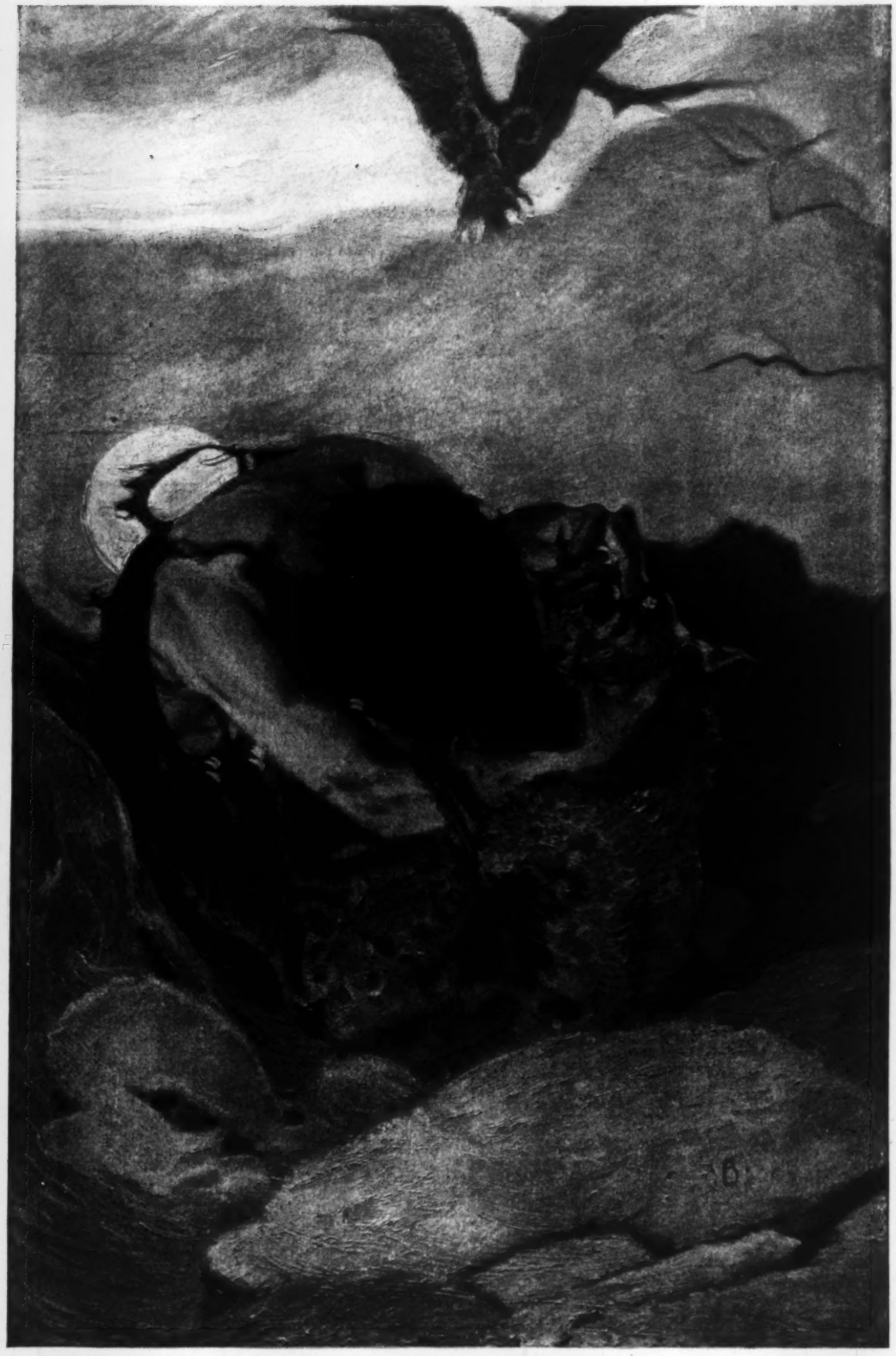
He had no fire that night nor hot water, and crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger-sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his upturned face. Day came — a gray day and no sun. It had ceased raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. Sensibility, so far as concerned the yearning for food, had been exhausted. There was a dull, heavy ache in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He was more rational, and once more he was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the River Dease.

He ripped the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Also, he recinched the injured ankle and prepared himself for a day of travel. When he came to his pack he paused long over the squat moose-hide sack, but in the end it went with him.

The snow had melted under the rain and only the hilltops showed white. The sun came out and he succeeded in locating the points of the compass, though he knew now that he was lost. Perhaps, in his previous days' wanderings, he had edged away too far to the left. He now bore off to the right to counteract the possible deviation from his true course.

Though the hunger pangs were no longer so exquisite, he realized that he was weak. He was compelled to pause for frequent rests when he attacked the muskeg berries and rush-grass patches. His tongue felt dry and large, as though covered with a fine hairy growth, and it tasted bitter in his mouth. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. When he had traveled a few minutes it would begin a remorseless thump, thump, thump, and then leap up and away in a painful flutter of beats that choked him and made him go faint and dizzy.

In the middle of the day he found two minnows in a large pool. It was impossible to bale it, but he was calmer now and managed to catch them in his tin bucket. They were no longer than his little finger, but he was not particularly hungry. The dull ache in his stomach had been growing duller and fainter. It seemed almost that his stomach was dozing. He ate the fish raw, masticating with painstaking care, for the eating was



"SLOWLY, WHILE THE WOLF STRUGGLED FEEBLY AND THE HAND CLUTCHED FEEBLY, THE OTHER HAND CREPT ACROSS TO A GRIP"

an act of pure reason. While he had no desire to eat he knew that he must eat to live.

In the evening he caught three more minnows, eating two and saving the third for breakfast. The sun had dried stray shreds of moss, and he was able to warm himself with hot water. He had not covered more than ten miles that day, and the next day, traveling whenever his heart permitted him, he covered no more than five miles. But his stomach did not give him the slightest uneasiness. It had gone to sleep. He was in a strange country, too, and the caribou were growing more plentiful, also the wolves. Often their yelps drifted across the desolation, and once he saw three of them slinking away before his path.

Another night, and in the morning, being more rational, he untied the leather string that fastened the squat moose-hide sack. From its open mouth poured a yellow stream of coarse gold-dust and nuggets. He roughly divided the gold in halves, caching one half on a prominent ledge, wrapped in a piece of blanket, and returning the other half to the sack. He also began to use strips of the one remaining blanket for his feet. He still clung to his gun, for there were cartridges in that cache by the River Dease.

This was a day of fog, and this day hunger awoke in him again. He was very weak and was afflicted with a giddiness which at times blinded him. It was no uncommon thing now for him to stumble and fall; and stumbling once, he fell squarely into a ptarmigan nest. There were four newly hatched chicks a day old — little specks of pulsating life no more than a mouthful; and he ate them ravenously, thrusting them alive into his mouth and crunching them like egg-shells between his teeth. The mother ptarmigan beat about him with great outcry. He used his gun as a club with which to knock her over, but she dodged out of reach. He threw stones at her and with one chance shot broke a wing. Then she fluttered away, running, trailing the broken wing, with him in pursuit.

The little chicks had no more than whetted his appetite. He hopped and bobbed clumsily along on his injured ankle, throwing stones and screaming hoarsely at times; at other times hopping and bobbing silently along, picking himself up grimly and patiently when he fell, or rubbing his eyes with his hand when the giddiness threatened to overpower him.

The chase led him across swampy ground in the bottom of the valley, and he came upon footprints in the soggy moss. They were not his own — he could see that. They must be Bill's. But he could not stop, for the mother ptarmigan was running on. He would catch her first, then he would return and investigate.

He exhausted the mother ptarmigan; but he exhausted himself. She lay panting on her side. He lay panting on his side, a dozen feet away, unable to crawl to her. And as he recovered she recovered, fluttering out of reach as his hungry hand went out to her. The chase was resumed. Night settled down and she escaped. He stumbled from weakness and pitched head-foremost on his face, cutting his cheek, his pack upon his back. He did not move for a long while; then he rolled over on his side, wound his watch, and lay there until morning.

Another day of fog. Half of his last blanket had gone into foot-wrappings. He failed to pick up Bill's trail. It did not matter. His hunger was driving him too compellingly — only — only he wondered if Bill, too, were lost. By midday the irk of his pack became too oppressive. Again he divided the gold, this time merely spilling half of it on the ground. In the afternoon he threw the rest of it away, there remaining to him only the half-blanket, the tin bucket, and the rifle.

An hallucination began to trouble him. He felt confident that one cartridge remained to him. It was in the chamber of the rifle and he had overlooked it. On the other hand, he knew all the time that the chamber was empty. But the hallucination persisted. He fought it off for hours, then threw his rifle open and was confronted with emptiness. The disappointment was as bitter as though he had really expected to find the cartridge.

He plodded on for half an hour, when the hallucination arose again. Again he fought it and still it persisted, till for very relief he opened his rifle to unconvince himself. At times his mind wandered farther afield, and he plodded on, a mere automaton, strange conceits and whimsicalities gnawing at his brain like worms. But these excursions out of the real were of brief duration, for ever the pangs of the hunger-bite called him back. He was jerked back abruptly

once from such an excursion by a sight that caused him nearly to faint. He reeled and swayed, doddering like a drunken man to keep from falling. Before him stood a horse. A horse! He could not believe his eyes. A thick mist was in them, intershot with sparkling points of light. He rubbed his eyes savagely to clear his vision, and beheld not a horse but a great brown bear. The animal was studying him with bellicose curiosity.

The man had brought his gun half way to his shoulder before he realized. He lowered it and drew his hunting-knife from its beaded sheath at his hip. Before him was meat and life. He ran his thumb along the edge of his knife. It was sharp. The point was sharp. He would fling himself upon the bear and kill it. But his heart began its warning thump, thump, thump. Then followed the wild upward leap and tattoo of flutters, the pressing as of an iron band about his forehead, the creeping of the dizziness into his brain.

His desperate courage was evicted by a great surge of fear. In his weakness, what if the animal attacked him! He drew himself up to his most imposing stature, gripping the knife and staring hard at the bear. The bear advanced clumsily a couple of steps, reared up and gave vent to a tentative growl. If the man ran he would run after him; but the man did not run. He was animated now with the courage of fear. He, too, growled, savagely, terribly, voicing the fear that is to life germane and that lies twisted about life's deepest roots.

The bear edged away to one side, growling menacingly, himself appalled by this mysterious creature that appeared upright and unafraid. But the man did not move. He stood like a statue till the danger was past, when he yielded to a fit of trembling and sank down into the wet moss.

He pulled himself together and went on, afraid now in a new way. It was not the fear that he should die passively from lack of food, but that he should be destroyed violently before starvation had exhausted the last particle of the endeavor in him that made toward surviving. There were the wolves. Back and forth across the desolation drifted their howls, weaving the very air into a fabric of menace that was so tangible that he found himself, arms in the air, pressing it back from him as it might be the walls of a wind-blown tent.

Now and again the wolves in packs of two and three crossed his path. But they sheered clear of him. They were not in sufficient numbers, and besides they were hunting the caribou which did not battle, while this strange creature that walked erect might scratch and bite.

In the late afternoon he came upon scattered bones where the wolves had made a kill. The débris had been a caribou calf an hour before, squawking and running and very much alive. He contemplated the bones, clean-picked and polished, pink with the cell-life in them which had not yet died. Could it possibly be that he might be that ere the day was done! Such was life, eh? A vain and fleeting thing. It was only life that pained. There was no hurt in death. To die was to sleep. It meant cessation, rest. Then why was he not content to die?

But he did not moralize long. He was squatting in the moss, a bone in his mouth, sucking at the shreds of life that still dyed it faintly pink. The sweet meaty taste, thin and elusive almost as a memory, maddened him. He closed his jaws on the bones and crunched. Sometimes it was the bone that broke, sometimes his teeth. Then he crushed the bones between rocks, pounded them to a pulp and swallowed them. He pounded his fingers, too, in his haste, and yet found a moment in which to feel surprise at the fact that his fingers did not hurt much when caught under the descending rock.

Came frightful days of snow and rain. He did not know when he made camp, when he broke camp. He traveled in the night as much as in the day. He rested wherever he fell, crawled on whenever the dying life in him flickered up and burned less dimly. He as a man no longer strove. It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on. He did not suffer. His nerves had become blunted, numb, while his mind was filled with weird visions and delicious dreams.

But ever he sucked and chewed on the crushed bones of the caribou calf, the least remnants of which he had gathered up and carried with him. He crossed no more hills or divides, but automatically followed a large stream which flowed through a wide and shallow valley. He did not see this stream or this valley. He saw nothing save visions. Soul and body walked or

crawled side by side, yet apart, so slender was the thread that bound them.

He awoke in his right mind, lying on his back on a rocky ledge. The sun was shining bright and warm. Afar off he heard the squawking of caribou calves. He was aware of vague memories of rain and wind and snow, but whether he had been beaten by the storm for two days or two weeks he did not know.

For some time he lay without movement, the genial sunshine pouring upon him and saturating his miserable body with its warmth. A fine day, he thought. Perhaps he could manage to locate himself. By a painful effort he rolled over on his side. Below him flowed a wide and sluggish river. Its unfamiliarity puzzled him. Slowly he followed it with his eyes, winding in wide sweeps among the bleak bare hills, bleaker and barer and lower-lying than any hills he had yet encountered. Slowly, deliberately, without excitement or more than the most casual interest, he followed the course of the strange stream toward the sky-line and saw it emptying into a bright and shining sea. He was still unexcited. Most unusual, he thought, a vision or a mirage — more likely a vision, a trick of his disordered mind. He was confirmed in this by sight of a ship lying at anchor in the midst of the shining sea. He closed his eyes for a while, then opened them. Strange how the vision persisted! Yet not strange. He knew there were no seas or ships in the heart of the barren lands, just as he had known there was no cartridge in the empty rifle.

He heard a snuffle behind him — a half-choking gasp or cough. Very slowly, because of his exceeding weakness and stiffness, he rolled over on his other side. He could see nothing near at hand, but he waited patiently. Again came the snuffle and cough, and outlined between two jagged rocks not a score of feet away he made out the gray head of a wolf. The sharp ears were not pricked so sharply as he had seen them on other wolves; the eyes were bleared and blood-shot, the head seemed to droop limply and forlornly. The animal blinked continually in the sunshine. It seemed sick. As he looked it snuffled and coughed again.

This, at least, was real, he thought, and turned on the other side so that he might see the reality of the world which had been veiled from him before by the vision. But the sea still shone in the distance and the ship's spars were plainly discernible. Was it reality after all? He closed his eyes for a long while and thought, and then it came to him. He had been making north by east, away from the Dease Divide and into the Coppermine Valley. This wide and sluggish river was the Coppermine. That shining sea was the Arctic Ocean. That ship was a whaler, strayed east, far east, from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and it was lying at anchor in Coronation Gulf. He remembered the Hudson Bay Company chart he had seen long ago, and it was all clear and reasonable to him.

He sat up and turned his attention to immediate affairs. He had worn through the blanket-wrappings, and his feet were like shapeless lumps of raw meat. His last blanket was gone. Rifle and knife were both missing. He had lost his hat somewhere, with the bunch of matches in the band, but the matches against his chest were safe and dry inside the tobacco pouch and oil-paper. He looked at his watch. It marked eleven o'clock and was still running. Evidently he had kept it wound.

He was calm and collected. Though extremely weak he had no sensation of pain. He was not hungry. The thought of food was not even pleasant to him, and whatever he did was done by his reason alone. He ripped off his pants' legs to the knees and bound them about his feet. Somehow he had succeeded in retaining the tin bucket. He would have some hot water before he began what he foresaw was to be a terrible journey to the ship.

His movements were slow. He shook as with a palsy. When he started to collect dry moss he found he could not rise to his feet. He tried again and again, then contented himself with crawling about on hands and knees. Once he crawled near to the sick wolf. The animal dragged itself reluctantly out of his way, licking its chops with a tongue which seemed hardly to have the strength to curl. The man noticed that the tongue was not the customary healthful red. It was a yellowish brown and seemed coated with a rough and half-dry mucus.

After he had drunk a quart of hot water the man found he was able to stand, and even to walk as well as a dying man might be supposed to walk. Every minute or so he was compelled to rest. His steps were feeble and uncertain, just as the wolf's that

trailed him were feeble and uncertain; and that night, when the shining sea was blotted out by blackness, he knew he was nearer to it by no more than four miles.

Throughout the night he heard the cough of the sick wolf, and now and then the squawking of the caribou calves. There was life all around him, but it was strong life, very much alive and well, and he knew the sick wolf clung to the sick man's trail in the hope that the man would die first. In the morning, on opening his eyes, he beheld it regarding him with a wistful and hungry stare. It stood crouched, with tail between its legs, like a miserable and woe-begone dog. It shivered in the chill morning wind, and grinned dispiritedly when the man spoke to it in a voice which achieved no more than a hoarse whisper.

The sun rose brightly, and all morning the man tottered and fell toward the ship on the shining sea. The weather was perfect. It was the brief Indian Summer of the high latitudes. It might last a week. To-morrow or next day it might be gone.

In the afternoon the man came upon a trail. It was of another man, who did not walk, but who dragged himself on all fours. The man thought it might be Bill, but he thought in a dull, uninterested way. He had no curiosity. In fact sensation and emotion had left him. He was no longer susceptible to pain. Stomach and nerves had gone to sleep. Yet the life that was in him drove him on. He was very weary, but it refused to die. It was because it refused to die that he still ate muskeg berries and minnows, drank his hot water, and kept a wary eye on the sick wolf.

He followed the trail of the other man who dragged himself along, and soon came to the end of it — a few fresh-picked bones where the soggy moss was marked by the foot-pads of many wolves. He saw a squat moose-hide sack, mate to his own, which had been torn by sharp teeth. He picked it up, though its weight was almost too much for his feeble fingers. Bill had carried it to the last. Ha! ha! He would have the laugh on Bill. He would survive and carry it to the ship in the shining sea. His mirth was hoarse and ghastly, like a raven's croak, and the sick wolf joined him, howling lugubriously. The man ceased suddenly. How could he have the laugh on Bill if that were Bill; if those bones, so pinky-white and clean, were Bill!

He turned away. Well, Bill had deserted him; but he would not take the gold, nor would he suck Bill's bones. Bill would have, though, had it been the other way around, he mused as he staggered on.

He came to a pool of water. Stooping over in quest of minnows, he jerked his head back as though he had been stung. He had caught sight of his reflected face. So horrible was it that sensibility awoke long enough to be shocked. There were three minnows in the pool, which was too large to drain; and after several ineffectual attempts to catch them in the tin bucket he forbore. He was afraid, because of his great weakness, that he might fall in and drown. It was for this reason that he did not trust himself to the river astride one of the many drift-logs which lined its sand-spits.

That day he decreased the distance between him and the ship by three miles; the next day by two — for he was crawling now as Bill had crawled; and the end of the fifth day found the ship still seven miles away and him unable to make even a mile a day. Still the Indian summer held on, and he continued to crawl and faint, turn and turn about; and ever the sick wolf coughed and wheezed at his heels. His knees had become raw meat like his feet, and though he padded them with the shirt from his back it was a red track he left behind him on the moss and stones. Once glancing back he saw the wolf licking hungrily his bleeding trail, and he saw sharply what his own end might be — unless — unless he could get the wolf. Then began as grim a tragedy of existence as was ever played — a sick man that crawled, a sick wolf that limped, two creatures dragging their dying carcasses across the desolation and hunting each other's lives.

Had it been a well wolf, it would not have mattered so much to the man; but the thought of going to feed the maw of that loathsome and all but dead thing was repugnant to him. He was finicky. His mind had begun to wander again, and to be perplexed by hallucinations, while his lucid intervals grew rarer and shorter.

He was awakened once from a faint by a wheeze close in his ear. The wolf leaped lamely back, losing its footing and falling in its weakness. It was ludicrous, but he was not amused. Nor was he even afraid. He was too far gone for that. But

his mind was for the moment clear, and he lay and considered. The ship was no more than four miles away. He could see it quite distinctly when he rubbed the mists out of his eyes, and he could see the white sail of a small boat cutting the water of the shining sea. But he could never crawl those four miles. He knew that, and was very calm in the knowledge. He knew that he could not crawl half a mile. And yet he wanted to live. It was unreasonable that he should die after all he had undergone. Fate asked too much of him. And, dying, he declined to die. It was stark madness, perhaps, but in the very grip of Death he defied Death and refused to die.

He closed his eyes and composed himself with infinite precaution. He steeled himself to keep above the suffocating languor that lapped like a rising tide through all the wells of his being. It was very like a sea, this deadly languor, that rose and rose and drowned his consciousness bit by bit. Sometimes he was all but submerged, swimming through oblivion with a faltering stroke; and again, by some strange alchemy of soul, he would find another shred of will and strike out more strongly.

Without movement he lay on his back, and he could hear slowly drawing near and nearer the wheezing intake and output of the sick wolf's breath. It drew closer, ever closer, through an infinitude of time, and he did not move. It was at his ear. The harsh dry tongue grated like sandpaper against his cheek. His hands shot out — or at least he willed them to shoot out. The fingers were curved like talons, but they closed on empty air. Swiftness and certitude require strength, and the man had not this strength.

The patience of the wolf was terrible. The man's patience was no less terrible. For half a day he lay motionless, fighting off unconsciousness and waiting for the thing that was to feed upon him and upon which he wished to feed. Sometimes the languid sea rose over him and he dreamed long dreams; but ever through it all, waking and dreaming, he waited for the wheezing breath and the harsh caress of the tongue.

He did not hear the breath, and he slipped slowly from some dream to the feel of the tongue along his hand. He waited. The fangs pressed softly; the pressure increased; the wolf was exerting its last strength in an effort to sink teeth in the food for which it had waited so long. But the man had waited long, and the lacerated hand closed on the jaw. Slowly, while the wolf struggled feebly and the hand clutched feebly, the other hand crept across to a grip. Five minutes later the whole weight of the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the animal, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth was full of hair. At the end of half an hour the man was aware of a warm trickle in his throat. It was not pleasant. It was like molten lead being forced into his stomach, but it was forced by his will alone. Later the man rolled over on his back and slept.

There were some members of a scientific expedition on the whaleship *Bedford*. From the deck they remarked a strange object on the shore. It was moving down the beach toward the water. They were unable to classify it, and, being scientific men, they climbed into the whaleboat alongside and went ashore to see. And they saw something that was alive but that could hardly be called a man. It was blind, unconscious. It squirmed along the ground like some monstrous worm. Most of its efforts were ineffectual, but it was persistent, and it writhed and twisted and went ahead perhaps a score of feet an hour.

Three weeks afterward the man lay in a bunk on the whaleship *Bedford*, and with tears streaming down his wasted cheeks told who he was and what he had undergone. He also babbled incoherently of his mother, of sunny Southern California, and a home among the orange groves and flowers.

The days were not many after that when he sat at table with the scientific men and ship's officers. He gloated over the spectacle of so much food, watching it anxiously as it went into the mouths of others. With the disappearance of each mouthful an expression of deep regret came into his eyes. He was quite sane, yet he hated those men at meal-time because they ate so much food. He was haunted by a fear that it would not last. He inquired of the cook, the cabin-boy, the captain, concerning the food stores. They reassured him countless times; but he could not believe them, and pried cunningly about the lazarette to see with his own eyes.

It was noticed that the man was getting fat. He grew stouter with each day. The scientific men shook their heads and theorized. They limited the man at his meals, but still his girth increased and his body swelled prodigiously under his shirt.

The sailors grinned. They knew. And when the scientific men set a watch on the man, they knew too. They saw him slouch for'ard after breakfast, and like a mendicant, with outstretched palm, accost a sailor. The sailor grinned and passed him a fragment of sea biscuit. He clutched it avariciously, looked at it as a miser looks at gold, and thrust it into his shirt bosom. Similar were the donations from other grinning sailors.

The scientific men were discreet. They left him alone. But they privily examined his bunk. It was lined with hardtack; the mattress was stuffed with hardtack; every nook and cranny was filled with hardtack. Yet he was sane. He was taking precautions against another possible famine—that was all. He would recover from it, the scientific men said; and he did, ere the *Bedford's* anchor rumbled down in San Francisco Bay.

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# REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

## BY

## CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

### PART TWO: SCHOOL-DAYS

I WAS ten years old when my father took me to the gymnasium at Cologne, which was usually called the "Jesuit Gymnasium," although it had no connection with that religious order. In those days the City of Cologne had about ninety thousand inhabitants, and was, as I supposed, one of the largest cities in the world. My grandfather had taken me there several years before on a visit, and well do I remember the two things that then interested me most: the cathedral tower with the huge crane on top, and then the convict chain-gangs sweeping the streets—sinister-visaged fellows in clothes striped dark gray and yellow, with heavy iron chains on their feet that rattled and clanked dismally on the pavement stones—one or more soldiers standing guard close by, gun in hand. I remember also how my grandfather reproved me for taking off my cap to everybody whom we met in the streets, as was the custom in our little village at home; for, he said, there were so many people in Cologne that were one to attempt to bow to them all, there would be no time left for anything else; that one could never become acquainted with all those people, and many of them were not worth knowing; and finally that such deference on my part would mark me at once as a country boy and make me appear ridiculous.

This "making myself ridiculous" was something I greatly dreaded, and I would have taken any pains to avoid it; yet it happened that my first appearance at the gymnasium was an occasion of amusement to others and of mortification to myself. In the schools at Liblar and Brühl we had been using slates for our arithmetic and dictation exercises. Not dreaming that a slate was incompatible with the dignity of a ten-year-old pupil at the gymnasium, I carried mine under my arm into the class-room, and thus unwittingly exposed myself to the scoffs and giggles of the boys, not one of whom I knew. There was a loud burst of laughter when one boy shouted out: "Look at that fellow; he

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has got a slate!" I would have liked to reply to this remark with my fists, but just at that moment the instructor entered, and all was respectful silence.

My scale of living at Cologne was, of necessity, extremely modest. Board and lodging had been provided for me by my parents, at the home of a locksmith. I slept in the same bed with the locksmith's son, who was also a mechanic, and took my meals at the family table with the journeymen and apprentices. Severe decorum was exacted of all; the master led the conversation, and only the foreman occasionally took part in it. I had no social intercourse whatever with persons of good education outside of school; within school many helpful influences surrounded me.

At the present day the question, "What should be the course of study in an educational institution of the rank of a gymnasium," is being much discussed. This I shall return to later. But the question what the course of study should be seems to me by no means the only important, nor even the most important one. What we learn in school is naturally but little, only a small portion of that which we have to learn for fruitful activity in after life. It is therefore of especial consequence that the things learned in school, whatever they may be, should be taught in such a manner as will awaken and encourage in the pupil the desire and enjoyment of learning more, and as will enable him to seek and find for himself the means of further instruction as far as they are attainable, and to use them to the greatest possible advantage — in one word, that the pupil in school should learn how to learn. This requires not only appropriate methods of teaching, but also individual ability of the teacher to judge of the capacities of his pupil, to put those capacities into activity and to guide and inspire them. And just in this respect I was uncommonly fortunate in my years at the gymnasium.

The head master of the lowest class was, in my time, a young Westphalian, Heinrich Bone, whom I remember with especial gratitude. At a later period he became widely known as a teacher of exceptional ability. He instructed us not only in Latin, but also in German, and he stoutly held to the principle, that clearness and directness of expression are the fundamental requisites of a good style. Instead of wearying his pupils with dry grammatical rules, he gave them at once short compositions to write, not upon such subjects as "The Beauty of Friendship," or "The Use of Adversity," but simple descriptions of things actually seen — a house, a group of people, a picture, and the like. He required these compositions to be rendered in the simplest possible sentences, without any complication or ornament. The most important rule, however, which he enforced with especial emphasis was this: every noun, every adjective, every verb must express some object, or some quality, or some act perceptible to the senses. All that was vague or abstract or not perceptible to the senses was severely forbidden at first. In this manner he accustomed his pupils to see clearly whatever was before their eyes, and then to set forth the impression received in words so concise and clear cut that their meaning was unmistakable.

When we had attained a certain degree of efficiency in this very simple exercise, we were allowed to enlarge the form of our sentences, but only for the purpose of presenting more clearly and fully some vivid picture. Thus we were led up step by step to the construction of more complicated periods. Narrative compositions followed the descriptive ones, the teacher's requirement still being the utmost clearness of expression; and not until the pupil had proved himself competent to grasp and to present the actual, the sensually perceptible, was he permitted to indulge in abstractions and reflections. This method taught us not only to form correct sentences, but to exercise the faculty of correct observation, which, strange to say, is developed in a comparatively small number of people.

The fundamental idea underlying this method, applicable to all instruction, is that the principal aim of teaching should be to fit and equip and stimulate the mind of the scholar with a view to independent action. Herein lies the secret of all successful mental education. This is the way to learn how to learn. To be sure, the pursuit of this method demands teachers of ability and thorough training, to whom their calling is something more than a mere routine business.*

* * * * *

Professor Bone ceased only too soon to be my teacher, for his extraordinary capacities attracted wide attention outside of the

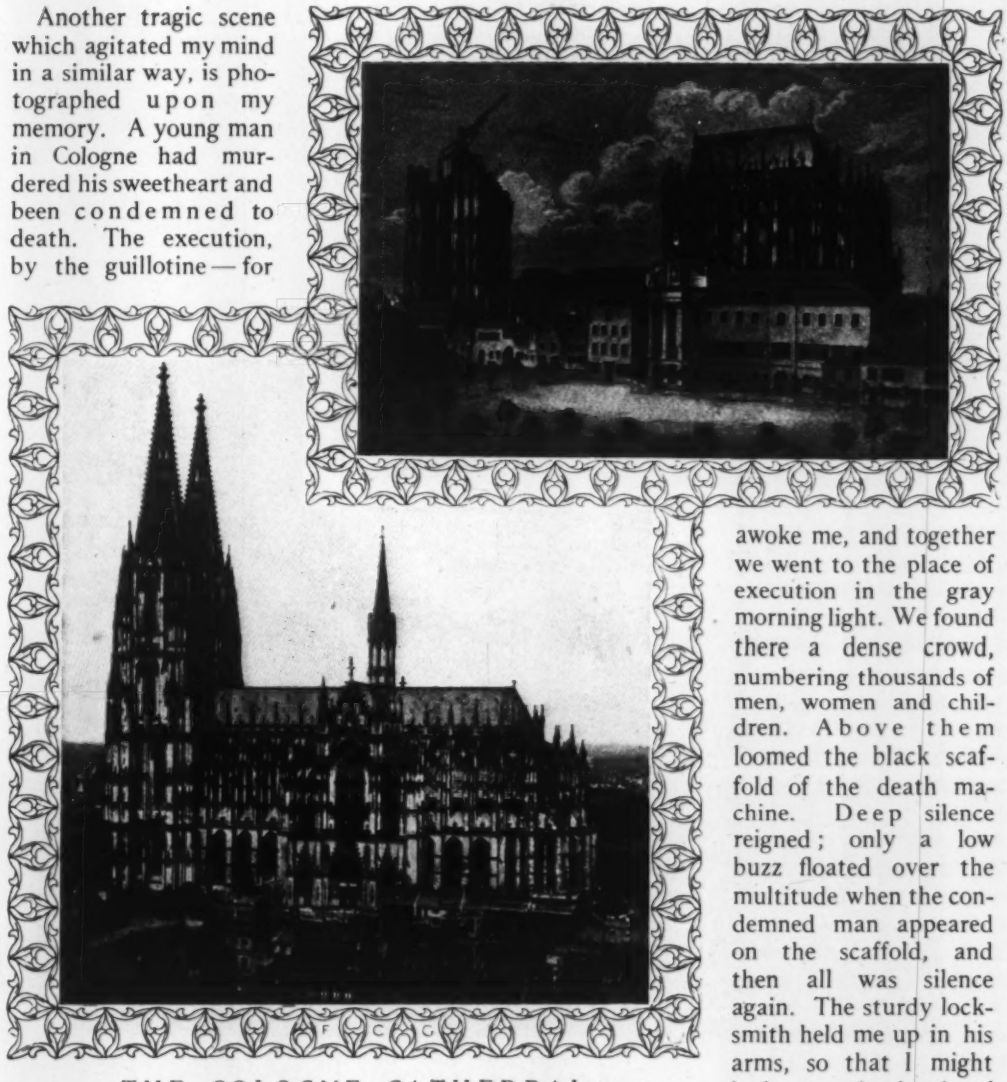
* The exigencies of magazine publication compel the omission here of an interesting account of the youthful Schurz's early literary instruction. The elided paragraphs will be found in the "Reminiscences" when published in book form.

gymnasium, and he received a call to undertake the directorship of an educational institution founded by some Rhenish noblemen for the education of their sons. He left the gymnasium in compliance with this call. I did not see him again for many years. When traveling in 1888 through Germany, I heard from an old school fellow that Bone, in failing health, had retired to Wiesbaden, I resolved at once to seek him out. I found him living in a very modest house, the interior of which looked almost like a convent — for Bone had always been a devout and strict Roman Catholic. An elderly, nun-like person ushered me into a small parlor hung with pictures of saints, and adorned with crucifixes. She carried my card into an adjoining room, from which instantly issued a cry of delight; and the next moment, dragging himself hurriedly along, my good old teacher appeared. Time had changed him from a vigorous young man into a shriveled, fragile little body; clad in a long dressing-gown, his feet in large gray felt slippers, and a black skull-cap covering his thin white hair. We embraced; and the dear old man seemed beside himself with joy. "There, I knew I was right," he exclaimed; "I heard that you had come to Germany, and I was sure that if you went to see the great people in Berlin you would certainly also come to see me. I recognized your voice at the front door; yes, yes, I knew it at once; although I have not heard it for more than forty years." We sat down close together, and there was much asking and answering of questions. His eyes shone with pleasure when I told him that I had sent to Germany for the latest edition of his reader; that I had often explained to my children and friends the method by which he taught me how to write German, etc., etc. Then he reminded me of our evenings in Cologne together, and how he had liked me as a boy, and so forth. Thus a few delightful hours slipped by. When finally I rose to go, he exclaimed, "What, not going already! We must have a glass of wine together. Good heavens! there is n't a drop of wine in the house. What shall I do!" Then he added, thoughtfully, "I have some excellent stomach bitters; shall we drink one another's health in bitters?" I was quite content. The bottle was taken from the cupboard, the black liquor poured out, we drank one another's health in stomach bitters, and the glasses rang. Another embrace, and we parted never to meet again.

But to return to my school-days. The quiet life of the first years in Cologne was not without its excitements. Two occurrences of this time made a deep impression upon me. My daily walk to school led me past the great cathedral, which, now in its finished state the admiration of the world, looked in those days much like a magnificent ruin. Only the choir had been nearly finished. The great central part between the choir and the towers stood under a temporary roof and was built partly of brick. One of the two towers was hardly more than some sixty feet above the ground, while the other, surmounted by the centuries-old crane, had reached, perhaps, three or four times that height. The tooth of time had gnawed the medieval sculptures on the walls and arches and turrets, and the whole hoary pile still unfinished, yet decaying, looked down, sad and worn, upon the living generation at its feet.

One morning when I was wending my accustomed way to school, I saw an object fall from the top of the crane tower, which looked like a cloak, and from which, in its descent, something detached itself and floated away in the breeze. The cloak shot straight down and struck with a heavy thud upon the stone pavement below. The passers-by ran to the spot; the cloak proved to contain a man, who, without doubt, had sought his death by jumping down. He had fallen upon his feet, and lay there in a little heap; the bones of the legs had been pressed into the body; the head, encircled by a fringe of gray hair, was much disfigured; the face, pale and distorted, was that of an elderly man. The object which had floated away in falling, proved to be a wig. When the winds had played with it for a while, it settled down quietly beside its dead owner.

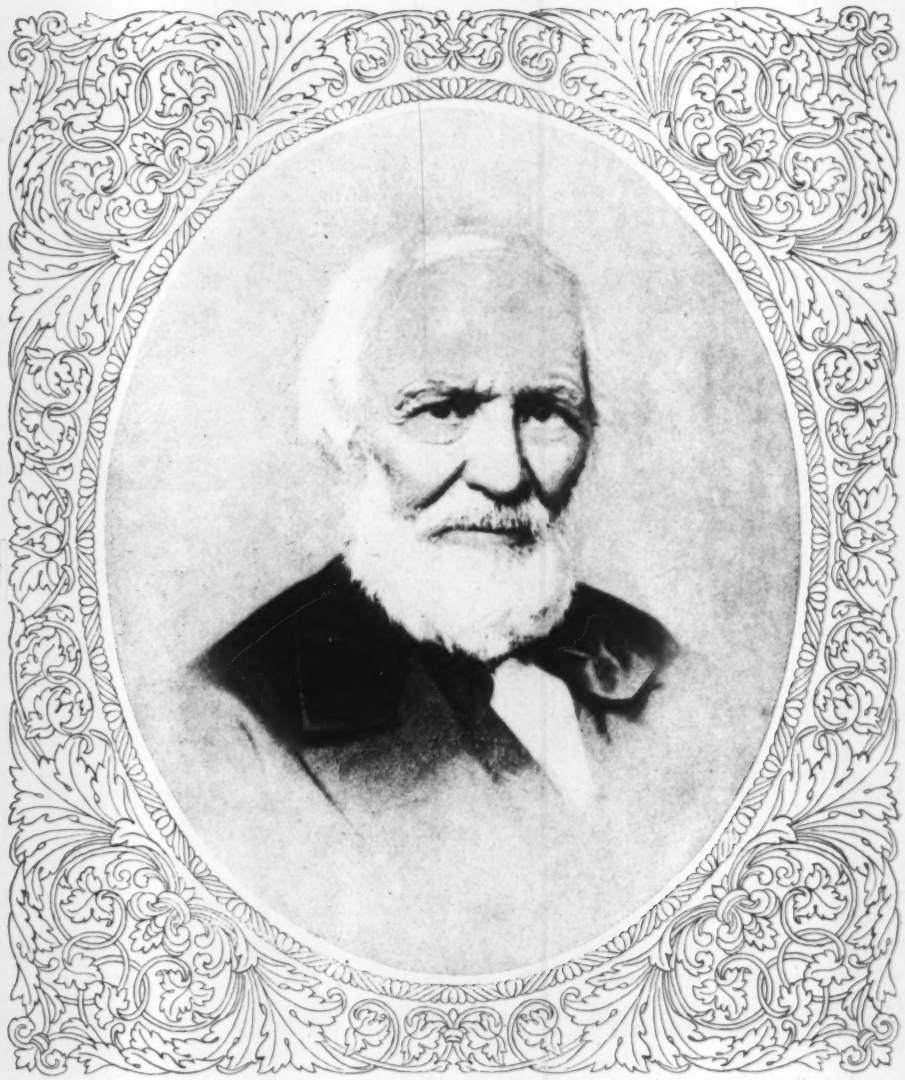
This shocking spectacle filled my mind with uncanny imaginings. I made every effort to discover who the unfortunate was, and what the cause could have been to drive him to such desperation; but all rumors were uncertain and contradictory. Then fancy conjured up to my mind all possible turns of fortune and conditions of life which could drive a human being into self-destruction — hopeless poverty; lost honor; disappointed affections; torments of conscience — and soon my head was filled with plots of stories or tragedies, all of which ended with the self-destructive plunge from the cathedral tower.



THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

When Carl Schurz was a ten-year-old boy in Cologne in 1840, this Cathedral, now the admiration of the world, had stood unfinished and decaying for centuries. Mr. Schurz tells how one day he saw a man jump from the top of the old crane tower, seen dimly in the upper picture.

Another tragic scene which agitated my mind in a similar way, is photographed upon my memory. A young man in Cologne had murdered his sweetheart and been condemned to death. The execution, by the guillotine — for the left bank of the Rhine was still under the "Code Napoleon" — was to take place at dawn of day on a public square between the Cathedral and the Rhine, and before the eyes of all who might choose to witness it. The trial had excited the whole population to a high degree; now the people looked forward to the final catastrophe with almost morbid interest. My locksmith guardian was of the opinion that neither he nor I should miss the opportunity of beholding so rare a spectacle. Long before sunrise he awoke me, and together we went to the place of execution in the gray morning light. We found there a dense crowd, numbering thousands of men, women and children. Above them loomed the black scaffold of the death machine. Deep silence reigned; only a low buzz floated over the multitude when the condemned man appeared on the scaffold, and then all was silence again. The sturdy locksmith held me up in his arms, so that I might look over the heads of the crowds in front. The condemned culprit stepped forward; the assistant of the executioner strapped him to a board which extended from his feet to his shoulders, leaving his neck free; the victim glanced up at the axe, suspended from a cross-beam; the next instant he was pushed down so that his neck lay under the gleaming blade; the ax fell like a flash of lightning, severing the head from the shoulders at a whisk. A stream of blood spurted into the air, but the hideous sight was quickly concealed from the gaze of the public by a dark cloth. The whole deed was done with the rapidity of thought. One



CHRISTIAN SCHURZ

*Born 1796, died 1876. Father of Carl Schurz*

scarcely became conscious of the terrible shock before it was over. A dull murmur arose from the onlooking throngs, after which they silently dispersed; the scaffold was taken down and the blood on the ground covered with sand before the first rays of the morning sun shone brightly upon the Cathedral towers. I remember walking home shuddering and trembling, and finding it impossible to eat my breakfast. Nothing could have induced me to witness another execution.

The good locksmith was an enthusiastic playgoer, and allowed me sometimes to accompany him to the theater — to be sure only on the topmost gallery, where a seat cost five "groschen" (twelve and a half cents). The theater of Cologne occupied, as I learned later, in the world of art a very respectable place. To me it was a dream of the marvelous and magnificent. I was beside myself with astonished delight when, for the first time, I saw, before the lifting of the curtain, the painted ceiling over the auditorium part in the middle and through this mysterious opening a brilliantly lighted chandelier slowly descend, the ceiling thereupon closing again. The performances I witnessed also moved me powerfully.

MARIANNE SCHURZ

*Born 1798, died 1877. Mother of Carl Schurz*

Indeed I did not follow them with the same naïve illusions with which I had lived through the adventures of the fair Genovefa; but what I saw in the theater in Cologne was on so much higher a level that I could surrender myself again to full enjoyment. Thus I saw one or two knight dramas, so popular at the time; also Wallenstein* —

* * * * *

These pleasures did not come in rapid succession, for frequent visits to the theater would hardly have accorded with the principles of economy that governed my locksmith as well as myself. But the drama took profound hold upon me, and what I saw of it created an almost irresistible desire to write a play myself. I searched through "Becker's Universal History" for a good subject, and finally fell upon the Anglo-Saxon King Edwy, who ruled in England in the middle of the tenth century and who brought upon himself, through his love for the beautiful Elgiva, a struggle with Saint Dunstan, and an unhappy fate. It seemed to me that if I took some liberties with history, as dramatic poets not seldom do, this subject — a royal lover battling with

* The asterisks indicate an omission from Mr. Schurz's narrative made to meet the limitations of magazine publication. The paragraphs omitted will be restored, of course, when the "Reminiscences" appear in book form.

the power of the church — might be capable of being worked up into a fine tragedy. Of course the play as I wrote it, amounted to nothing; but in weaving the plot through successive scenes, and in writing out some of the dialogues, I enjoyed the full bliss of literary creation. Never to have tasted this delight is never to have known one of the greatest joys of life.

Lyric poems and ballads also figured among my "early works." One of my ballads originated in this wise: under a clump of tall trees, not far from the castle at Liblar were some crumbled ruins of masonry that had an uncanny look. Nobody seemed to know their history. Imagination pictured to me a variety of possibilities, out of which I wove a romantic tale. The Knights of the Gracht had on this spot kept wild animals in a big pit. A beautiful maiden had somehow got into this pit and had been rescued by a noble youth, after a heroic fight with the monstrous beasts. This adventure, not very original to be sure, I worked up in pompous eight line stanzas, the sound of which delighted me so much that I could not refrain from sending a copy of my poem to my father. He, even prouder of it than I, hastened to show the verses to Count Metternich. The Count, who probably took little interest in any kind of poetry, pronounced them fine, but said that he had never heard of this occurrence, as a part of his family history — which did not surprise me in the least.

At prose, too, I tried my hand. Once, after having written a composition on Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," which struck me as especially good, I found it difficult to resist the ambitious desire of seeing myself in print. I made a clean copy of the composition and carried it to the office of the *Cologne Gazette*, with a letter addressed to Levin Schücking, a well known novelist of the time, and the literary editor of that great journal. In my letter I begged the privilege of a personal interview. A courteous answer fixed the day and hour of my visit, and soon I stood, with loud heart beats, at the great man's door, who, so I believed, held my literary future in the hollow of his hand. I found in him an amiable gentleman, with pleasant features, and large blue benevolent eyes. He received me very kindly, talked upon a variety of subjects, and finally returned my manuscript to me with the remark that it contained much that was excellent, but that I would do well to regard it only as a "study." I departed completely crushed with disappointment and mortification; but, after all, I lived to become sincerely grateful to good Mr. Schücking for his timely counsel. Much that I have since written has, in pursuance of his sound advice, been quietly treated as a "study" by myself.

When I had reached the "Tertia" of the gymnasium, fortune favored me again by bringing me into close relations with another admirable instructor, Professor Puetz, who had become distinguished as the compiler of excellent historical text-books. He could not boast of great historical researches made by himself, but he possessed a rare skill in exciting the interest of the pupils in the subjects of instruction, and in pointing out the way to further studies. His method of teaching history was to devote the greater part of the hour to a presentation, in free speech, of the particular period with which he wished to make us familiar. He enlivened his subject by exhibiting it in a variety of lights and by adding sufficient detail to make his lecture not only instructive, but also dramatic and picturesque, and thus easily remembered.

In the next lesson the pupils were expected whenever called upon, to reproduce, out of themselves, in their own language, what they had learned in the previous lessons, the short recitals of the handbook serving as a framework to the historical structure. From time to time, the Professor would deliver a comprehensive discourse, grouping together the events of certain historic periods, and thus giving us bird's-eye views over wide fields. In this way history was impressed upon our memory as well as our understanding, not in the form of tabulated statements or columns of figures, nor merely by means of anecdotes, but in panoramic views and prospects full of life and philosophical light. To me, the class lesson and the study connected with it, for which I had always an especial liking, became instead of hard dry labor a genuine joy which could not repeat itself too often. It was largely owing to these methods of instruction that, when a few years later at my final examination, Professor Puetz asked me whether I thought I could, from my memory, describe the conquests of Alexander the Great and draw a map thereof on the blackboard, I felt myself able to undertake the task and to accomplish it satisfactorily.

Soon after I had become his pupil, Professor Puetz drew me nearer to him, and something like relations of confidential friendship grew up between us. He had traveled much during his long vacations, had seen many foreign countries, and made acquaintance with many remarkable personalities. Thus he had acquired a breadth of view beyond the limits of that of the ordinary teacher in the gymnasium. There was something cosmopolitan in his conceptions, and in regard to theological as well as political things he passed for a man of advanced ideas.

In addition to history, he also taught us German composition, and as in my writings he discovered something akin to his own views, he treated me almost like a young comrade whom he permitted in his presence to forget the school-boy for the moment. He liked to tell me about his travels and about the social and political institutions and affairs of the world; and when our conversation turned upon church and state, he talked not seldom with a certain touch of irony, which was to make me understand that in his opinion many things ought to be different from what they were. He also encouraged expressions of opinions on my part, and it gave him pleasure to see that I had thought of this and that which was not just within the circle of a school-boy's ideas; and when, so encouraged, I gave expression to my boyish criticisms of existing conditions, he would sometimes listen with an approving smile, at the time same remarking that we might talk unreservedly among ourselves, but that it would be advisable for us to be more circumspect in conversation with others.

In other ways also he enlarged my horizon. From his private library he lent me several volumes of Goethe and of works of writers of more recent times. Even foreign literature he opened to me; he gave me, for instance, the translations of Shakspere, by Schlegel and Tieck, which I devoured with avidity; and he made me acquainted with Cervantes and Calderon. He also taught me some Italian, and read with me "My Prisons" of Silvio Pellico in the original, and parts of Tasso and Ariosto in translation. Thus he opened to me a new world; and I think of him with gratitude, as one of the benefactors of my youth. It was a great pleasure to me to meet Professor Puetz again in later life. It must have been in 1873, when I was a member of the Senate of the United States, that I received one day, by European mail, a package containing a letter from Professor Puetz, with some printed pages. "I have frequently corrected your task," he wrote, "and now you have to correct mine." Then he informed me that he was just preparing a new edition of his historical handbooks, and wished to have my judgment about that part which treated of the latest events in America. And this he laid before me on the proof-sheets which accompanied the letter. With pleasure I complied with his request, and found his work so correct in every detail that it did not call for the slightest amendment. On my next journey to Germany, I sought him out in Cologne. He had retired from his office, and lived in comfortable surroundings. I found him, to be sure, very much aged, but still young in spirit. Our meeting was a hearty joy to us both, and we celebrated it with a delightful supper.

When I entered the higher classes of the gymnasium, the influence of youthful friendship came powerfully into my life. I gave up my quarters at the locksmith's because there was no piano there for daily practice, and moved into more suitable quarters. It now became possible for me to receive visitors and to lead a somewhat freer life. Among my schoolmates I always had friends of my own age, but none whose endeavors and ambitions accorded much with my own tastes. Now I became acquainted with a circle of youths, who, like myself, wrote verses and read them to one another, and encouraged each other in literary studies. The two with whom I came into closest intimacy were Theodore Petrasch, the son of a secretary of the provincial government, and Ludwig von Weise, a descendant of a patrician family of Cologne. Petrasch was an uncommonly bright youth and of a most amiable, cheerful and exuberant nature. Von Weise, while possessing excellent abilities and a strong character, had developed rather the critical than the productive faculties of his mind. Both discussed political as well as religious subjects with far more freedom and assurance than I had been used to hear, and their liberal utterances had already attracted the notice of the gymnasium authorities. Petrasch had been called to account by the instructor of religion, and had made certain heretical confessions with such frankness that the shocked schoolmaster suspended him from all religious observances until a new

light should break in upon him, and he invited him to further talks upon sacred subjects.

To me questions of religious faith had for some time caused many hours of most serious reflection. I have already narrated how, in earliest childhood, my belief in the everlasting punishment of the heterodox, and in the infallibility and moral perfection of the clergy, had been severely shaken.* Since then I had pondered much upon religious matters and kindred subjects, and the time had now come for me to be "confirmed." In preparation for this rite, our instructor especially indoctrinated us in the tenets of the church. I threw myself into this study with an earnest desire to overcome all doubts. It even seemed to me at times that this had been accomplished, and I went through the act of "the first Communion" in a state of religious exaltation. But very soon the old scruples and doubts returned stronger than before. What was most repugnant to me was the claim of the church to be not merely the only true church, but also the only saving one, and that there was absolutely no hope of salvation outside of its pale, but only damnation and eternal hell fire. That Socrates and Plato, that all the virtuous men among the heathen; that even my old friend, the Jew Aaron;† nay, that even the new-born babe, if it happened to die unbaptized, must forever burn in unquenchable fire — yes, that I, too, were I so much as to harbor the slightest doubt concerning their terrible fate, must also be counted among the eternally lost — against such ideas rebelled not only my reason, but my innermost instinct of justice. These teachings seemed to me so directly to contradict the most essential attributes of the all-just Deity, that they only served to make me suspicious of all other tenets of the creed.

Such reflections distressed me beyond measure. Often I prayed fervently for light, but in answer to my prayers only the old doubts came back. I went to my teacher of religion and confided to him the condition of my mind with perfect frankness. We had a series of conversations in which, however, he had little to say to me that I had not heard before. I confessed to him with the utmost candor, that while I should be glad to be convinced by what he said, he had not so convinced me; whereupon I also was relieved of the obligation of attending religious observances until I myself should feel an urgent desire to resume them. I zealously studied ecclesiastical history and dogmatic writings, and availed myself of every opportunity to listen to preachers of renown; but the longer and more earnestly I continued these studies the less could I find my way back to the articles of faith which were so repugnant to my sense of justice. There remained, however, within me a strong religious want, a profound respect for religious thought. I have never been able to listen to a light-minded scoffer about religious subjects without great repugnance.

I was still entangled in this conflict with myself and with the church authority when I became acquainted with my new friends, and found them substantially of the same mind. Of course we frequently communicated to one another our struggles and experiences. While my friends could not tell me much that was new on religious topics, the two with whom I came into closest intimacy, Theodore Petrasch and Ludwig von Weise, opened to me new vistas in another field — German literature, especially the political part of it, of which my knowledge was very slight. Of Heine, my teacher, Professor Puetz, had told me, but I knew of him little more than his name; of Freiligrath, only a few of his pictures of the tropics; of Gutzkow, Laube, Herwegh, and so on, nothing at all. Petrasch lent me Heine's "Book of Songs." This was to me like a revelation. I felt almost as if I had never before read a lyric poem; and yet many of Heine's songs sounded to me as if I had always known them, as if the fairies had sung them to me at my cradle. All the verses that I myself had written until then, and which were mostly of the declamatory kind, went at once into the fire and I saw them burn with genuine satisfaction. The reading and re-reading of the "Book of Songs" was to me an indescribable revelry. Then I read the "Pictures of Travel," the various political poems, and "Atta Troll" with its acrid political satire, the wit of which did not warm the heart, but sharply turned one's thoughts upon the condition of the fatherland. I read also with my friends the poems of such revolutionary stormers as Herwegh, Hoffman von Fallersleben, and others, most of which we possessed

* Paragraphs here referred to were omitted for the sake of space but will be found in the "Reminiscences" when published in book form.

† This reference relates to another omission which will be included in the book.

and circulated among ourselves, only in manuscript copies.

The revolutionary passions expressed in many of those poems were in fact foreign to us, but their attacks upon the existing governments, especially upon the Prussian, struck a responsive chord which easily reverberated in the breast of every Rhinelander. Our Rhine country, with its gay, light-hearted people, had, within a comparatively short period, passed through a series of multi-colored experiences. Before the time of the French Revolution it had been under the easy-going, loose rule of the Archbishop Electors, then conquered and seized by the French, it belonged for a time to the French Republic and the Napoleonic Empire. At last, after the French wars, it was annexed to Prussia. Of these three rulerships, following one another in too rapid succession for any sentiments of allegiance to take firm root, the Rhine folk liked the Prussian rule the least, although it was undoubtedly the best. The abrupt, stiff, exacting character of the Prussian official, with his rigid conceptions of duty and order, were not congenial to the careless and somewhat too pleasure-loving Rhenish people. Besides, the population was throughout Roman Catholic, and the word Prussian was synonymous with Protestantism. Prussian officers in considerable numbers came to help govern the Rhine people, which of course created bad blood. All these things made Prussian rule on the Rhine appear like a sort of foreign rule, repugnant to the feelings of the natives. In the course of time they recognized that the honest, orderly methods of administration by the Prussian officers possessed great merit; but the spirit of opposition, characteristic of the Rhenish population, once aroused could not be easily overcome. The word Prussian served for an opprobrious invective, and when one school-boy flung it at another, it was difficult to find a more stinging epithet to fling back. All this was to become entirely changed in consequence of the revolutionary movement toward national unity in 1848, but at the time when I was a student at the gymnasium the hatred of Prussia was still in full flower on the banks of the Rhine.

We young people were indeed free from provincial, and especially religious narrowness of sentiment, but we shared the prevailing impression that great changes were necessary; that it was scandalous to withhold from the people the freedom of speech and press; that the old Prussian absolutism must yield to a new constitutional form of government; that the pledges made to the German nation by the German princes in 1813 had been shamefully violated; and that the disintegrated fatherland must be molded into a united empire with free political institutions. The fermenting, restless spirit permeating the minds of the educated classes, and finding expression in the literature of the day, aroused in us boys the warmest enthusiasm. By what means the dreams of liberty and unity were to be accomplished — whether, as Herwegh advised in one of his poems, which we all knew by heart, we were to tear the iron crucifixes out of the ground and forge them into swords, or whether there was a peaceable way of reaching the goal — we were not at all clear in our thoughts. But we eagerly read newspapers and pamphlets to keep ourselves informed of the occurrences and tendencies of the day. Neither could we altogether refrain from giving occasional voice to our sentiments. I was in the upper "Secunda" when our professor of German — it was no longer my friend Puetz — gave us, as the subject of a composition, a memorial oration on the battle of Leipzig. Believing it to be my duty to write exactly what I thought concerning that event, I expressed with entire frankness my feelings about the ill-treatment which the German people had suffered after their heroic efforts on that battle-field, and my hope of a complete regeneration of the German fatherland. I was profoundly in earnest. I wrote that memorial oration, so to speak, with my heart's blood. When the Professor, at the next lesson, returned the papers to us in the classroom, with critical remarks, he handed mine to me in silence. It bore this foot-note: "Style good; but views expressed nebulous and dangerous." After the adjournment of the class he called me to his side, put his hand upon my shoulder and said: "What you wrote has a fine sound, but how can such things be allowed at a royal Prussian gymnasium? Let this not happen again." From that time on, he refrained from giving subjects to the class which might tempt us to political discussion.

Meantime I continued zealously my literary studies, and my creative impulses were constantly stimulated by the applause of intimate friends. I wrote a large number of short poems, and also some tragedies on

historic subjects. No record of these sins of my youth have remained in existence to embitter my subsequent life — or, perhaps, also to contribute to its merriment. We are easily ashamed of our premature productions and of the sublime conceit that must have inspired them. But I cannot look back without a certain feeling of tender emotion upon the time when I gave myself up to those poetic impulses with the hope, certainly with the desire, to give in the course of time to my fatherland something valuable and lasting.

It is needless to say that these literary efforts absorbed much of the time that should have been devoted to other studies. In the first years at the gymnasium I had always received, in the semi-annual examinations, the highest marks. I sacrificed these to my literary work inasmuch as in some branches of instruction, especially in mathematics and natural science, I did only what was rigorously exacted of me. Still I maintained a good standing.

My life outside of school was simple in the extreme, and afforded me every opportunity to practise the virtue of frugality. My pocket-money allowance was very small; sometimes I had none at all; neither can I remember ever to have asked my parents for any money. They thought of it themselves, and put a pittance into my pocket when, after my vacation, I returned to Cologne, or when they visited me there. Frequently I managed to get along for weeks with the sum of five Groschen (twelve cents). The occasional possession of a Thaler (seventy-two cents) gave me the sensation of wealth. Even when I had nothing, which sometimes happened, I never felt poor. This mental habit acquired early in life without much reflection has subsequently proved of great value to me. It has spared me much heartburning. I have always had to associate with persons possessing more than myself of the so-called good things of life — persons that could allow themselves many enjoyments that I had to do without. To this I accustomed myself, and I did it without the slightest self-depreciation and especially without envy. Among all human passions, envy is the one that makes a man the most miserable. Of course, I do not mean by envy the mere wish to possess desirable things which we see others possessing, for such wishes are legitimate and not foreign to the noblest ambition. The envy I speak of is that jealous ill-will which begrudges others what they possess, and which would destroy their enjoyment of it. A long life has convinced me that the truest and most beautiful happiness of the human soul consists in the joyous contemplation of the happiness of others. The envious, consciously or unconsciously, wish to deprive others of that which makes them happy; and this is, of all imaginable dispositions of the mind and heart, the most wretched.

Education can render young people hardly better service than to teach them how to make their pleasures independent of money. This is far easier than we commonly suppose. It requires only that we learn to appreciate the various good things offered by almost every environment, which cost nothing. In this way we discover how many enjoyments there are in life which usually remain hidden to the rich who are in the habit of purchasing their pleasures with silver and gold.

Although during my boyhood my means were extremely limited, my opportunities for enjoyment even in æsthetic directions, were by no means few. I have already told how I went to the theater, not very often but finding all the more pleasure in it the few times I could go. There were other opportunities no less valuable. On Sunday mornings sometimes I spent hours in the Walraff Museum, some rooms of which were filled with pictures of the old Cologne school. Although I was then unable to appreciate their historic and artistic value, they attracted me greatly by their splendor of color and naïveté of composition. Particularly I recall a "Last Judgment" in which the humorous grimaces and sardonic smiles of a number of fantastic red, blue and green devils amused me immensely. For many an hour I stood in dreamy contemplation before the "Sorrowing Jews on the Waters of Babylon," by Bendemann, a celebrated painter of the Düsseldorf School. As is usual, the boy in me was first fascinated by the subject of the picture, until repeated scrutiny gradually stirred the critical faculty and developed the taste as to composition and execution.

Nor were opportunities for musical delights wanting. On Sunday morning the so-called "Musical Mass" was celebrated in the Cathedral at which frequently the Archbishop officiated and the church displayed its splendor. The principal charm of the

service was the music, which attracted not alone the devout, but also the art-loving public. Usually a full orchestra and a choir of selected voices rendered a Mass by some great composer. These performances were sometimes of singularly marvelous effect. I have already mentioned that the Cathedral at that period resembled a ruin as to its exterior. This was also true in large part of the interior. Upon passing through the time-worn portals into the middle nave one was confronted at a distance, just beyond the transept, by a bare gray wall shutting off the choir from the rest of the Cathedral. This was the back of the great organ, placed temporarily in this position because the choir was the only really completed portion of the edifice. The organ, therefore, stood, so to speak, with its back to the larger part of the church. On the platform in front of the organ, facing the choir, were placed the orchestra and the singers. Thus the people standing in that part of the church between the back of the organ and the portals heard the music not directly, but as an echo wonderfully broken. The forest of pillars and the arches high as heaven carried it back as from a far distance, ay, as from another world. It was a mysterious waving and weaving and surging and rolling of sounds; the violins and cellos and flutes and oboes like the whispering and sighing of the spring winds in the treetops; the trumpets and trombones, and the bass viols, and the mighty chorus now and then, like the roaring of the storm and the raging of the sea. Sometimes the echoes seemed to be silent for a moment and a melody or a succession of harmonies would ring clear through the immense space; or a soprano solo would detach itself from the magic confusion and float upon the air like an angel's voice. The effect was indescribably touching, and I remember how, not seldom, I stood leaning against one of gigantic columns, and something like devout tremors passed over me, and my eyes filled with tears. This, I thought, must be what I had heard called the "Music of the Spheres," or the "Concert of the Children of Heaven," as I had seen the angel orchestra depicted on the old canvasses of the Walraff Museum.

Sunday noon afforded still another treat. A part of the garrison paraded on the Neumarkt, and its excellent band played martial strains for the changing guard, afterwards entertaining the public with a well-selected program. Their repertoire being large, these military concerts helped not a little to increase my musical knowledge.

The talks with my much-traveled friend Professor Puetz, together with books on architecture lent by him, excited in me an interest in ancient and mediæval architecture, and many happy hours were spent in studying the Middle Age structures of religious and secular character, of which Cologne is justly proud. My artistic joys were, therefore, by no means inconsiderable, although I had to confine myself to such as were accessible without cost.

Free afternoons were often passed with my friends. Besides reading to one another our own productions or new discoveries in current literature, we philosophized together on everything above and below with that gravity characteristic of young, ardent and somewhat precocious persons. Sometimes I went to my uncle's farm at Lind, a half-hour's walk from Cologne, to visit two cousins of about my own age. They were dear comrades. As they were not to prepare themselves for any learned profession, but were to be farmers like their father, I had not so many interests in common with them as with my other friends; but they were boys of mental activity, excellent disposition and chivalrous spirits, and we amused ourselves together to our hearts' content. When the weather was bad, we now and then resorted to a game of cards. And here, in order to be entirely faithful to truth, I must mention an occurrence which will prove that my youth was by no means free from serious blemish.

At first we played cards merely for the sake of passing time. Then as the taste for it grew, we staked small sums of money to increase the interest and excitement, which it did most effectually. The stakes were very small, indeed, but the changing fortune in winning and losing stimulated the gambling passion until finally a catastrophe occurred. One particular afternoon I happened to have the money in my pocket with which to pay my tuition fees, due in a few days. I lost steadily in the game, and was so carried away that at last I took out of my pocket the money entrusted to me by my parents. Of course, with it I expected to win back all that I had lost. We played on feverishly, but luck would not turn, and at last the entire sum of the tuition fee was swept away. It amounted only to a very

few Thalers, and my cousins helped me out of my immediate embarrassment; but my horror at what had happened was so great, my consciousness of guilt so painful, and the sense of my mortification so acute — for I considered myself, and with reason, to be a criminal — that the inward suffering of those days, especially when I made a confession to my parents, has ever remained in my memory as a terrible lesson. I had gone through a very serious experience with myself. In playing for stakes the desire to win money had really not been my impelling motive, but the evil fascination which the demon of fortune always possesses had led me to commit an act which, committed under less favorable circumstances, and upon a larger scale, might have ruined my character irretrievably. Card-playing for money is frequently classed among the so-called "noble passions"; but I believe there is no form of amusement which, when it becomes a real passion, is so dangerous even to nobly-cast natures. It was, perhaps, very fortunate in my own case that this lesson came so early in life and appeared in so drastic a shape.

Gay days we had during our summer vacations at home in Liblar. A crowd of cousins from various places found themselves together, reinforced by school-friends from Cologne. That was the time for merry pranks which, as it seemed, gave as much pleasure to the old members of the family as to the young. One occurrence of my vacation life has remained especially vivid in memory. In a German village the "studying" boy, as he is called, is always regarded with interest and wonder, and upon the occasion of his visits family and friends are apt to take a pardonable pride in displaying his attainments. So it was with me. My father, who could not produce much effect upon his villagers with my Latin and Greek, took great delight in showing off my musical proficiency, especially my ability to improvise. He succeeded in persuading the old organist, a feeble musician but one free from all artistic jealousy, to allow me to play a voluntary at the Sunday morning service. Once on a festive day when Count Metternich and his family occupied their private chapel attached to the church, and the congregation happened to be exceptionally large, I felt it incumbent upon me to do something extraordinary; so at the close of the Mass I pulled out all the stops and played a military march which I had heard at one of the parades at Cologne, with such effect that the departing congregation stood still in astonishment. Even the Count stepped out from his chapel to see what was the matter. This was the climax of my musical career as an organist, which soon came to an abrupt end. One Sunday at Vesper service I accompanied the choir, consisting of the Sacristan and four other singers. It was the organist's custom to play a short interlude between the alternate verses of the hymn. This gave me an opportunity to give my faculty of improvising full swing. Beginning in the key in which the hymn was being sung, I moved up a tierce, intending to return to the original key by means of a bold transition; but the Sacristan and the choir were not accustomed to such antics. They did not follow my bold transition, but resumed their chant in the higher key, shrieking themselves red in the face until the veins of their foreheads and temples threatened to burst. At the close of the service the Sacristan declared with unmistakable emphasis that he would have no more improvising and thorough bass; that this nonsense must stop, and that for his part he liked the old organist far the better of the two. Thus was my glory as a performer on the organ in Liblar forever gone.

In another field an ambitious wish of mine found its fulfilment. I became a member of the Sanct Sebastianus Society as the village sharpshooters' corps was called, and resolved to take part in the annual Schützenfest which was held at Whitsuntide, a trial of skill attended by much excitement and carried out with picturesque ceremonial. Having learned very early how to handle a rifle, I had myself inscribed in the list of contestants, and offered to several members, male and female, who could not themselves take part, to shoot for them as the custom was; and the offers were accepted. The casting of bullets on the Saturday before Whitsuntide was one of the most solemn acts of my life; and when I woke with sunrise on Whitsun-Monday I felt as if for me a day of great decision had dawned. I have already described the different features of that popular festival.*

The contest took place on a little tree-dotted meadow outside of the village, where a target, in the form of a wooden bird fastened to the end of a long pole, had previously been set up lashed to the branches

* See footnote marked * on page 166.

of a tree. Most of the village population flocked out to the range on the heels of the Sanct Sebastianus Society which paraded with great pomp. First marched the old drummer, with a bouquet of flowers and many colored ribbons on his breast and hat; next the standard-bearer, carrying aloft the banner of Sanct Sebastianus whereon the bright-hued patron saint appeared, his breast pierced with innumerable arrows; then came the captains carrying ancient spears decorated with flowers and ribbons, and with them the solemn-visaged directors of the society and the "Schützenkönig," victor of the previous year. The king wore upon his hat a crown of gold tinsel and artificial flowers and around his neck a silver chain from which were suspended silver shields each the size of a hand, covering his shoulders, breast and back. Engraved upon them were the names of the victors for at least a hundred years back. Last of all marched the sharpshooters, rifles at "carry", and trooping after came the villagers, old and young.

With profound seriousness, on this occasion, I marched behind the old bow-legged drummer and the master tailor, our banner-bearer, to what my heroic enthusiasm called "the field of honor"; and when, after marching three times around the tree bearing the pole with the wooden bird, we knelt down for prayer, I was one of the most devout. Not one of my first shots missed. The bow-legged drummer rewarded me at each hit with the customary roll, and I suspect I sometimes looked around with eyes that sought admiration. Only one shot more was mine; but the wooden bird was already very much splintered, and with every moment it became more uncertain whether my last chance would yet be reached. My heart beat high; my last turn was really reached, and on the top of the pole there was only a little strip of wood left which a well-aimed bullet would surely bring down. I raised the rifle to my shoulder with a feeling as if this shot would determine the current of my future. With a mighty effort I kept cool so that my eye should be clear and my hand firm; but when I had pressed the trigger I felt myself as if in a dense fog; I only heard how the drummer furiously belabored his instrument and how the surrounding multitude shouted. The great deed, therefore, was done. I had "shot down the bird." I was king. Not far from me stood my father; he laughed aloud and evidently was extremely proud. Now the great chain with the silver shields was put upon my shoulder; a tall hat with the old tinsel crown and flowers on top, was fixed upon my head. It was a great moment; but I had won the prize merely as a substitute for another person, not for myself. Who was that person? A Sanct Sebastianus sister, an old washerwoman. She was brought forward and also adorned with ribbons and flowers. I was obliged to offer her my arm as my queen, and so we marched solemnly behind drum and flag back into the village. The riflemen made every possible noise with their guns; the children shouted, and the old people stood in their doorways, greeted me with their hands, and called out: "See the Schurz Karl!" But I felt as if we two, the old washerwoman and myself, presented a decidedly grotesque spectacle in that triumphal procession, which in my imagination had always been such a solemn affair. I thought I even saw some people indulge in a mocking smile about our unquestionably ridiculous appearance; but worse than this — I noticed on the faces of some of the old marksmen something like an expression of disapproval; my ear caught a remark that it was, after all, not quite proper to make the Schützenfest of the venerable old Sanct Sebastianus Society a boy's play. I could not deny within myself that this view of the case was not unjustified; and thus in the hour of that triumph which I had so often pictured in my dreams, a heavy drop of bitterness fell into the cup. It was the old, old experience, at that time still new to me, that we seldom are blessed with a success or joy without some bitter admixture, and that the fulfilment of a wish usually looks very different from our anticipation; and this experience has been repeated in my life again and again.

Such occurrences are apt to become sources of melancholy reflections to those who cannot perceive and enjoy the humor of them. Fortunately, I could, so that my queen, the good old washerwoman, became soon a delectable memory. I have since often had occasion to appreciate that sense of humor as one of the most precious of gifts which cannot be too much cultivated.

*(To be continued)*

# THE DEEPWATER DEBATE

## BY

## MAY McHENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

IN golden, bygone days when our fathers were young, people had time for the wholesome mental exercises of spelling-bees and debates. In that golden age Deepwater boasted not only the best speller in the valley, but the champion debating club as well.

The champion speakers of this champion club were the "Big Four," the three Barton boys, Daniel, Cyrus, and Silas, and Cadwallader Evans, the school-teacher. The fame of these rustic orators filled the land and reached the county-seat down along the river; so that one eventful midwinter day there came an invitation for the Deepwater Debating Club to meet members of the Flowerville Lyceum in a discussion of some question of general interest; topic, time, and place to be determined by committees from each club.

*"'It's all settled'"*

The Deepwater Club jumped at the challenge like a hungry dog at a bone. It was the opportunity they had been waiting for. The Flowerville Lyceum was a social and literary association that counted among its members some of the most cultured young people of both sexes in the county-seat. The Big Four shrewdly suspected that the challenge had been sent in a spirit of levity, that they were expected to furnish as much entertainment for the lyceum members as amateur theatricals or home talent minstrel performances. They did not allow the suspicion to keep them from a prompt acceptance. It was a chance to prove their mettle. They had met and vanquished all the rural debaters in a large circuit, and they were eager to try conclusions with better equipped foes.

An expectant circle awaited the arrival of the stage at Gilly's store on the night when Daniel Barton returned from a meeting with the Lyceum committee in Flowerville.

"It's all settled," Daniel announced, as he unwound his long, worsted muffler, and pushed a way to a seat on the cracker-barrel, behind a red-hot stove. "The debate will be two weeks from next Friday night; to be held at the Deepwater school-house, and to be followed by a supper at Boyd's hotel. If the sleighing holds out, the youth and beauty of Flowerville will come up in two large sleds, each drawn by four prancing horses."

"Who will speak, Dan'l? Who are they going to put up against us?" his brothers and the school-teacher demanded in chorus.

"Speakers who may make us wish we had never heard of Patrick Henry," Daniel told them. "To begin with, there is the young Baptist preacher, the Reverend S. M. Smith."

"I know him," Cyrus exclaimed; "a pretty speaker, but too flowery for a debater. He will be quoting poetry when he ought to be making points."

"Lawyer Bleasley —— "

"He's what you might call ponderous. Knows more than he can tell," was the comment.

"Frank G. Potter —— "

"Um-n. *Windy* Potter! He has not Bleasley's trouble, at any rate. Who is the other one?"

"Sternger. Al Sternger."

Daniel mentioned the last name constrainedly, and his brothers glanced at him inquiringly. The school-teacher rubbed his hands with enthusiasm.

"There is, indeed, an eloquent speaker, an opponent worthy of our highest efforts. I once had the pleasure of hearing him plead an important case, and his oratory far surpassed that of any of the older lawyers concerned, in my humble opinion."

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER

"Don't you want to know the question we are to discuss?" Daniel inquired. "'T is a great question," and he chuckled appreciatively. "Not exactly new. I believe you all have heard it. What do you say to 'War and Intemperance'? *'Resolved*, that war has brought more suffering upon the human race than the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks?'"

The Deepwater Debaters had, as they expressed it, been brought up on "War and Intemperance"; it had been the pap of their oratorical infancy, and meat and drink as they developed.

"Mr. William Herrington chose the subject. He is president of their lyceum, and I made all arrangements with him," Daniel explained. "I hinted to him that it was a question not unfamiliar to us, as we had debated it on one side or the other, in sixteen public debates. He bowed suavely — he is smoother and softer than butter, boys, more like lard — and he said it was their desire to select a subject that was likely to have been under previous consideration by us. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness. As the challenged party we had the choice of sides, and I took the affirmative, so Cyrus might have a chance to spill his billion buckets of blood again."

"Thank *you* for *your* thoughtfulness!" ejaculated Cyrus.

"Well, for my part, I 'm glad it is goin' to be about something we 're all used to and can understand," the storekeeper broke in. "I 'm like most folks, and like to hear something I know. It 's like listening to a band play. You keep still and try to think it 's pretty while they 're tootin' out their marches and their trilly-oo-la-las, but you don't have any quivers inside until they strike up something like old 'Rosin the Bow,' or 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River.'"

For two weeks Deepwater tingled and shivered in expectancy. When the eventful night of the debate arrived, the schoolhouse was crowded to the utmost, with the visitors from Flowerville occupying the front seats. Men and boys who could not crowd into the house hung about the windows, or adjourned to Gilly's store across the creek, where the probable outcome of the contest was discussed with intense interest and some anxiety. The Deepwaterites had a proper pride in their champions, but the speakers from town had college educations, and made their livings by talking: there was some shaking of heads in Gilly's store.

Feeling responsible for the success of the meeting, the Barton boys and the schoolteacher fairly radiated hospitality and geniality as they moved about, shaking hands right and left.

Daniel happened to be at the door when the young lawyer, Al Sternger, entered in company with a very pretty young woman. Daniel's greeting to the chief of the opponents was markedly stiff and brief, and he turned a grim face upon his second cousin, Delilah.

"Why, Daniel! You do not look as though you expected to win," Delilah exclaimed. "I do hope you are going to do

*"there was some shaking of heads in Gilly's store"*

your best. I am so anxious that Deepwater shall win."

"What is the use of pretending, Delilah?" Daniel growled. "We all know where your sympathies are."

Delilah's cheeks were pinker than usual as she followed her escort to a seat. She made no reply when Mr. Sternger complacently remarked that her relative seemed to be a victim of the green-eyed monster, and that such a state of mind was not favorable to the quick and accurate reasoning required in a debate.

Daniel still stood in the doorway, feeling somewhat ashamed of his display of feeling, when he was plucked by the sleeve and drawn out into the entry by Hank Edgar, who was Deepwater's appointee as judge, having served them in that capacity upon many previous occasions.

"Me and the Flowerville man has been caucusin' behind the door, and we've settled on Mr. Ed Bogart for chairman," Hank said, in a wheezy whisper.

The Deepwater Club was to select one judge, the debaters from Flowerville were to bring with them a second, and the two thus provided were to agree upon a third who was to be chairman.

Daniel exclaimed in surprise when Hank told him of their choice. Mr. Ed Bogart was a well-known character in Sweet Valley township, an ex-schoolmaster who was equally noted for his learning, his ready command of grandiloquent words, for the shiftlessness of his habits, and his brilliant lack of veracity.

"He's all right: he'll preside with *eggclau*. Besides, I have him fixed," Hank asserted. "He's owed me a big store-bill for years, and I shut down on letting them have goods on credit until there should be a payment on the old score. Yesterday the old man came in and boned me about opening an account again. I switched him off onto the debate, and told him 't was my opinion he'd make an imposing and ornate judge, and show the county-seat folks that we know a thing or two about parliamentary laws and things. That took him. Then I told him 't was a matter of local pride and patriotism to want our own side to win, and that I myself was anxious you boys should get the verdict to the extent of being willing to give a due-bill for ten dollars in the cause of justice. That took him again, and so ——"

"And so he took the due-bill in the cause of justice. Oh, Hank! 'Oh, righteous

judge!'" Daniel stopped laughing suddenly. "Look here, Hank, if we are licked, if we fail to *win* the decision, we don't want it, you know. That would not do."

Hank laid a soothing hand on the young man's shoulder. "That 's all right, Dannie. You go ahead and do your best to win; that 's your business. Whatever you win I 'll see that you get it; that 's my business."

The speakers from Flowerville were really anxious to let their Deepwater friends down easily. They greatly regretted the necessity of bringing the chagrin of defeat upon such progressive and amiable young men, and their first speaker spent nearly all of his allotted time in saying so in smooth and courteous phrase.

Some of the more confident Deepwaterites winked at each other. "Better be preparing for their own obsequies instead of gathering flowers for our fellows' graves. They don't seem to know what they are up against," an outside critic observed audibly, through a broken window-glass, and was called to order polysyllabically by the imposing and ornate chairman.

It was true that they did not know what they were to encounter, those over-confident debaters from the county-seat. By the time the first speaker for the affirmative had ripped his courteous friend of the negative up the back, metaphorically and oratorically speaking, and had shown the premises and assumptions of the able gentleman to be unsupported by fact, his pathos to be bosh, his logic to be false; by the time he had sketched in war in such lurid colors as made Sherman's piquant definition seem tame and inadequate, by that time they began to have a faint conception.

The Deepwater debaters had worked hard. Every night for two weeks they had met to discuss and rehearse, every day they had thumbed the pages of histories and reference books until they were ready to flaunt all the blood-dyed pages from the siege of Troy to Bull Run. They flaunted them; they reerected Tamerlane's pyramid of human skulls and traced the gory trails of the conquerors from Sesostris to Napoleon. They touched upon the ethical, the national, the commercial perniciousness of armed strife, and expressed lofty sentiments worthy of a peace congress.

It is not to be denied that their opponents spoke well and forcibly on the side of intemperance. Yet, somehow, the polished rhetoric, the wit, and the reasoning failed to catch the fancy and impress the audience as, for instance, did the familiar and famous passage in which Cyrus Barton asserted and proved by historical facts, and demonstrated mathematically on the blackboard that the human blood shed in battle, if collected, would submerge the long, narrow valley of the Deepwater from hilltop to hilltop: a flood of gore whereon all the battleships of the world might float, a flood that would obliterate the entire landscape, from the North Mountains at the head of the valley to the hills beyond the placid Susquehanna, twenty-one miles to the south.

"Conceive of that, ladies and gentlemen," he said sonorously. "Think of the vast, vernal cup of these hills filled with such a draught for the devil as that. Grasp the enormity, the vastness of it. Then, remember that this sea of blood represents at least fourteen millions of slain men, and that for every slain man there came a moan from the lips of some woman. Ah, those moans of women! My friends, they unite in a mighty wail of human agony that shakes

MR. ED BOGART

the stars and thunders at the throne of God, crying out against war!"

However it might be with the judges, it was evident that the audience was for War. Al Sternger, who had the closing speech for the negative, felt that something must be done. It was preposterous to allow these farmers to have things their own way. The

brilliant young member of the bar stepped outside and regarded the winking, blinking stars of the winter sky, while he tipped a silver-mounted flask.

Then he went in and made a remarkable speech, a fluent, fiery speech, such as he

*"'Besides, I have him fixed'"*

hoped to sway juries with. By turns he was dictatorial, ironical, confidential, pathetic. He laughed at his opponents' attempt to swim to victory in a sea of blood; he swept away the significance of statistics by a splendid figure of speech, and then he told a story — as only Al Sternger could tell a story. He described a drunkard's home — the bleak, fireless room, the starving children, the heart-broken mother, the terror and shame of the shuffling footsteps on the stair. He made them feel it and see it — feel the hunger and the shame, and the heart-break, until half the people in the room were openly wiping away tears.

Deepwater partisans looked blank. Make men weep, and you strike a more potent chord than logic or reason can strike. Even Cyrus and Silas Barton pursed up their mouths, and looked interrogatively at Daniel, who was to follow Mr. Sternger, closing the debate.

Daniel did not seem to notice this anxiety. Behind a desk he was reading something that had been passed to him from the other side of the room. When the time came, he arose to make the closing speech, quite unmoved by the general blowing of noses and heaving of sighs about him. Calmly, almost monotonously, he began his summing up. His friends fidgeted. Could it be possible that he did not see the importance of overcoming the impression made by Sternger's speech? Was he not going to *do* something?

Just as Deepwater was ready to give up in despair, Daniel threw back his shoulders with the air of one who sees pleasant things in prospect. "And now, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I approach the extraordinary speech of the gentleman who preceded me."

He eulogized that speech, and told how proud he was to live in a county that could produce so eloquent a speaker. He expressed his admiration, but called attention to the fact that oratory and ridicule do not constitute argument. It would have been more to the point, he declared, if the able speaker had disproved the statements of the affirmative before he laughed at them. As it was, those statements remained unassailed and unassailable. All that remained for him was to ascertain if any new arguments had been advanced by the last speaker, and to refute them if possible.

"If we push aside the flowery language to get at the gist of the matter," he went on, "we find no real argument, except such as might be found in a well-told story. Now, that story cannot be accepted in this debate. Yes, I assert that story cannot be accepted, because of the unreliability of its source. It is a pitiful story. It might have been a story twice as pitiful and harrowing, and still have had the elements of truth and reliability. But we have to concern ourselves not with what our opponent might have said, but with what he did say; not with the pathetic stories he might have told, but with the one he did tell. One of the chief questions with regard to all evidence is the source. The speaker did not give his story as from his own experience or knowledge, nor did he tell where he got it. He was too astute to tell where he got it. Had I been in his place

I, too, should have been ashamed to tell where.

"Mr. President, we, of the affirmative, quoted from such lofty and incontrovertible authorities as Hume, Gibbon, Rollin, Ridpath, Josephus, yea, even Holy Writ. Behold the ponderous and scholarly volume from which the other side quoted." He drew a small, crumpled paper book from his pocket and, with subtle burlesque of Sternger's manner, read from it the opening sentences of Sternger's story. "It is almost word for word, you see," he exclaimed with glee. "Some of you have read it dozens of times without a tear or a tremor. This weighty authority is known to all who have been threatened by gout, spleen, measles, mumps, spinal meningitis, or hollow horn, as well as to those who would consult the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. Yes, it is an almanac — a *Vinegar Bitters advertisement almanac.* It seems to me that our worthy opponent has offered insult to his own dignity and intelligence, as well to the dignity and intelligence of the community, by introducing for serious consideration in this debate, a Vinegar Bitters almanac — and it is last year's almanac at that!"

The debate ended in a roar of laughter. After all, it is much more pleasant to laugh than to cry, and it is said that a laugh has overturned a throne. Certainly, in this case, it decided the issue of a debate.

After a rather lengthy session in the entry, the judges returned to their places, and the chairman announced, with great flourish, that the decision was in favor of the affirmative, and that the judges had stood two to one.

The debaters from Flowerville and the debaters from Deepwater shook hands and congratulated each other, and everybody cheered and made a noise. Deepwater was only restrained from more enthusiastic demonstrations by consideration for the sensibilities of the guests.

Hank Edgar alone looked glum.

"If it had n't been for that old Ananias and Sapphira of an Ed Bogart we 'd a given you the decision unanimous," he told them. "The Flowerville judge was with me from the start, but labor as we could with the old sinner, he was just as contrary and set as Gibraltar."

"I thought you had him fixed," interjected Daniel.

"So I had *and* so had Sternger — at a leetle higher figger."

Daniel Barton's sister had accompanied him to the school-house, but when they came to start for the supper at the tavern she murmured an excuse and a "you will not care, will you, Dan?" and was whirled away in the sleigh of a young farmer from up the creek.

The crowd on the school-house porch was disposed to chaff the deserted brother. "Don't take it to heart, Dannie," he was advised. "Put on a bold front and steal some other fellow's girl."

A sudden, reckless impulse, rather than the laughing words, prompted Daniel to turn to the girl who stood waiting for the sleigh that would come up in front of the porch when he moved on. "Are you ready, Delilah?" he

*"'Conceive of that, ladies and gentlemen!'"*

asked, with matter-of-fact assurance, just as though she had not stopped riding in his sleigh two years before.

Greatly to his surprise, and greatly to the surprise of the onlookers, and of the young lawyer in the next sleigh, Delilah stepped forward and permitted Daniel to swing her in under his big buffalo robe.

"Well, what are you up to now? Have you and Sternger quarreled?" Daniel

demanded when they had turned into the main road.

"No, we have not quarreled," Delilah replied placidly. "However, I think it quite likely that we will, don't you?"

Daniel made no reply, being engaged in revolving many things in his mind.

"How did you come to know about that story? You do not make a practice of reading almanacs, do you?" he asked at length.

Delilah laughed. "When you saw that almanac, Daniel, were you not just a little bit ashamed of the remark you made to me as I went in?"

"Yes, I was ashamed. I am always ashamed when I say such things to you," Daniel admitted, with unusual meekness. "I wish you would explain."

Delilah laughed again nervously. "I do not know whether I can explain, but I will tell you how it happened. Mr. Sternger came to our house rather early this evening, and while we were waiting until it should be time to start to the school-house, he picked up the almanac from Aunt Jen's work-basket, and read that story aloud, with all the oratorical flourishes. Aunt Jen had to take off her glasses to cry comfortably, but I saw that he was making fun. When I came down, ready to go, I found him still poring over the almanac, with a queer grin. In a flash it struck me that he intended to use that story in the debate. It made me furious, and so did the grin; for whatever you may think, Daniel, I am just as much a Deepwaterite, have just as much local pride as you yourself. As we went out I slipped the almanac into my muff. You know the rest."

"Deli, you saved the day — the night — the reputation of your native place. You are a brick and a patriot!" Daniel cried boyishly. "I am sorry for Sternger," he added a moment later, as a sleigh with but one occupant dashed past them at a furious speed.

There was an interval of silence, then Daniel went on with more constraint in his tone: "But you have not explained why you left Sternger in the lurch; why you are here with me."

Delilah drooped her head so her big hat hid her face from the moonlight.

"I cannot explain that to myself. I do not know why I did it." she said slowly in a small voice. "I did not intend to treat him so rudely. He will say I am rightly named Delilah, the betrayer. It was your fault, Daniel. You challenged me. Besides it was the first thing you had asked me since — in a long time, and I had made up my mind long ago to — to do the first thing you asked."

Then there was a longer silence.

"Why are you driving so very slowly?" Delilah cried with sudden irritability. "Nearly every one has passed us. What will they think?"

"That I am proposing to you for the fourth time, no doubt," said Daniel calmly.

"But you are not!"

"No; I believe not. I swore I would not, didn't I?" — Look here, Deli —— !"

They had reached the cross-roads. Just ahead, blazing with lights and ringing with laughter, was the tavern where the guests from town were to be entertained at supper. To the right, between scrub-pines like Christmas trees, a level, white road stretched out into the silent, lonely night. Daniel brought his horse to a full stop and with one fur-gloved hand tilted the face under the big hat up to the witching, revealing moonlight. Then the sleigh turned swiftly into the silent, white road.

"Daniel, where —?" questioned Delilah faintly.

"To Paradise!" Daniel answered with joyous recklessness.

# RAILROAD REBATES

## WHAT REBATES ARE, HOW THEY ARE PAID, WHO PAYS THEM, AND HOW THEY AFFECT INDUSTRY

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

*"The people, sir, are not always right."*
*"The people, Mr. Grey, are not often wrong."*
LORD BEACONSFIELD: "VIVIAN GREY."

IT is no exaggeration to say that the railroads of this country have infinitely more to do with the happiness and success of the people than the United States Government itself. They touch more people more intimately. "In America," says Acworth, the eminent British authority on transportation, "the railroad rate is a matter of life and death."

In its essence a freight-rate is a tax levied upon the people: a tax upon every mouthful of food we eat, every garment we wear, every timber in the house we live in, every shovelful of coal we burn. "A railroad," says President Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, "lives by a tax upon the community."

No other sort of taxation is so universal or so heavy as the freight-rate. In America each person pays about $7 annually for the expenses of the Federal Government, and this supports the army, the navy, pays the post-office deficiency, builds the Panama Canal, and provides for the entire machinery of government: president, congress, and supreme court; but the railroad tax in freights averages each year over $26 for every man, woman and child, nearly four times the government tax.

Now, taxation is an elemental function of government; it is, indeed, the foundation of government.

No money, no state.

One of the chief purposes of taxation is to build and maintain roads. The old Romans levied enormous taxes for roadbuilding — and conquered the world. All governments levy taxes in some form (road taxes, poll-taxes, toll-gate taxes, etc.) for maintaining highways. It is recognized as an essential function of government to keep open the public roads. President Roosevelt strikes this fundamental note in his message:

"Above all else, we must strive to keep the highways of commerce open to all on equal terms."

### *Railroads Are Highways*

The railroad, by all the laws of the nations, is quite as much a highway as is a wagon road. But instead of levying direct taxes for keeping up the rail-highways (as do the people of Prussia, Austria, Switzerland and other countries) we Americans "farm out" the power of taxation to private individuals organized as a railroad corporation. The old kings farmed out the power of ordinary taxation to their favorite barons in the same way. The instrument that conveys this power upon a railroad company is a "charter." It gives the railroad company the right to operate the rail-highways and to charge a freight-rate (a tax) for doing it. Railroad presidents and directors are thus by appointment made the tax-collecting representatives of the people. For railroads are not now, and never were, private property, like a farm or a grocery store. They are *highways*.

The first essential of a tax is that it shall be just. To establish that point the Anglo-Saxon people have shed rivers of blood: our English ancestors revolted against the old barons who taxed both unequally and

extortionately. Our American progenitors tossed the British tea into Boston Harbor and fought from Lexington to Yorktown to establish the principle of fair taxation.

### *Charges Against Railroads*

In the present railroad agitation, the old, old question of equal taxation and the right of representation in levying taxes, is squarely before us again. The cry arises from every part of the country that the railroad "baron" does not tax fairly and equally. He is charged with making the taxes low and easy for his rich favorites — the Rockefellers, the Armours, and their like, and he is charged with making the taxes high and hard for the farmer, the small struggling manufacturers and shippers, and all the vast unorganized mass of producers and consumers. He is charged with using his great power to practise extortion. He is charged with secretly paying back part of the taxes to his rich favorites by a device called the "rebate." Let the city of New York secretly rebate part of the taxes of its wealthy citizens and see what a commotion would arise! And yet the railroad corporation, which by virtue of its charter stands in the place of the government, is charged with committing exactly that offense. In other words, these railroad representatives of ours,appointed by us as tax-collectors, do not represent us — but work for their own personal interests. Strangely like some of our political representatives! The present demand for rate-legislation by the government is nothing more nor less than the old demand for "taxation with representation."

The Cullom investigating committee, as long ago as 1886, in its arraignment of the railroads made this charge:

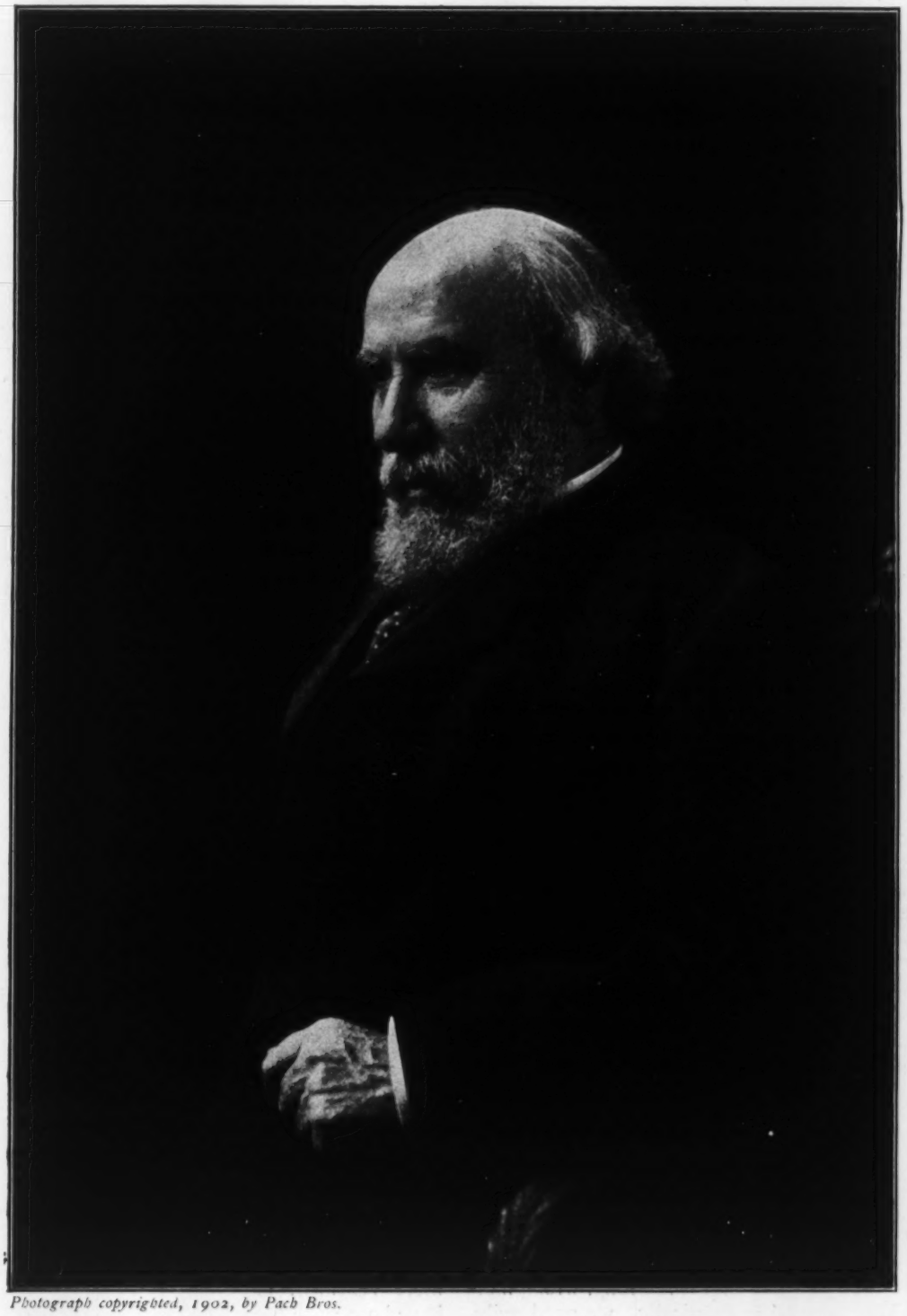
"They (the railroads) do not deal with all citizens alike. They discriminate between persons and places."

Could there, by any possibility, be a graver charge in a democracy than this? Equality of treatment, equality of opportunity, constitute the life-blood of a democratic state. And yet these chartered representatives of the people "do not deal with all citizens alike. They discriminate between persons!"

### *Good and Evil of Chicago Packers*

By this system of discrimination the men who dominate the Chicago beef trust, for example, have by rebates and special favors closed up small, prosperous meat-packing establishments all over this country, concentrated the business in a few unsanitary slaughter-houses in the great cities, and by underpaying the cattle-raisers on the one hand and overcharging the meat consumers on the other, are laying up for themselves large fortunes. Armour is given credit — and justly — for devising cunning methods of economy in utilizing every ounce of the carcasses of cattle and hogs; he is excused because he saves in valuable by-products what the smaller butcher throws away. Blood, hair, hoofs, tail, horns, by his wonderful system, are converted to the public use. But let us be clear in our distinctions. Every dollar he saves by these excellent economies we pay him gladly; for such work he is to be admired and rewarded as a public servant, but the success of the beef trust is not founded on public service of this sort, but upon what may truly be called *public betrayal.* Armour and his associates, not contented with the fair returns of their genius and industry, employed secret, underhand methods; they entered into illegal conspiracies to obtain advantages in railroad taxation. They were *traitors to the principles of democracy.* As a result, we have fastened upon us, as a people, this veritable leech of commerce. And like a leech it preys secretly and insidiously. The enterprising, ambitious butcher in the small city, in spite of his best efforts, finds his business dwindling away. He may be certain that he is butchering as cheaply and profitably as the Chicago trust — as not a few smaller establishments are in reality doing to-day — and yet he goes down to discouragement and ruin. He never even discovers, perhaps, that it is because the highway, the public road, is not as free to him as it is to Armour. In another article I shall tell of the ruin and misery which have followed as a result of these rebate conspiracies.

Similarly, the railroads have not "dealt with all citizens alike" in the flour-milling business. All over this country may be found ruined flour-mills and ruined millers. It is conceivable, indeed probable, that many bright boys, because of that ruin, have failed of their rightful chance in life, and that many men are to-day hopelesslydiscouraged. I am not here defending antiquated or wasteful methods against improvement and concentration, nor am I seeking to awaken any sympathy for the man who fails through



*Photograph copyrighted, 1902, by Pach Bros.*

JAMES J. HILL, PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

*Mr. Hill is foremost among seven men who control two-thirds of our railroads. These men, by means of the charters their roads hold from the state, stand in place of the government as tax-gathering representatives of the people. Their taxing power is greater than that of Congress. And these tax-collectors have taxed unequally, particularly in the fixing of freight-rates.*

lack of energy or enterprise. I am not attacking the principle of competition, but of *unfair* competition. Such part of this ruin of the millers as was due to improved methods or to economy resulting from manufacturing in large quantities, is both necessary and legitimate. But the greater part was *not* due to such superior public service — and public service is, after all, the final test — but to undemocratic railroad discriminations.

So the steel trust to-day controls many independent iron mines of Minnesota by an iniquitous, unfair system of railroad favoritism. So the harvester and sugar trusts have strangled competition. So the grasp of the elevator owners rests upon the wheat and corn industry, preying upon the farmers of the country in the most secret and insidious ways.

Let it be understood that this is not an attack upon individual enterprise and industry, nor upon large fortunes, but it is an attack upon that piggish individualism which succeeds by taking more than its share of the public highway, which does not observe the common decencies of the gentleman in the street, but comes to its fortune by crowding other men into the gutter. For that is what the rebate is: it is the mark of commercial boorishness.

### *Why We Don't Like Rebaters*

We Americans, by instinct, are fair fighters. If we are beaten by one who plays the game according to the rules, we admire him! But if we are beaten by foul play, by daggers in the back, we don't like it. We do not like the rebaters — the oil-barons, the beef-monopolists, the steel-trust millionaires, the sugar magnates, the banana kings and their like, who have won by foul playing. Nor do we like that sort of railroad management which allows such foul playing! And no scattering of benevolent libraries, no establishment of universities, no contributions for converting the heathen, are going to blind our eyes to the truth regarding the man who plays traitor to the democracy!

Quite the most astonishing thing about the railroad rebate is the unanimity with which we agree that it is wrong, wrong morally, wrong economically, wrong legally. Even Rockefeller decries rebates! Now that he has succeeded by means of rebates he asserts that he no longer takes them, and naturally he is anxious to prevent any one else from taking them. For the success of the man who breaks the law depends upon the fact that other people obey the law.

In Washington last spring, before the Senate committee, the chorus against rebates and every sort of undemocratic discrimination, was marked by no discordant note. It was unanimous and sonorous. Railroad presidents, trust magnates, big shippers, little shippers, the humble public, all joined in the denunciation. President Spencer of the Southern Railroad, the accredited voice of the railroad interests, said:

### *Railroads Denounce Rebates as Crimes*

"Rebates and secret contracts and unjust discriminations are crimes."

No stronger language than this could have been used by the most radical orator of Kansas or Texas.

Every one agrees that rebates are wrong. It is one of those self-evident principles ingrained in every believer in democracy. It has come to resemble a canon of personal conduct. Why, then, if the practice is wrong; why, if it produces such injustice, misery, and ruin, should it not be stopped?

Next to the unanimity of the railroad presidents in declaring last winter that rebates are wrong was their surprising unanimity in declaring that rebating no longer exists, that it has, in reality, disappeared — or "nearly disappeared." President Spencer, the appointed spokesman of the railroads, may again be quoted upon this point:

"Despite occasional but persistent statements to the contrary, the evil of rebates, secret contracts, and unjust discriminations," he said, "has almost entirely disappeared."

Scores of other railroad witnesses gave testimony to the same effect.

"Here is the Elkins law forbidding rebates;" exclaimed these railroad presidents, "rebating is a crime; of course we don't pay rebates!"

What other position could a railroad man take without incriminating himself!

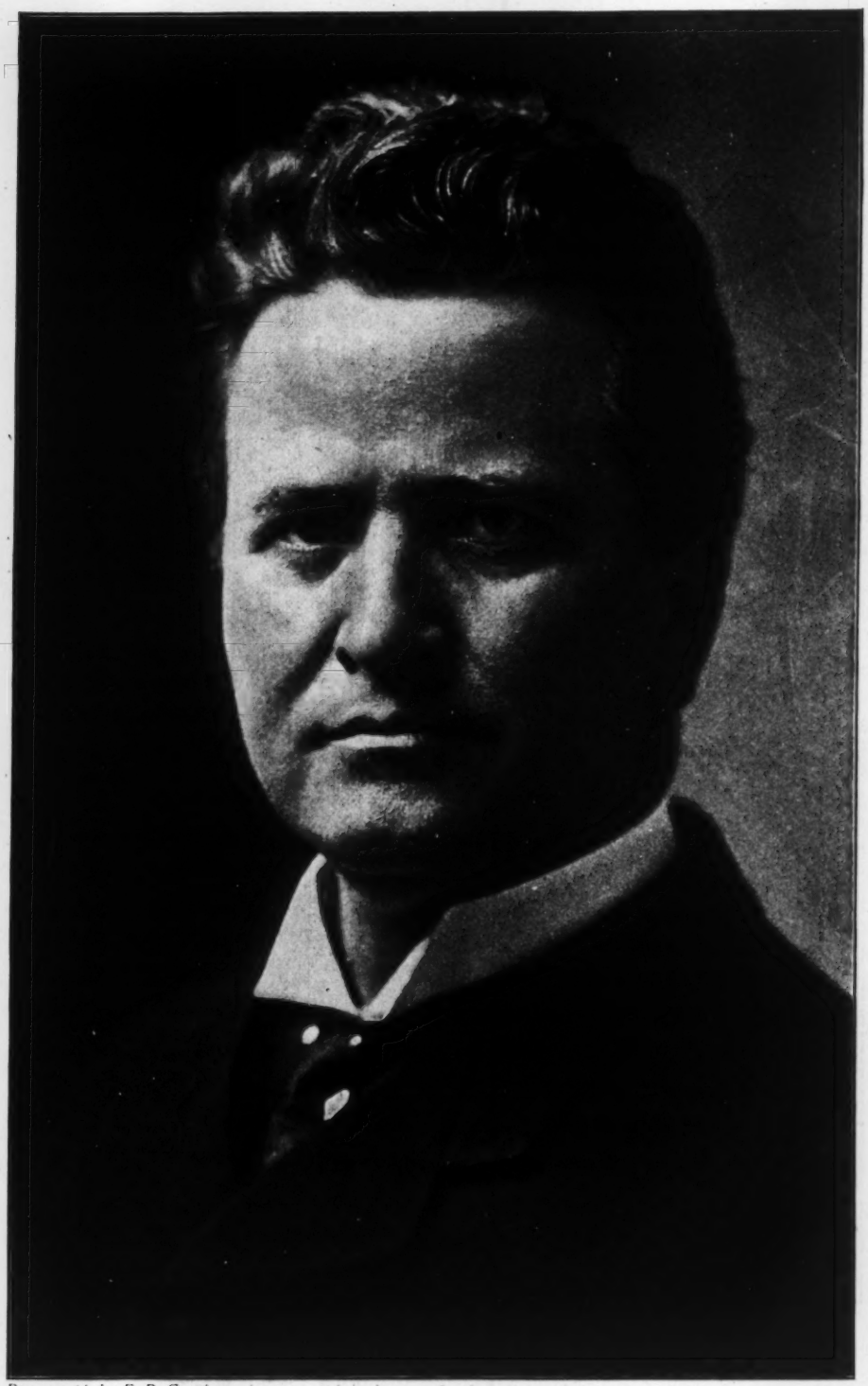
But in spite of this testimony to the non-existence of rebates, public charges of injustice, unfairness, and favoritism were never more vehement or widespread than they have been since the passage of this excellent Elkins law.

Which is right then, as to the facts, the railroad presidents or the people? Is this public agitation wholly unfounded, or is it

*Photograph by Gessford.*

J. OGDEN ARMOUR, HEAD OF THE BEEF TRUST

*Among those who have had from the railroads lower freight-rates than their competitors is Mr. Armour, a typical big trust shipper. Backed by these special low rates, Mr. Armour and his associates have won many fights against small meat-packing establishments all over the country — establishments that were required by the railroads to pay higher freight-rates than Mr. Armour.*



*Photograph by E. R. Curtiss.*

ROBERT LA FOLLETTE, GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN AND SENATOR-ELECT

*The third party interested in the railroad question (the railroads themselves and the shippers being two) is, of course, the public. What the public lacked most and found hardest to get was information. Governor La Follette, for the public, went after the facts. He has just completed the most thorough investigation perhaps ever made by a state into railroad affairs.*

really warranted? It is, after all, a question not of principle — we are all Americans there — but of downright *facts*.

### *What Is a Rebate?*

A good deal of the present confusion arises from a quibbling (or legal) use of terms. The difficulty lies in our various applications of the words "rebate" and "discrimination" as in politics it lies in the use of the word "bribery." What is a rebate? Strictly speaking, a rebate is a sum of money secretly paid back by a railroad company to a favored shipper as a refund upon his freight-rate. And in this narrow sense, rebating is undoubtedly much less common than formerly.

But the people, who are unaccustomed to making close distinctions — to whom stealing of any one of the seventeen kinds known to the law is still plain stealing — use the word "rebate" in a much wider sense. It means any sort of favoritism to one shipper that is not given to all shippers. We find the same distinction in politics. "Bribery" in the narrow sense — the ugly crude payment of cash — may be disappearing from politics. But "bribery" in the wider sense, meaning any reward for corrupt political services, still flourishes like the proverbial green bay-tree.

Indeed, there has been the same development in railroad (and in wider business) corruption, as in political corruption.

The railroad Crokers have followed the railroad Tweeds; and we discover that the crude cash rebate is being replaced by scores of cunning devices of discrimination which accomplish the same results even more successfully and secretly than the cash rebate. Such, for example, are the widespread abuses that have grown up around the private-car system, the industrial railroad, the "line" elevator; such is the midnight tariff, the abuse of the carting and switching charge, and innumerable other devices. And these new methods have not even the virtue of open-air robbery: They are the work of underhanded cunning, performed in the twilight of legality.

But I do not wish to admit for a moment that even the crude cash rebate has disappeared — vulgar and criminal as it is, and boldly as the railroad presidents have denied its existence. It has *not* disappeared, and really frank railroad men will admit it. I quote, for example, from a pamphlet by L. F. Day, Vice-President of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad.

> After the passage of the Elkins law, [he says], there was a very great improvement in the rate situation, because shippers, as well as railroad men, were of the opinion that convictions could readily be obtained under the law. . . . This better condition has not steadily continued, because the belief has grown among shippers and others concerned that there is to be no serious effort to bring about the maintenance of rates under the provisions of the Elkins law.

Corroborating this view, we discover that the first conviction under the Elkins law was obtained only the other day (September 21, 1905), about two and one-half years after its passage. Four beef-packers in Chicago were fined $25,000 for accepting rebates.

On the very face of it, the Elkins law, being a federal statute, did not and could not apply to the immense traffic carried within the limits of the various states, though the plausible impression has been given by the railroad men that it did away with *all* rebates. Here, then, in state business, we find exactly what we might expect to find: rebates still paid in large sums.

### *La Follette's Investigation*

But perhaps I can best illustrate this fact, as well as many other remarkable features of the rebate evil, by recounting the recent experience of the State of Wisconsin, where Governor La Follette has just completed the most thorough investigation perhaps ever made by a state into railroad affairs.

In most places I visited, both East and West, I found plenty of individual charges of rebates, but they were not easily substantiated. A merchant or manufacturer would give me the most convincing circumstantial evidence that his competitor received rebates. If I went to the competitor, he would, of course, flatly deny receiving any such rebates and the railroad officials naturally supported him.

This condition of vague charges boldly denied, with no way of getting real proof, has long prevailed throughout the country. Every one concerned is in a conspiracy of secrecy and the outsider who knows to a certainty that he is being discriminated against, who sees his business dwindling away in loss and ruin, can obtain no relief because he can not prove his case.

Governor La Follette had not been long at his work before he saw that legislation, to be

really effective, must be preceded by a thoroughgoing knowledge of the facts.

No one, indeed, who looks into the efforts of the states to restrain the excesses of railroad rate-taxation can fail to be amazed by the misinformation upon which much of the legislation has been founded.

The method of seeking facts has often been puerile in the extreme, as far from the intelligent directness of the business man, who wants to *buy* a railroad, as could be imagined. Many valuable and interesting things were said last winter and spring before the United States Senate Committee which investigated the railroads. Legal details — which don't really much matter — were well thrashed out. But the *facts*, the *real facts*, as to rebates and discriminations, cost of service, true profits of railroads, definite information as to valuation, ownership, capitalization, taxation, and so on, which must, after all, be the basis of intelligent legislation, were curiously slighted. This is the way, for example, the committee got evidence regarding rebates. They called a railroad president and asked him soberly :

"Does your company pay rebates?"

"No, sir," he said, with equal sobriety, "rebates have disappeared."

They called another railroad president.

"How about discriminations?"

"Discriminations are unknown, sir, to the ——— railroad."

The accumulation of denials before they got through, was something prodigious! As for looking into the books of the companies for real proof — no one, apparently, thought of it!

### *How Wisconsin Learned the Truth About Rebates*

In Wisconsin — and that has been the cause of the terrific political struggle out there — Governor La Follette wanted, not mere charges on the one hand and denials on the other — both quibbles, perhaps, on the meaning of the word "rebate" — but downright, definite facts.

The information regarding rebates in Wisconsin came out as the by-product of an investigation into railroad taxation. It was charged a number of years ago that the railroad corporations were avoiding taxes — that they did not pay their full share.

"The tax law," said Governor La Follette, in his message of May, 1905, "was of their own devising and in practice it permitted them (the railroads) to tax themselves. The amount of earnings which they reported was the basis of their own taxation. They were in control of all facts pertaining to their earnings."

Governor La Follette thought there should be some way of ascertaining the facts besides asking the railroad men themselves, and taking their ready assurances. In 1903, after a bitter fight, legislation was passed empowering the Railroad Commissioner, John W. Thomas, to employ skilled investigators who should go, not to the railroad presidents for denials, but into the railroad offices, among the actual books, files, receipts and vouchers and investigate the real accounts of gross earnings. Every one supposed that this investigation, like most railroad investigations, would be a farce. Governor La Follette said in his message :

> When public attention was directed to the subject by the special message which I submitted to the legislature two years ago, it was made a matter of jest and criticism. When the work was finally undertaken, it was predicted that it would fail of any results. It was a great undertaking. The work is involved and complicated. It has been prosecuted under many difficulties.

Governor La Follette possesses one quality sometimes lacking in reformers, thoroughness. For about two years, four or five skilled accountants have been at work in the main offices at Chicago and other cities, of all the railroads that traverse Wisconsin. Before they began their work the railroad men denied just as plausibly and as positively as they did last winter in Washington, that there were any such things as rebates; but the very first thing the investigators learned was that immense amounts of money paid as unlawful rebates did not appear in the gross earnings reported by the companies. And when the cases came into court a few months later, these same men, who had denied the existence of rebates, in order to prevent all the details coming out in court — for they fear nothing so much as real publicity — signed a stipulation *admitting that they had made those illegal rebate deductions* from gross earnings!

### *Enormous Sums Paid in Rebates*

The total amount of all such deductions from 1897 to 1903 was found to be $10,500,000 in the State of Wisconsin alone.

"Upon this amount," said Governor La Follette, in his message, "the railroads

should have paid a tax of four per cent, or approximately $420,000, of which sum the State has been defrauded."

Three small railroad companies at once paid up, but the others are now fighting the State in the courts.

Of the $10,500,000 of illegal tax deductions about $7,000,000 was in the form of illegal rebates and discriminations of all sorts. In getting at these figures the investigators went back in all cases to original records of the companies themselves and they *excluded* every sort of refund that could, by any excuse, be called legitimate — such as refunds on account of charity, courtesies between railroad officials, overcharges, mistakes, accidents, bankruptcies, and other refunds where no discrimination was practised, as in the redemption of mileage-book covers. After leaving out all these items it was shown that every railroad of any importance in the State was a rebate law-breaker. Every road gave rebates every year — and upon both freight and passenger earnings. Here is a table of passenger and freight rebates paid by the principal railroads operating in Wisconsin from 1897 to 1903:

*Illegal Rebates Paid to Shippers in Wisconsin 1897-1903*

| | Freight | Passenger |
|---|---|---|
| Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul | $1,346,237.29 | $170,968.08 |
| Chicago & Northwestern | 3,023,810.99 | 614,361.58 |
| Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha | 515,323.30 | 64,559.64 |
| Wisconsin Central | 244,492.19 | 82,475.35 |
| "Soo Line" | 464,041.75 | 39,807.63 |
| Burlington | 366,105.83 | ..... |
| Other Railroads | 158,677.83 | 489.42 |
| | $6,118,689.18 | $972,661.70 |

Large as these figures are, they represent only a part of the rebates really paid and do not, of course, give any idea of the tremendous machinery of favoritism which is not represented by actual cash items.

Part of these rebates were paid on State business, but a far larger part on interstate business. And the Elkins law, which was supposed to put an end to rebating, apparently had no effect whatever on the volume of rebates paid.

### *Effect of Real Publicity on Rebates*

One of the most significant showings made by the investigation was the remarkable falling-off in the amount of money paid in rebates the moment the expert accountants went to work. Here, for example, is a list of the sums of money paid monthly during 1903 in illegal rebates by one of the principal railroads operating in Wisconsin:

| | |
|---|---|
| January, 1903 | $37,000 |
| February | 57,000 |
| March | 47,000 |
| April | 36,000 |
| May | 25,000 |
| June | 13,000 |
| July | 101,000 |
| August | 32,000 |
| September | 46,000 |
| October | 9,000 |
| November | 666 |
| December | 2,032 |

Is not this interesting? The Elkins law went into effect in February, 1903, and it will be seen that it hardly made a ripple in the amount of rebates paid. The Wisconsin investigators began work September 29, 1903, and instantly the rebates dropped off to $9,000 in October and to only $666 in November. This shows three significant things: First, how little the railroads care for law when there is no adequate machinery of enforcement; second, it shows the marvelous efficacy of real publicity. Without any threat of prosecution, indeed, without the intention of looking for rebates at all, the very sunlight of publicity almost dried up this particular rebate plague spot. Third, it showed that the officials of this railroad, although previously denying rebates, knew that they were guilty of criminal practices; otherwise, they would not of their own motion have cut off the payment of rebates in October and November. One of their rubber stamps, "Not conflicting with the Elkins law," used on certain vouchers showed how clearly they recognized what the law really was — though they did not obey it until October, when threatened with actual exposure. These are certainly excellent lessons for Congress and for state governments which really and honestly wish to make the railroads obey the law.

But there is evidence that the railroads have really made an attempt to obey the Elkins law and that this attempt has actually resulted in decreasing largely the amount of cash rebates paid.

It can not be too often pointed out that the railroad man no more desires to pay rebates than the people desire to have him. It is plain that every rebate paid represents just

so much money lost in earnings. Indeed, the Elkins law was originally drawn up in the office of A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It was a railroad measure, else it would never have passed Congress so easily. And the railroads really wanted to obey it, but one reckless traffic agent cut the rate here, another there, and soon they were all floundering again in the old bog of lawlessness and favoritism where they are struggling at this moment. The secrecy and mystery with which railroad men cover their operations made them the easier victims of the irresponsible rate-cutter and the avaricious shipper.

But the fact that cash rebating has decreased in volume is by no means evidence that the *principle* of railroad discrimination has been changed. New ways of rebating were devised, but the thing itself — the injustice, inequality and favoritism — continued with uninterrupted vigor.

As a single example, the Elkins law, as I have said, applied only to interstate business. Accordingly, the Wisconsin investigators found that the railroads sometimes divided their interstate shipments so as to pay the rebate only on the Wisconsin or Illinois end of it. In one instance a railroad made out a "mem-bill" and shunted the carload across the state line where a new bill of lading was made out and stamped "Purely State Business" — and the rebate was then paid without fear. Innumerable other ways were devised. I saw a most remarkable statement of the amounts paid by one railroad to "encourage new industries." This is one of the points upon which railroad companies commend themselves — very often justly; they help establish infant industries, "develop the country." So this particular list was most impressive. Such evidence of activity in new industries along this line of road seemed a tribute to a most enterprising industrial agent. But the investigators looked into some of the new industries so greatly encouraged by contributions of cash. One was established in 1873 — an infant thirty-two years old. But others were really younger, scattered through the 80's and 90's mostly — and the cash they received were old-fashioned rebates!

After I had examined a few dozen of such devices I was inspired with a new respect for the genius displayed in railroad bookkeeping. Some one should write a book on the "Marvels and Possibilities of Astute Accounting."

### *Railroads Defy Anti-Rebate Law*

The conclusive upshot of the whole matter lies in the discovery by the investigators that the *total rebates paid by the railroads in* 1903, under the régime for ten months of the Elkins law (which took effect February 19, 1903), *were greater than the rebates of* 1902. In 1902, according to Mr. Thomas's report to the Governor, the Milwaukee railroad paid $224,445.71 in freight rebates; in 1903 the payment was $225,572.77. The Northwestern road jumped from $212,075.31 in 1902, before the Elkins law, to $410,476.90, mostly after the Elkins law took effect. This shows how little effect in stopping rebates the Elkins law really had. It is unfortunate that a change in the Wisconsin tax laws should have served to restrict the investigation from going beyond December 31, 1903, but it can be said with absolute certainty that rebates and discriminations continue to-day exactly as in the past, though often in changed forms, and probably in certain parts of the country in much smaller volume than formerly.

There are reasons, indeed, why rebating should have decreased in the last three years. That decrease is not so much due to the Elkins law, which so far has been a harmless bugaboo, or to the pious resolve of the railroad men, but *to the rapid consolidation of railroads* in non-competing ownerships; in other words, to railroad monopoly. There is not the temptation now to pay rebates in the Northwest where J. J. Hill controls all the railroads, or in the Southeast where Morgan is king, or in California which is dominated by Harriman: monopoly arms the railroads against the greedy big shippers. But even where monopoly ownership exists, rebates, as I shall show, are still paid by the personally ambitious traffic officials of the subsidiary roads.

But if monopoly decreases rebates it introduces quite a different and a very real new danger — that of rate extortion, a most important subject which I shall treat in another article.

What is true in Wisconsin is true in various degrees elsewhere. An investigation along similar lines in Minnesota, begun before that of Wisconsin, though by no means so

complete and definite, showed precisely the same facts, that enormous amounts in rebates were paid by the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and other Minnesota railroads. And in the Minnesota cases, to prevent the full facts being made public in court, most of the railroads paid the additional taxes demanded by the state and thereby forestalled further agitation and publicity.

Let us examine, now, the methods employed by the railroads in making these discriminatory payments. I cannot attempt completeness, for the devices are legion, but I can perhaps give enough illustrations to show the general system.

In the first place, all rebates are law-breaking conspiracies. To call a spade a spade, they are conspiracies to rob, as much so as if the general freight agent and the shipper got together and agreed to hold up another shipper in the night and steal his pocket-book.

Rebates and discriminations are forbidden by law, the same as highway robbery; therefore they must be accomplished by roundabout, secret, devious methods, some of which plainly break the law, others of which are so neatly adjusted that they narrowly escape the letter of the law.

### *Methods of Paying Rebates*

The common method of rebating in past years was for the railroad company to charge the favored shipper the full freight on his goods, and then at stated periods send him a a check to the full amount of the agreed rebate. That was one way — crude and easily discovered. Another way was and is to pay the favored shipper a so-called commission on his business, as though he were an agent of the company. Still another way is to pay a real traffic agent, say at Milwaukee, a large commission or a large salary, which he divides with the favored shipper. This method has spread enormously in the past year — to the alarm even of the railroads. The Wisconsin investigators found innumerable other devices, like the under-billing and the under-weighing of freight, the allowance to the favored shipper of cartage or switching charges, or the permission to hold cars as storage for coal or lumber for a long time without demurrage, or refunding the demurrage, if charged.

From figures given above, showing that the St. Paul Railroad paid only about half the amount of rebates in 1903 as the Northwestern Railroad, it may be concluded that the St. Paul is therefore the more virtuous. But figures are proverbially deceptive. It was found that sometimes when one railroad frankly paid cash the rival road had another more secret, underhanded way of doing the same thing. In one city there are two equally important shippers in the same business. One of them used one railroad and received large rebates; the other, shipping by the other road, apparently received no rebates. But the investigators knew that the second shipper could not have done business for a month in competition with the first unless this great discrepancy in rebates was somehow equalized. Upon instituting inquiries they found that the local agent of the second road was empowered to correct the way-bill and deduct a certain percentage from every freight-bill presented to the favored shipper and to forward the amount collected as the *full* payment taking the necessary credit in the agent's weekly report. By this method no incriminating evidences of rebates crept into the books of the St. Paul road.

And now the Northwestern Railroad has chosen new methods; it is learning by experience. When the Wisconsin investigators began work, the Northwestern Railroad stopped paying cash rebates almost entirely; but immediately it began to issue a great many so-called "hektograph tariffs" — that is, rate-schedules, not regularly printed, and barely creeping within the fringe of the law, if they even do that. And the effect of the hektograph tariff was to give certain shippers advantages over others — exactly what the rebate did. Nothing could show better the progress from the crude cash rebate to the underhanded device which accomplishes the same end.

In some cases discriminations are the result of intentional mistakes in printing rate-schedules. A defective tariff is issued to the shippers in which, let us say, the very natural error of a 3, used for an 8, appears — a rate of 33 instead of 38. When a few copies have been printed the error is "discovered," and the schedule corrected for all ordinary shippers.

Another device shows how the passenger and freight departments of a railroad work together in giving rebates. It has long been known that the favored shipper could often get a pass not only for himself, but for his entire family. This is, of course, a true

rebate, for it saves the shipper just so much money. But it is more or less public, therefore undesirable. Accordingly, one Wisconsin railroad, among others, has been employing a much shrewder device. Certain large concerns in Wisconsin who employ traveling men, purchase the ordinary passenger mileage-books, upon the cover of which, when the mileage is used, the railroad will refund $20. But it was discovered that in the case of certain favored shippers, when the cover was sent back, the railroad refunded $20 in the ordinary way, and then afterwards and secretly they rebated the *entire original cost of the book* — or $60. In other words, these favored Wisconsin industries were able to send out their entire force of traveling men without paying one cent of railroad fare — while their competitors paid full fares. A good many business men of Wisconsin do not know, to-day, of this insidious and despicable competition which is undermining their business. This article may give them the first news of it!

### *State Senator Receives Rebates*

One of the concerns, thus enabled to send out its traveling men free, was the Northern Grain Company. I am allowed to print the names in this case because they have already been publicly used by Governor La Follette. The Northern Grain Company owns a large number of elevators along the line of the Northwestern and the Wisconsin Central railroads. It has been successful in driving out competition and monopolizing the grain business in many towns. Independent elevator men have been forced out of business, and the Northern Grain Company has the farmers of a large territory wholly at its mercy. Why? In five years the Northern Grain Company received in rebates from the Northwestern Railroad alone $151,447.47 — or $30,000 a year, a fine profit in itself if they made no money at all on the grain business. Part of this was paid in passenger mileage-books in the way I have described; the remainder in cash rebates. The traveling men of this concern apparently paid their fare like ordinary citizens, arousing no suspicion, while as a matter of fact they were traveling free. But this is not the only interesting thing about the Northern Grain Company. Its president is O. W. Mosher of New Richmond, Wisconsin. In 1901 and 1903 Mr. Mosher was a state senator. And as a state senator he was one of the leaders in the fight against every reform measure proposed by Governor La Follette, especially the railroad bills. He defended "individual liberty" and the right of the railroad companies to "control their own property" — and at that very time, though no one knew it then, his company was getting more than $30,000 a year rebates from the railroads. All of which throws an interesting light upon the business man in politics and accounts for some of the opposition to proper railroad regulation. A real investigation of railroad affairs in other states would show many a similar "coincidence" — as I heard this case euphoniously called.

Here is a copy of an actual letter, names withheld, sent by a general freight agent at Chicago to a local station agent in Wisconsin, directing him how to give a rebate to a certain shipper of cooperage stock. It shows one way of granting a rebate from the published freight-rate:

To the agent at ————:

DEAR SIR: — For your information I would state that we wish to have the rate on cooperage stock for ———— 15c. There are some reasons why we do not wish to put in this tariff. Please bill all future shipments for ———— via ———— care of ———— R. R. at the through rate of 17½ c. per cwt. For instance, a car weighing 40,000 lbs. at 17½ c. would be $70.00. and you would show in prepaid column $10.00. This would leave $60.00 to be collected, which would be 40,000 lbs. at 15c. You will please send me at the close of each month a statement of the amount you are outstanding on account of the 2½ billed prepaid, and your station will be relieved. In this way shippers will not be required to pay more than 15c. through. Kindly acknowledge receipt of this letter, stating that you understand.

Yours truly,

————————

*Gen. Frt. Agent.*

This letter is the evidence of a deliberate violation of the law. The law requires that new rates shall be printed and filed, that no reduction shall be given without three days' notice, and makes it a criminal offense to discriminate secretly between shippers. And yet here is a signed letter of the general freight agent of a great railroad company ordering the station agent to break all these laws!

But in this case, as in most cases, the railroad man was no more to blame than the shipper of the cooperage stock. It was exactly the case of briber and bribed in politics. The general freight agent surely would have preferred to get a 17½-cent rate rather than a 15-cent rate. It would have meant

$10 a car more income for his company. But in order to get the business of the cooper away from a rival railroad he thought he had to break the law and make this reduction. Of course the cooper knew his power, and used it. He literally dazzled the eyes of the various rival railroad agents with his carloads, until they were all bidding against one another — and the law was tossed to the winds. The point that I wish to make strongly is that this was a *conspiracy*, with the shipper fully as much to blame as the railroad men — if not more to blame.

Thus Rockefeller got his first rebates — actually driving the railroads to his terms. He had such large shipments that the loss of them to a railroad company meant large losses in earnings, large losses in earnings meant no dividends, and whenever the Wall Street owners of a railroad learn the appalling fact that there are no dividends to be paid, the command goes forth "Off with the President's head." And off it goes.

"Get dividends," say the owners of the railroads, "or get out."

### *How the Railroad Defends Itself*

If a man is too conscientious to pay rebates and break the law at the demand of Armour or of Pabst of Milwaukee, he is eliminated and a less honest man takes his place — a man who is willing to make terms with his conscience, to "do as the Romans do," or find some shady device that can be furbished up by the legal department to look lawful. The railroad man, indeed, makes a pretty strong case for himself, showing that he is the victim of his own defenselessness which the shrewd trust shippers well know. I quote from an excellent address by J. W. Gleed, an attorney for the 'Frisco system.

> A railroad must have tonnage; herein lies its weakness and defenselessness. It is an investment that can never produce but one commodity, namely, transportation, and that commodity must be consumed where the railroad lies. It cannot be stored in July to be sold in November. Its investment is permanent and the expenses run on, traffic or no traffic. Bankrupt though it becomes, its wheels still turn in desperate hope: and the worse its financial plight the more reckless and dangerous its competition. Most western roads could carry twice their present tonnage, with comparatively slight increase of total annual expense In this fact lies the great weakness and temptation of a railroad. A railroad man says: "I can sell this one shipper transportation at a fraction of a cent a ton and yet not be out anything, because I can so easily produce more transportation."

James J. Hill, undoubtedly the foremost railroad man in the country to-day, said recently in an interview: "As the matter now stands and has stood for a number of years the practice of rebates has enabled the big shippers to hold a club over the railroads. The more this question is studied, the more it will be found that, after all, the railroads need some protection."

It is hardly surprising, then, with this natural weakness of the railroads, combined with the greedy demands of great shippers, that traffic morals have come to be so easy in this country. And yet, when the public says to the railroad man, as it is saying now, "see here, you are the victims of your own property and of the greed of powerful shippers; let us pass laws that will arm us both against the predatory trusts," the railroad man takes wild alarm, fearing that his power and his profits in some way will be lessened. But until the present methods of conspiracy-breeding secrecy and wholly irresponsible private control of the railroads are utterly revolutionized we cannot hope to have a fair system of rate taxation, we cannot hope to grapple with the trusts, and, far more important than that, we cannot secure a condition in which decent business morals are even possible!

One of the very worst results of the payment of rebates to favored shippers has been the corroding growth of suspicion and distrust throughout the railroad business. It is a hard thing to say, but one cannot look into the question at all closely without reaching the conclusion that the honor of a promise, "the word of a man," has disappeared in the railroad freight business. A promise — even a signed contract — will not stand for one moment, if by breaking it a railroad agent can secure one car more of freight. These are strong words, but every man in the service, down in his heart, knows that they are true. I have listened to these men telling with absolute glee how they got together — all promising, even swearing — a "gentleman's agreement" not to give a rebate to a certain shipper, and how, the moment they got out of the meeting, every man used his best wits to break his oath as quickly as possible. Surely, a system which produces such dishonesty is wrong, wrong from the bottom to the top.

### *Spy System in Rebate Business*

Not only this, but conspiracy has borne the usual crop of spies. Most great shippers

expect to bribe at least one clerk in the accounting offices of every railroad company with which he deals, and sometimes the railroad responds by having a clerk employed in the office of the shipper. Only thus can the big shipper be sure when he gets his rebate, that his rival is not obtaining a lower rebate. These clerks, while as honest as any class of citizens, are often victims of their need. Most of them are absurdly underpaid, and a few dollars a month extra will always tempt some one of them to betray his employer.

Not only is the rebate the result of force applied by the big shipper — as Rockefeller used his thousands of barrels of oil as a club to drive the railroads to terms — but social relationships are a pronounced factor in the system. You and I belong to the same club, we like the same brand of cigars, we came out of the same college, perhaps. You are a struggling manufacturer and I am a traffic man on the railroads. One day, when we are especially friendly, you say to me:

"See here, Billy, I 'm human, I want a two-cent reduction in my rate."

And I am human, too, and friendly: I want to be known as a good fellow. In goes the two-cent secret reduction with the result that you make a fortune and I lose nothing — save a little more honor.

One of the most important industries in a certain Wisconsin city owes much of its strength to-day to the fact that the son of the house happens to be the college chum of the son of the president of the principal railroad running through the town: I could give the names, but what is the use!

Then, there is the importunate man, who, like the widow in the Scriptures, is finally heard for his much speaking. A traffic manager told me an amusing story of his trials with one shipper who was forever begging for a rebate. For months he besieged the manager, used every sort of argument unavailingly, until one day he came in with his face bandaged up:

"There," he said, "I 've broken my nose, and I want that rebate."

He got it.

### *Evil of the Industrial Traffic Manager*

I asked a prominent railroad official what, in his estimation, was the greatest single obstacle in ridding the country of the rebate evil. He answered promptly:

"The industrial traffic manager."

When there are favors to be got from a railroad company it takes an expert to get them. Accordingly, it has grown to be a custom — spreading more widely every year — for large shippers to employ special men to look after their railroad interests. An honorable and legitimate place exists for the industrial traffic manager. If he represents an important wholesale house like Marshall Field's in Chicago, the mere business of making shipments, billing correctly, seeing that cars are properly loaded, checking up freight-rates, choosing the best routes, and so on, is enormous. But out of this legitimate work have sprung the evils of freight-rate manipulations. The traffic manager's first duty is to "work with the roads for better rates." He is often an experienced railroad man himself, knowing intimately not only all the ins and outs of the business, but having the acquaintance and confidence of the traffic men themselves. Sometimes he receives a very large salary, much larger than the railroad freight agents with whom he deals. He is agreeable, keen, able, and he knows how to entertain his friends. He really belongs to the type of the political lobbyist. To him falls the actual task of getting "concessions," otherwise rebates or favoritism in some form. In his fertile brain are conceived many of the schemes by which the railroad is cajoled or forced to give rebates without seeming to give them. Such great corporations as the steel trust, the beef trust, the sugar trust, and so on, have many traffic agents, and lately boards of trade, chambers of commerce, local and national associations of shippers, have employed traffic managers. I have met a number of these men — as fine and agreeable gentlemen as one would meet in a day's walk. Some of them look at their profession in the curious, clear, half-cynical way of the American business man whose motto has come to be: "Everything is fair in business: dog eat dog." Others defend their calling with exactly the same reasons that the railroad gives for rebating.

"Brown & Co.," says the traffic manager, "has its man on the ground working for concessions. If we don't have our man, then we go under! If they get rebates, we 've got to."

That is the evil circle of logic of the rebate.

So the country swarms with these traffic managers, and over against them are corresponding swarms of railroad freight agents,

of every description. Both are the expensive, cumbersome, and corrupting outgrowth of the present rate system. They rent the most expensive offices in the main streets of every important city, they spend lavishly to get business, and the people, of course, finally pay the bills.

Upon this point we have a remarkable statement by the late Collis P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Railway, one of the strongest railroad men the country has produced:

"I believe," he said, "that $100,000,000 would hardly pay the additional expense entailed by the expenditures made in New York for railroad offices, employees, etc., which are made necessary under the present system in order to solicit and compete for business for the different railroads, involving an enormous loss on account of rate-cutting which does not help the public at large, but is wasted in incipient and constant warfare. As it is to-day, a man who has ten car-loads of freight to ship will be sought by probably twenty men on the average, from different railroad offices, who in their scramble for the business are almost sure to cut the rate to the disadvantage and detriment of the vast body of shippers — especially the smaller ones — who should by right have precisely the same privileges and opportunities that fall to the lot of some favored man who has large enough shipments to make and to attract the cupidity of the various carriers."

Perhaps I can best illustrate the inside workings of the system by telling the story of a case recently brought to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission — that of R. D. Wood & Co. of Philadelphia. R. D. Wood & Co. have extensive iron works at Florence and at Camden, New Jersey, the latter called the Camden Iron Works. Last year they wished to secure a contract for iron water pipes for the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba. They had to meet the competition of manufacturers in Scotland who had a preferential duty into Canada of $2.40 a ton. The American duty into Canada is $8 a ton, making a competitory difference against the American manufacturer of $5.60 a ton.

### *Story of a Philadelphia Rebate*

Everything hinged on the freight-rate — as it does in most industries. Therefore the business fell to Thomas L. Morton, the traffic manager for R. D. Wood & Co. Upon him and his success with the railroads depended the profits of the company on this large contract. Of course there were published and public freight tariffs on iron pipes to Winnipeg, but Mr. Morton paid no attention to them. They would not help him! He first sent out letters to the various railroads, asking them for the rates. The prospect of such a large tonnage offered at once aroused every railroad agent. The published tariff rate was 49½ cents, and the railroad which would naturally have shipped the pipe was the Pennsylvania. But the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Canadian Pacific, the Delaware and Hudson, and other roads, all had agents on the spot to get it away from the Pennsylvania. Mr. Morton talked with these men, lunched with some of them, and finally got from C. E. Campbell, General Agent of the Great Northern Railroad in Philadelphia, a bid of 44½ cents — over five cents a hundred pounds lower than the legal rate. Inasmuch as there were 1,500 tons to ship, five cents a hundred pounds made a very tidy reduction. Convinced that he could get no lower rate, he closed the contract with Campbell and thought no more about it. Campbell of the Great Northern made arrangements with the Baltimore and Ohio and the Mutual Transit Company — a line of vessels on the Great Lakes — and the iron pipes were shipped. The bills of lading read as straight as a string, 49½ cents, freight-rate, the regular published tariff, and this was paid by R. D. Wood & Co. The transaction was spotless both in the books of R. D. Wood & Co. and in those of the railroad company. After it was all over, L. W. Lake of New York, traffic manager for the Mutual Transit Company, came down to Philadelphia with a check of $1,500 — rebate at five cents a hundred on 1,500 tons of iron pipe. This check he handed to Mr. Morton and Morton endorsed it to R. D. Wood & Co. The rebate transaction was complete and no one except the two traffic managers was the wiser. The facts would never have come out in this world if an injudicious traffic agent on the Pennsylvania Railroad, who wanted the business and did not get it (though he had offered a rebate of one cent a hundred!) and who was therefore blamed by his superiors, had not complained. And this all occurred in 1904 and 1905 — long after the passage, it will be observed, of the Elkins anti-rebate law. The whole transaction not only wronged the iron manufacturers of Scotland (a wrong to a

foreigner we find it easy to condone) but it wronged other American iron manufacturers, who, had they known that the rate was 44½ instead of 49½, might have had a chance to bid on the business. And finally, it wronged all other shippers on the road, for if the published rate of 49½ was reasonable, then 44½ was too low, and other shippers must have paid the difference which R. D. Wood & Co. put in their pockets.

The story of R. D. Wood & Co. illustrates how secret and personal the rebate system is, conducted not by the generals of the army, but far out on the skirmish line between the traffic agents of the shippers and the agents of the railroads

### *Who Is to Blame for Rebates*

Of course, James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, knew nothing about this rebate — nor did he wish to. Perhaps he never heard of Mr. Campbell. But Mr. Campbell had heard of Mr. Hill. Mr. Campbell was ambitious, and his rise depended on getting business and producing dividends. No doubt he disliked rate-cutting. Every freight agent prefers to be known as winning his business by skill, energy, personality: any fool can cut a rate. But if the rate must be cut, the Campbells cut it. And afterwards their superiors, because they have n't heard of it, and don't want to hear — deny that rebates exist!

It is said that we should not blame individual men for these conditions; that the Morgans, Harrimans, Goulds, Rockefellers, Armours, and so on, are also victims of the competitive system. But whom shall we blame? Are the Campbells and Mortons on the skirmish line to blame? Or are the generals up in Wall Street who demand dividends and defend secrecy of management and who finally *get the profits of these evil transactions?* As well may we say that robbers are victims of our industrial system — as, indeed, they often are — but we still hold accountable the receivers of stolen goods.

So far in this article I have considered only a few of the simpler and cruder methods of rebating. I must leave the far more interesting subject of the private-car system of discrimination, the industrial railroad, the midnight tariff and so on for consideration in future articles. The backbone of the beef trust is the private car; the industrial road is the true channel of nourishment for the harvester and steel trusts, the railroad grain elevator has given the wheat and corn business into the hands of the grain and elevator companies.

How these adjuncts of industry, useful in themselves, have been subverted to evil purposes, made the especial vehicles of rebates and favoritism, is a story full of interest and significance: for it permits us to look deep into the meaning of modern business.

*(Mr. Baker's next article will be on the Private Car.)*

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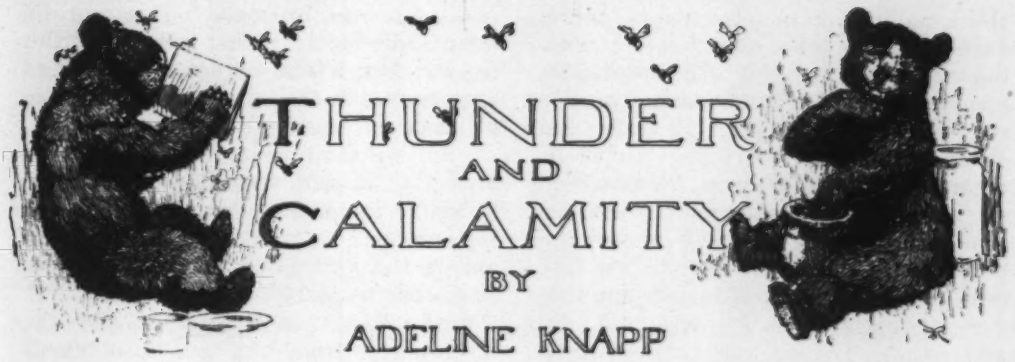
# NEVER GIVE ALL THE HEART

BY

W. B. YEATS

NEVER give all the heart; for love
Will hardly seem worth thinking of
To passionate women, if it seem
Certain and they never dream
That it fades out from kiss to kiss.
For everything that 's lovely is
But a brief, dreamy, kind delight.
O never give the heart outright,
For they, for all smooth lips can say,
Have given their hearts up to the play,
And who can play it well enough
If deaf and dumb and blind with love?
He that made this knows all the cost,
For he gave all his heart and lost.



# THUNDER AND CALAMITY

BY

ADELINE KNAPP

ILLUSTRATED BY F. RICHARDSON

IT was I who introduced Thunder and Calamity into camp. We, Mr. and Mrs. Greek Roots and I, had established ourselves that summer in the cabin of a friend who had been minded toward hermit life for a season, but who was that year abroad.

The camp was on the edge of a moraine, in the High Sierras. A mountain stream, tributary to King's River, here widened to a little inlet, which gave us fully half a mile in width of quiet water, for bathing and boating, while a spring back on the slope, among the cottonwoods, furnished us delicious drinking water. We had one small canoe, which G. R. had fashioned from layers of paper, stretched on a frame and varnished. The cabin boasted two rooms, and our kitchen was out-of-doors, around a big live-oak.

We were after health — and honey. G. R. fondly believed himself a bee-tree expert, and spent most of his time laying out what he hoped would prove to be bee-lines, in divers directions. Not one of them had yet led us to a bee-tree, but with hope renewed every morning, he kept on. It was easy to follow the flight of a homing bee across the inlet; or the meadow. The trick, as he explained carefully to us, was not to lose it in the woods.

He was making ready for the daily bee-hunt, one day, when Mrs. G. R., otherwise known as Kate, appeared with enticing tales of a thicket of ripening blackberries which she had discovered. Leaving his basin of syrup on a bench in the open, G. R. departed with her on a berry quest. I should have gone, also, but it was my turn to bake the bread that day. I was mixing it at the moment of their departure, and when it was ready I put it to bake in our little sheet-iron baker, "Pride of the Camp." Then I heard an unfamiliar bird note in the chaparral, and started after it. When I returned, my forgotten fire was out, the "Pride of the Camp" was cold and my bread was not worth mentioning. The bird was only a road-runner, after all.

Mixing more bread, under the live-oak, I heard a funny noise out in the open, and went to investigate. What I at first mistook for a black dog, was nosing about the syrup pan. As I came forward it raised itself upon its hind legs and grasped the basin, and I recognized the creature as a very small brown bear. Before I had recovered from my amaze another one, a little smaller, came shuffling from the chaparral and the two began a struggle for the syrup. Each got a little; but the pan was crushed beyond recognition.

Visions of a wrathful parent bear began to rise before me. I strained my ears for sounds of her advance, and as they were delayed, I decided to scare the little fellows off; so I shouted at them, and waved my arms.

But they did not scare. Instead, they squatted at the edge of the chaparral and wailed, in a funny little grunting sound, like two forlorn babies. Their mother would surely come now, and I fled to the cabin, where G. R.'s gun hung. No wrathful parent appeared, however, and the row continued, to the dismay of our two horses tethered just below the cabin. They grew fairly frantic at last, and I began to fear they would break away.

At last one of the cubs shambled over to the live-oak, where our safe hung. It sniffed

about, and tried to climb the tree, but seemed unable to climb. The other joined him, and the lament began anew. The truth dawned upon me; they were lost and hungry. They stopped yelling at last, and lay against each other, whimpering like young puppies. I began to feel sorry for them. Remembering my ruined bread I broke open a sodden loaf, gave each fragment a hasty treatment from the syrup jar, and approached the cubs. They retreated, but I laid the morsels down and presently one advanced, secured both pieces and was having a feast, when the other rushed forward and a lively scrap ensued. It ended in each getting a bit which it ate, and then both cubs turned toward me, grinning like pleased piccaninnies. I prepared some more bread and they ate that.

"Thunder and Calamity! What *are* you doing?"

It was G. R. who spoke, while behind him, a figure of consternation, stood Kate.

"What *are* you doing?" G. R. repeated, more mildly.

"They were hungry and I fed them," I explained.

In the face of their evident disapproval my action began to look less logical than it had seemed at first.

"You 'll have the old bear here in a minute! Then our work *will* be cut out for us!"

Something in his tone alarmed the little fellows, and, their meal finished, they shuffled back into the chaparral.

"Good riddance," the Man of the Camp muttered as he watched them depart. "I hope we 're well out of that scrape."

But we were not. The first whiffs of next morning's frying bacon brought two whimpering black bulks out from the bush.

"There are Thunder and Calamity again," Kate said, recalling G. R.'s greeting of the evening before.

From that moment the cubs had no other names.

The little things looked forlorn enough, as they sat on their haunches and sniffed the fragrant air. When I appeared from the cabin their whimperings grew louder, and took on a note of eager expectancy.

"They seem to be your bears," G. R. said, grinning. "Well, if you can settle it with their mother, I waive any claim *I* have on them."

"But where *is* their mother?" Kate asked.

We never learned that. Some catastrophe had overtaken her, unquestionably, and the two cubs were orphaned. They got the scraps from breakfast that morning, including what was left of my unfortunate bread. This, sopped in the fat of the bacon spider, pleased them greatly.

"But we can't have them around, you know," G. R. said, when camp was cleared. "This is a camp, not an orphan asylum. In the first place we 've nothing to feed them, and in the next place they would be an impossible nuisance."

So we took counsel together, and after much protest from Kate and me it was decided that we two should go away for the morning, while G. R. dispatched the cubs. We took the canoe and wandered far afield, feeling quite as sorry for G. R. as for the cubs.

It was nearly noon when we paddled back across the inlet, and found G. R. busy with ax and saw, a short distance from the camp. He was building a stout little corral, while Thunder and Calamity looked on.

"They 're the funniest little beggars," he said, forestalling our inquiries. "I *could n't* shoot them in cold blood. I 'm making a pen to shut them up when they get too obstreperous. I guess we can feed them all right."

So Thunder and Calamity were installed. We spent most of the afternoon working on the corral, and when it was done we went fishing to provide for our family. Dixy and Trim, the horses, did not take to the cubs, and between their snorts and stampings of excitement, and the wails of the bears, who spent the hours of darkness trying to get out, and crying because they could not, our slumbers that night were intermittent.

The question of feeding them was not such a serious one, after all. Calamity loved fried fish from the start, and Thunder soon grew fond of it. They were not large eaters; the pair of them really ate less than a mastiff requires to keep him in condition. Whether this was because they had not their natural food I do not know. They did not forage much that we could see, but Calamity was tireless in her search after ants. The dexterity with which her funny, black paws would lift a bit of bark which she suspected of harboring ants, was pretty to see. She would lick in her long, flexible tongue and gather up the acid specks with lightning rapidity. Not an ant could escape. Thunder was apparently fonder of roots, though he would occasionally leave his grubbing to join Calamity in an ant-hunt. They both loved

*"down he came, safe, broken branch and all"*

the blackberries which grew thick about the camp.

But they missed their mother's care. They were not sleek and fat, as young cubs should be, and for a long time we could not guess why. One day, however, returning from a birding tramp, Kate and I came upon a funny sight. Kate saw it first, and motioning me to silence, we both watched from the chaparral.

Seated on a camp-stool, in the shade, was G. R., with Thunder between his knees and laid over one of them, much in the position favored by old-fashioned parents at moments when the rod is not spared. The cub was grunting with satisfaction while G. R. plied the currycomb along his unkempt sides. Calamity, looking uncommonly sleek and well pleased, sat upon her haunches near by, critically examining first one, then the other, of her hind feet, picking each one up in her forepaws, to peer at it near-sightedly.

G. R. laid down the currycomb and, taking the horsebrush, began using that on Thunder. Instantly the cub reached for the currycomb, taking it in his forepaws and mouthing it, baby fashion. G. R. wanting it a moment later, looked for it and took it from the bear, who immediately picked up the brush. Kate and I, in the bush, shook with silent laughter.

"It only needs the soap and a sponge to complete the picture," she whispered to me, wiping her eyes.

Just then G. R. wanted the brush, reached for it, then looked, and pulled it out of Thunder's mouth with a jerk. The cub resisted and the brush flew off at a tangent, hitting Calamity on her little black nose. Without hesitation she precipitated herself upon Thunder, who was still on G. R's knee. The camp-stool collapsed and man and cubs went down together in a heap.

Silence was no longer possible, and our laughter betrayed us. G. R. picked himself up rather sheepishly as we emerged from the chaparral.

"Those bears need to be kept clean," he explained. "I suppose their mother groomed them some way, but they don't know how to clean themselves; so I gave them a ducking and brushing."

The cubs throve from that hour. They were brushed every day, and soon grew to enjoy it far more than G. R. did. It was necessary, however, to shut one up during the toilet of the other; for the appearance of comb and brush was always the signal for a frolic.

The night of that first toilet is a memorable one in the annals of our camp. I was cook at dinner-time; the catch had been a good one and our fish, browning to perfection, were on the fire outside the cabin. On a stone before the blaze stood the coffee-pot, steaming fragrantly, and from the crane hung a kettle of potatoes, boiling vigorously. The bread was a success that day, and I was putting it on the table.

"Look out for your fish," called G. R., coming up from the inlet, towel in hand.

I turned to see Calamity just drawing the long-handled frying-pan from the coals.

"Calamity!" I shrieked, and ran to the rescue of my dinner. Calamity had already thrust in her nose — and burned it well. But even as I cuffed her, her wails were mingled with the terrified grunts of Thunder, who came plunging down from the tree into which he had climbed to reach the kitchen safe. The branch had broken beneath his weight, and down he came, safe, broken branch and all.

He rolled over, and in doing so kicked the tripod which supported the camp kettle. The potatoes flew out into the fire, and the kettle upset the coffee-pot as it fell. The wreck of our evening meal was complete, and the uproar in camp started both horses to squealing wildly, in response to the howls of the cubs.

It was dark before the mess was cleared up and the injured babies were pacified. The cubs got all that was recoverable of the fish and potatoes, and Kate rubbed vaseline on Calamity's wicked nose, rejecting, indignantly, G. R's wrathful proposal to thrash both bears well. Then we ate some canned pork-and-beans from our stores, after which feast we went to bed.

It was not all Thunder and Calamity in camp that summer. There were long days of joyous wandering up and down the mountain trails. I added to my stock of Western bird-lore, Kate collected ferns, and G. R. continued to hunt for a bee-tree. On one occasion we locked up the cabin, turned the cubs loose, and went off with the wagon for a week's trip. Anxiety for our charges brought us back, however, at the end of the third day.

The cubs were promptly on hand to greet us, on our reappearance, as glad and as demonstrative as a pair of puppies. They must have had a hard time in our absence; for Calamity made that night hideous, howling with colic, and Thunder was not himself for a week after our return.

"And to think," groaned G. R., as he considered the situation, "that we left Ted and Harold at home because we felt that we *must* be free from responsibility this summer!"

On several occasions we had guests, who always found the cubs a source of unmixed delight. Unlike most babies, the youngsters never forgot their good behavior in the presence of strangers. They reserved their escapades, and their very funniest pranks, for home consumption.

As the weeks wore away, and they learned to climb, they became adventurous. Calamity, moreover, developed a propensity to tease. She was larger and more intelligent than Thunder, and was the leader in most of their mischief. It was the delight of both cubs to get well out upon stout branches of the neighboring trees, and set them to swaying under their weight. They would amuse themselves thus by the hour.

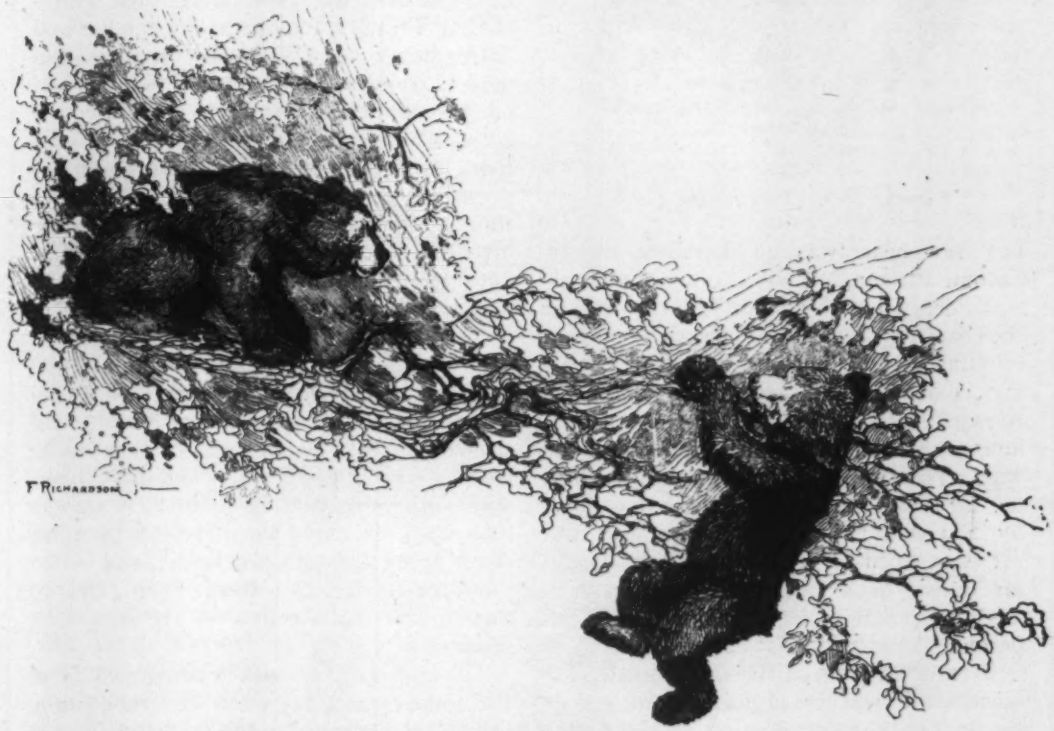
One evening when Thunder was engaged in this wise, and Calamity, at the edge of the open, was occupied in her usual pastime with her hind feet, she suddenly dropped to all fours and scuffed over to the big live-oak where Thunder was established. Up she climbed, and out upon the limb where he was teetering in vast enjoyment. He saw her coming and moved farther out, but she followed, her little piggy eyes twinkling in a way which he, as well as we, had learned meant mischief. He continued to retreat before her until the branch bent dangerously, and he could scarcely find footing. Then Calamity stopped, and began to teeter.

Thunder looked at her over his shoulder, struggling the while to maintain his balance. His hind feet slipped, and he hung, heels down, clutching the limb desperately with his forefeet. He began to growl with terror, while Calamity squatted on the branch and watched him, and we, below, held our sides in helpless laughter. If Thunder had

but known it, his kicking feet were within a few inches of the ground; but his woolly wits were incapable of guessing that. Finally G. R. took pity upon him, and ran forward with a bench, which he slipped under the poor fool's haunches. Feeling its support, the cub loosed his hold and dropped, grunting, to earth. The rebound of the branch jolted Calamity, who, a moment later, was in the same box her little brother had been in, and she howled as lustily as he had done. We let her hang until we deemed her sufficiently punished, when G. R. helped her down.

G. R. paddled slowly, for we loved to linger on our homecomings. The beauty of the place always impressed us anew, as though we had never before noted it. It was the most perfect spot I had ever seen, and I said so to G. R. as we came near our own shining line of tree-girt shore.

He stopped paddling, and kneeling upright rested upon the blade as it lay across the gunwales. The canoe slipped stilly through the quiet water, and we lowered our voices, quite instinctively.




*"Calamity squatted on the branch and watched him"*

At last there came the never-to-be-forgotten day when G. R. found his bee-tree. It was across the inlet and a mile or more up the cañon, on the bank of the stream. G. R. located and marked it, and blazed a trail through the woods; and one glorious day, fully equipped for the undertaking, we embarked on our quest for honey.

We worked nearly all day, under G. R's guidance, at our sweet task, and we were a tired, hungry, and very sticky trio, as the Man of the Camp paddled homeward, in the late afternoon. We had taken a hasty luncheon in the middle of the day, and meant to prepare an extra good dinner.

"What do you suppose is the matter there?" G. R. asked, gazing shoreward.

"I 've been wondering," replied Kate, "and I 've concluded that either company has come, or Thunder and Calamity have broken from the corral and are in the cabin."

"Thunder and Calamity!" shouted G. R. "That 's what it is!"

As we beached the canoe a portent appeared in the cabin door, and dashed across the open. Its whitey-yellow, shapeless head rolled frantically from side to side, and the thing ran blindly about, while we gazed transfixed with horror. The legs and the body were the legs and the body of a bear,

*"looked up with an ecstatic leer"*

but the head was an awesome object, beyond our ken.

Suddenly the thing ran full tilt against the big live-oak. There was a sound of bursting and rending, and sputtering, sneezing, snorting, and coughing; Calamity, released from the grip of the thick manila flour-sack, stood revealed, an object of woe. The impact of the tree stunned her for a moment, and she was half-blinded by the flour; she did not realize our presence until G. R.'s prodigious laughter echoed back from the mountain side. Then she crept to us, growling and whimpering.

By now we were at the cabin door. The scene within was one of devastation, and on the floor in the midst of it sat Thunder, with a two-quart jar of syrup overturned between his feet. He was engaged in pulling something from his mouth, and looked up with an ecstatic leer, his silly, black face smeared with syrup.

"What *is* he eating?" I asked.

"Seems to be chewing the rag," G. R. opined after a critical survey.

"It 's the towel that covered the shelf where the syrup was," explained Kate. "He must have pulled it down with the jar and he 's trying to eat it."

Such was the case; and when he could, for laughter, G. R. was forced to go to the rescue of the strangling cub.

"Might better let him choke," Kate said wrathfully, as she set about picking up the wrecks of other articles that had been on that shelf.

"Oh, G. R., why had n't you spunk enough to shoot the beasts at the very beginning?"

This time no one interfered, when, having repaired the corral, G. R. got the wagon-whip and thrashed both bears soundly. When he left them they gave every evidence of being chastened spirits, and we heard them whimpering and complaining, far into the night.

Poor little Calamity was pitifully ill next day, and for a week thereafter. We all, including Thunder, took turns nursing her and sitting beside her. Thunder's devotion was very touching. He hardly left her, but sat on his haunches, gazing at her, by the hour, whimpering to us every now and then, as though he thought we could do something for her. On the day that we thought she was dying he sat cleaning his hind feet, bear-fashion, when, all at once, he came down upon all fours and began to lick hers. It was a clumsy sort of ministration, but it seemed grateful to her.

Next day she began to mend, and from that moment Thunder deserted her, going about his wonted enjoyments. Not until she was about the clearing again, did he evince any interest in her. Then, taking advantage of her weakness, he bullied her shamefully until, on a day when she felt the glow of returning strength, she turned and cuffed him until he fled up a tree. Such a deal of human sort did we find in the cubs that summer!

The long vacation was drawing to a close, and there came a day when we struck camp. We had moments of seriously discussing the removal of Thunder and Calamity with the rest of our paraphernalia, but we thought wisely of the project, before it was too late; so, one bright morning, we drove away, while they were feasting upon bread and honey in the corral.

They did not know we were leaving them. G. R. fixed the corral bars so that they could be pushed down by a touch; the cubs had had two months' growth with us, and were strong and well. They could fend for themselves. But I should like right well to know how it fared with them that winter, and I often wonder whether they would know me if we met, suddenly, somewhere in the mountain fastnesses.

# A PARABLE FOR HUSBANDS

BY

JEAN WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "GERVIE ZANE, GERVIE DOOR," "MRS. CARTER AS FATE," ETC.

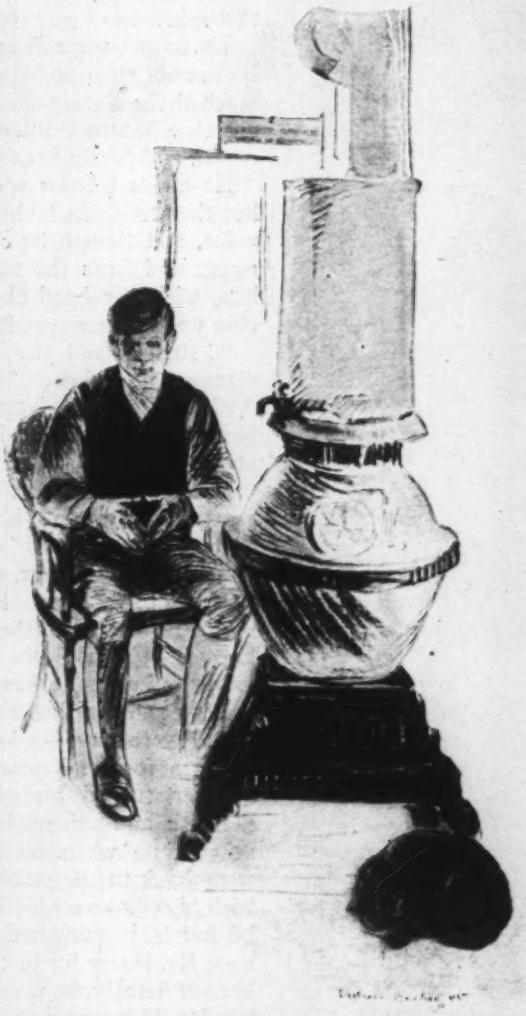
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

BLUE GIPSY'S filly had broken two pairs of shafts, kicked a hole through a dashboard, and endeavored to take a fence, carriage and all, in a fixed determination not to become a harness-horse. It was evident that she had chosen her career, and meant to stick to it.

"Break her to the shafts if you have to half kill her," Mr. Harry had said, but there were some things Mr. Harry did not understand so well as Peter.

"Where's the use in spoilin' a good jumper for the sake o' makin' a poor drivin' horse?" Peter had asked the trainer, and he had added that the master was talking through his hat.

Peter had already explained the matter to Mr. Harry, but Mr. Harry was very much like the filly; when he had made up his mind he did not like to change. Peter decided to talk it over once more, however, before he risked another groom. The first groom had dislocated his shoulder, and he refused to have any further intercourse with Blue Gipsy's filly.



*"Poor Peter felt himself growing old under the weight of his responsibilities"*

Poor Peter felt himself growing old under the weight of his responsibilities. Three years before he had been a carefree groom at Willowbrook; now, since Miss Ethel had married Mr. Harry, he was head coachman at the "Jasper place," with seven horses and three men under him. Occasionally he gazed rather wistfully across the meadows to where the Willowbrook stables showed a dull red blur through the gray-green willow trees. He had served there ten years as stable-boy and groom, and though he had more than once tasted the end of a strap under Joe's vigorous dominion, it had been a happily irresponsible life. Not that

*"The carpet was soft and he made no noise. He did not mean to listen"*

he wished the old time back, for that would mean that there would be no Annie waiting supper for him at night in the coachman's cottage, but he did wish, sometimes, that Mr. Harry had a little more common sense about managing horses. Blue Gipsy's filly, trotting peaceably between shafts! It was in her blood to jump, and jump she would; you might as well train a bull pup to grow up a Japanese poodle, and sleep on a satin cushion.

Peter, pondering the matter, strolled over to the kitchen and inquired of Ellen where Mr. Harry was. Mr. Harry was in the library, she said, and Peter could go right through.

The carpet was soft and he made no noise. He did not mean to listen, but he had almost reached the library door before he realized, and then he stood still, partly because he was dazed, and partly because he was interested.

He did not know what had gone before, but the first thing he heard was Miss Ethel's voice, and though he could not see her, he recognized from the tone what she looked like, with her head thrown back, and her chin up, and her eyes flashing.

"I shall do as I please," she said, and she stamped her foot. "Go. Go away and don't bother me. I am tired of your interferring, and I feel as if I never wanted to see you again."

Then a long silence, and finally the cold, repressed tones of her husband asked: "Do you mean that?"

She did not answer, except by a long, indrawn sob of anger. Peter had heard that sound before, when she was a child, and he knew how it should be dealt with; but Mr. Harry did not; he was far too polite.

After another silence he said quietly: "If I go, I go to stay — a long time."

"Stay forever if you like."

Peter turned and tiptoed out, feeling sheepish and ashamed as he had felt that other time when he had overheard. He went back to the stables, and sitting down with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, he pondered the situation. If he were Mr. Harry for just ten minutes, he told himself fiercely, he would soon settle things; but Mr. Harry was slow and did not understand. When it came to managing horses he was too rough, as if they had no sense; and when it came to managing women, he was too easy, as if they were all sense. Peter sighed miserably. His big, Irish heart

ached for them both; for Miss Ethel, because he knew that she did not mean what she said, and would later be sorry; for Mr. Harry, because he knew that he did mean what he said — terribly and earnestly. Neither understood the other, and it was all such a muddle when just a little common sense would make everything happy. Then he shrugged his shoulders and told himself that it was none of his business; that he guessed they could make up their quarrels without help from him. And he fell to scolding the stable-boy for mixing up the harness.

In about half an hour, Tony, the valet, came running out to the stables looking pleased and excited, with an order to get the fly ready immediately to go to the station. Tony was evidently bursting with news, but Peter pretended not to be interested, and kept on with his work without looking up.

"The master 's going into New York, and I follow to-night with his things, and to-morrow we sail for England!" said Tony triumphantly. "I guess there 's been trouble" he added significantly. "Mrs. Jasper 's in her room with the door banged shut, and the master is pretty quiet-like and white about the gills."

"Shut up and mind your own business," snapped Peter, and he led out the horses, and began putting on the harness with hands that trembled.

As he drew up at the porte cochère, Mr. Harry jumped in. "Well, Peter," he said in a voice which was meant to be cheerful but was a very poor imitation, "we must drive fast if we 're to make the four-thirty train."

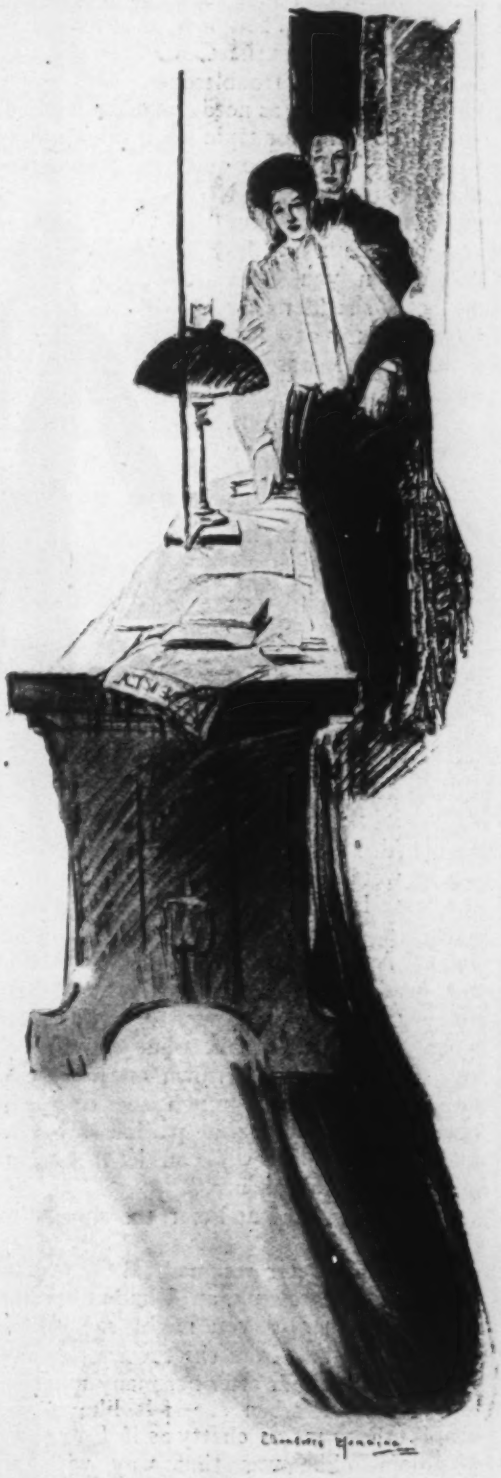
"Yes, sir," said Peter, briskly clicking to the horses, and for once he thanked his stars that the station was four miles away. A great resolve had been growing in his mind, and it required some time and a good deal of courage to carry it out. He glanced sideways at the grim, pale face beside him, and cleared his throat uneasily.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," he began. "I was at the library door to ask about the filly, an' without meanin' to, I heard why you was goin' away."

A quick flush spread over Mr. Harry's face, and he glanced angrily at his coachman.

"The devil!" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Peter. "I suppose I 'll be discharged, sir, for speaking, but I feel it 's me dooty, an' I can't keep quiet. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I 've knowed Miss Ethel longer than you have. Man and boy I served



*"'If I go, I go to stay — a long time'"*

ten years at Willowbrook. Her hair was hangin' down her back, an' she was drivin' a pony cart when I first come, an' I was her groom. I watched her grow, an' I know her ways, an' there was times, sir, when she was most uncommon troublesome. She 's the kind of a woman as needs managin', an' if you 'll excuse me for sayin' so, it takes a man to do it. You 're too quiet an' gentleman-like, sir. An' though I guess she likes to have you act like a gentleman, when you can't do both, she 'd rather have you act like a man. If I was her husband —— "

"You forget yourself, Peter!" Mr. Harry gasped out.

"Yes, sir," said Peter, "as I was sayin', sir, if I was her husband, I 'd let her see who was master, pretty quick, an' she 'd like me the better. An' if she ever told me she would be glad for me to go away an' never come back, I 'd look at her black like, with me arms folded, an' I 'd say: 'You would, would you? In that case I 'll stay right here an' never go away.' An' then she 'd be so mad she 'd put her head down on the back o' the chair an' cry deep like, the way she always did when she could n't have what she wanted, an' I 'd wait with a frown on me brow, an' when she got through she 'd be all over it, an' would ask me pardon sorrowful like; an' I 'd wait a while an' let it soak in, an' then I 'd forgive her."

*"Tony was evidently bursting with news"*

Mr. Harry stared at Peter, too amazed to speak.

"Yes, sir," Peter resumed, "I 've watched Miss Ethel grow up, an' I knows her like her own mother as you might say. I 've drove her to and from the town for twelve years, an' I 've rode after her many miles on horseback, an' when she felt like it she would talk to me as chatty as if I were n't a groom. She was that way with all the servants, sir; she took an interest in our troubles an', spite o' the fact that she was a bit overrulin' sometimes, we all liked her, sir."

Mr. Harry knit his brows and stared ahead without speaking, and Peter glanced at him uneasily and hesitated.

"There 's another thing I 'd like to tell you, sir, though I 'm not sure how you 'll take it."

"Don't hesitate on my account," murmured Mr. Harry ironically. "Say anything you please, Peter."

"Well, sir, I guess you may have forgotten, but I was the groom you took with you that time before you was married when you an' Miss Ethel went to see the old wreck."

Mr. Harry looked at Peter with a quick, haughty stare, but Peter was examining the handle of his whip and did not see.

"An' you left me an' the cart, sir, under the bank, if you 'll remember, an' you did n't walk far enough away, an' you spoke pretty loud, an' I could n't help hearin' you."

"Damn your impertinence!" said Mr. Harry.

"Yes, sir," said Peter. "I never told no one, not even me wife, sir, but I understood after that how things was goin'. An' when you went away, I s'picioned you was n't feelin' very merry; an' I watched Miss Ethel an' I was sure she was n't feelin' merry, for all she tried mighty hard to make people think she was. When they was lookin', sir, she laughed and flirted most outrageous with them young men as was visitin' at Willowbrook, but in between times she used to take long rides on the beach, with me followin' at a respectful distance — very respectful I might say. She was n't noticin' me troubles then; she had too many o' her own. When there were n't no one on the beach she 'd leave me the horses an' walk off by herself, an' sit on a sand-dune, an' put her chin in her hand an' stare at the water till the horses was that crazy with the sand-flies I could scarcely hold 'em. An' sometimes she 'd put her head

down an' cry soft like, fit to break a man's heart, sir, an' I 'd walk the horses off, with me hands just itchin' — beggin' your pardon, sir — to get a holt o' you, for I knew you was the cause."

"You know a good deal too much," said Mr. Harry dryly.

"A groom learns considerable, sir, without meanin' to, an' it 's lucky his masters is if he knows how to keep his mouth shut. As I was sayin', sir, I knew all the time she was pinin' for you, but was too proud to let you know. If you 'll allow the impertinence, sir, you made a mistake in the way you took her at her word. If you 'd a understood her an' handled her right she would n't a throwed you over at all."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Harry asked fiercely.

"I mean, if you 'll excuse me speakin' allegorical like, that she 's the kind of a woman as needs a sharp bit an' a steady hand on the bridle, an' when she bolts, a touch o' the lash — not too much, sir, for she would n't stand it, but enough to let her see who 's master. I 've known many horses an' some women, sir, an' I 've noticed as the blooded ones is alike in both. If you 'll excuse my mentioning it, Miss Ethel was badly broke, sir. She was given the rein when she needed the whip, but for all that she 's a thoroughbred, sir, an' that 's the main thing."

*"'I s'picioned you was n't feelin' very merry'"*

Peter imperceptibly slowed his horses. "If you don't mind, sir, I 'd like to tell you a little story. It happened six or seven years ago when you was away at college, an' if Miss Ethel is a bit unreasonable now, sir, she was more unreasonable then. It was when the old master first bought Blue Gipsy — as was a devil if there ever was one. One afternoon Miss Ethel takes it into her head she wants to try the new mare, so she orders her out, with me to follow. What does she do but make straight for the beach, sir, an' gallop along on the hard sand, close to the water-line. It was an awful windy day in the fall, with the clouds hangin' low an' the waves dashin' high, an' everything sort o' empty an' lonesome. You can know something o' what Blue Gipsy was from her filly. She was n't used to the water, an' she was so scared she was most crazy, rearin' an' plungin' till you would a swore she had a dozen legs — not much of a horse for a lady, sir, but Miss Ethel could ride all right. She kept Blue Gipsy's head to the wind an' galloped four or five miles up the beach, with me poundin' along behind, hangin' on to me hat for dear life.

"It was ebb-tide, but time for the flood, an' I was beginnin' to think we 'd better go back, unless we wanted to plow through the loose shingle high up, which is mighty hard on a horse, sir. But when we come to the Neck, Miss Ethel rode straight on; I did n't like the looks of it much, but I did n't say nothin' for the Neck 's never under water an' there were n't no danger. But what does she do when we comes to the end o' the Neck but turn to ride across the inlet to the mainland, which you can do easy enough at low tide but never at high. The sand was already gettin' oozy, an' with the wind blowin' off the sea the tide was risin' fast. It would a meant sure death, sir, if she 'd gone out an' got caught. An' what with that unknown devil of a Blue Gipsy she was ridin', there was no tellin' what would happen.

"'Miss Ethel,' I calls, sort o' commandin' like, for I was too excited for politeness, 'you must n't go out there.'"

She turns around an' stares at me haughty, an' goes on.

"I gallops up an' says: 'The tide 's a risin', I tell you, Miss Ethel, an' the inlet is n't safe."

*"used to take long rides on the beach"*

"She looks me over cool like an' says: 'It is perfectly safe. I am goin' to ride across; if you 're afraid, Peter, you can go home.'

"With that she whips up an' starts off. I was after her in a minute an' I gallops up beside her, an' before she knew what I was doin' I reaches out me hand an' grabs hold o' the bridle an' turns Blue Gipsy's head. I did n't like to do it, for it seemed sort o' familiar, but with people as contrary as they is, sir, you 've got to be familiar sometimes, if you 're goin' to do any good in the world.

"Well, sir, as you can believe, she did n't like it, an' she calls out sharp and imperative for me to let go. But I hangs on an' starts to gallop, an' with that she raises her whip an' cuts me over the hand as hard as she could. It hurt considerable, but I held on an' did n't say nothin', an' she raised her whip to strike again. But just at that moment a wave broke almost at the horses' feet, an' Blue Gipsy reared, an' Miss Ethel, who was n't expectin' it, almost lost her balance an' the whip dropped on the sand.

"'Peter,' she says, 'go back an' get that whip.'

"But by that time I 'd got the bit in me teeth, sir, an' I just laughs — ugly like — and keeps hold o' the bridle an' gallops on. Well, sir, then she was most crazy, an' she tries to shake off me arm with her fist, but she might as well have tried to shake down a tree. I looks at the sand, an' smiles, impertinent, to meself, an' goes on. An' she looks all around, desperate like, but the beach was all empty an' lonely, an' there was n't nothin' she could do, I bein' so much stronger."

"You brute!" said Mr. Harry.

"I was savin' her life, sir," said Peter.

"An' when she saw she could n't do nothin' she kind of sobbed down low to herself an' said, soft like: 'I 'll discharge you, Peter, when we get home.'

"I touches me hat an' says as polite as you please: 'Very well, miss, but we ain't home yet, an' I 'm boss for the present.'

"With that a great big wave comes swash up against the horses' legs, an' it 's lucky I had a holt o' the bridle, for Blue Gipsy sure would a thrown her. An' after I got her back on her four legs — Blue Gipsy, sir — an' we was goin' on again, Miss Ethel throws a look over her shoulder at the inlet, which was all under water, an' then she looks down at me hand that had a great big red welt acrost it, an' she said, so low I could scarce hear her over the waves:

"'You can take your hand away, Peter. I 'll ride straight home.'

"I knew she meant it, but me hand was burnin' like fire, an' me feelin's was hurt so I looks at her doubtin' like, as if I could n't trust her, an' she turns red an' looks down; an' with that I touches me hat an' falls behind.

"An' when we got back, sir, an' I got off at the porter-ker-cher to help her dismount, what does she do but take me big red hand in both o' hers, an' she looks at the scar an' then she looks in me eyes, an' she says, like as you hit straight from the shoulder, sir: 'Peter,' she says, 'I 'm sorry I struck you. Will you forgive me?' says she.

"An' I touches me hat an' says: 'Certainly miss. Don't mention it, miss,' an' we was friends after that.

"An' that 's why, Mr. Harry, I hate to see you go off, an' beggin' your pardon, make a fool o' yourself. She loves you true, sir, like as Annie loves me, an' I know, sir, if she took it hard before you was married, it 'ud near kill her now. You must n't mind what she says when she 's angry, for she just thinks o' the worst things she can on purpose to hurt your feelin's, but Lord! sir, she don't mean it any mor 'n a rabbit, an' if you 'll give her half a chance an' don't act like a iceberg she 'll want to make up. Me an' Annie, Mr. Harry, we pulls together lovely. I 'm the boss in some things, an' she 's the boss in others; I lets her think she can manage me, an' she lets me think I can manage her — an' I can, sir. Sometimes we have little quarrels, but it 's mostly for the joy o' makin' up, an' we 're that happy, sir, that we wants to see every one else happy."

The horses had slowed to a walk, but Mr. Harry did not notice it. A smile was beginning to struggle with the hard lines about his mouth.

"Well, Peter," he said, "you 've preached quite a sermon. What would you advise?"

"That you go back an' take a firm hold o' the bridle, sir, an' if she uses the whip just hold on hard an' don't let on that it hurts."

Mr. Harry looked at Peter, and the smile spread to his eyes. "And then when she drops it," he asked, "just laugh and ride on?"

Peter coughed a deprecatory cough. "Beggin' your pardon, sir, I think if I was in your place I 'd pick it up an' keep it meself. It might come in handy in case of emergencies."

Mr. Harry threw back his head in a quick, boyish laugh, and reaching over he took the lines and turned the horses' heads.

"Peter," he said, "you may be elemental, but I half suspect you 're right."

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# A LULLABY

BY

MABEL MAHIN

GREEN gloom of night in the trees,
Day's dying breath in the breeze,
Flower heads drooping to rest,
A mother bird's call from her nest:
Little one, safe in God's arms,
Tell me, dear, how do you rest?

Wet is my pillow at night,
Bitter tears blinding my sight,
Empty is your little nest
Here on your own mother's breast:
Little one, safe in God's arms,
Tell me, dear, how do you rest?

# THE ASHES OF OLD WISHES

## BY


## HERMINIE TtempleTON

AUTHOR OF "DARBY O'GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN


ALL day long big flakes of soft, wet snow had flurried and scurried and melted about Darby O'Gill's cottage, until, by twilight, the countryside was neither more nor less than a great white bog. Then, to make matters worse, as the night came on that rapscallion of an east wind waked up, and came sweeping with a roar through the narrow lanes and over the desolate fields, gleefully buffeting and nipping every living thing in its way. It fairly tore the fur cap off Maurteen Cavanaugh's head, and gaily tossed that precious relic into the running ditch; it shrieked mockingly as it lifted poor old Mrs. Maloney's red cloak and swirled that tattered robe over the good woman's bewildered head; then, after swooping madly around and around Darby O'Gill's cottage, it leaped to the roof and perched itself on the very top of the chimney, where for three mortal hours it sat shouting down boisterous challenge to the discontented man who crouched moody and silent before his own smoky hearth.

Darby heard the challenge well enough but wasted little heed. A shapeless worry darkened the lad's mind. Ever since supper, when Bridget and the children went to bed — the better to get an early start for midnight Christmas Mass — Darby and Malachi, the yellow cat, sat opposite each other in the glow of the smouldering turf.

Lately Darby had taken great comfort in talking to Malachi. The cat proved to be a splendid listener — never contradicting any statement however bold, but receiving all his master's confidences with a blinking gravity which was as respectful as it was flattering.

"This is Christmas Eve, Malachi. I suppose ye know that; and be all tokens I 'd ought to be the happy man. But I 'm goin' to tell ye something: I am n't. Have ye noticed anything quare about the taste of the bacon lately, Malachi? or the petaties? or the butthermilk? No, to be sure; how could ye!" Darby scratched his head and heaved a deep sigh. "As far as I 'm consarned nothin' I put in me mouth has the right smack to it." The good man pointed his pipe impressively at the cat. "There 's something or other I want bad, Malachi; I dunno' rightly what it is, but whatever it may be, I 'll never be rale happy till I get it."

Visibly impressed by this secret, Malachi turned his back to the fire and began thoughtfully stroking his left ear. While the cat was thus engaged, the peaceful quiet of the hearth was rudely broken by a sudden shaking of the door and a rattling of the latch, as though nervous fingers were striving to lift it. Darby in alarm threw back his head to listen. Could it be a wraith? No! it was only the wind. Baffled in its attempt to open the door the ruffian gale then began flinging white dabs of soft snow at the black window-panes — for all the world like a blackguard boy. At last, with an exultant shout, it leaped to the cottage roof again and, whoop! down the chimney it came.

"Poof! bad cess to the smoke an' bad luck to the wind! if they have n't the two eyes stung out of me head. I 'd wind the clock, and you and me 'd go to bed this minute, so we would, Malachi, if I didn 't know that Brian Connors, the King of the Fairies, would surely pay us a wisit the night." Malachi's back stiffened immediately, and with quick switches of his tail he swept the hearthstone where he sat.

"Oh, I know ye don't like the Good People, me lad! and you may have ye 're raisons. But you must admit that the little man has never failed to bring us some token for Christmas since first I met him. Though

to tell the truth," he added, a sudden scowl furrowing his face, "for a man who has the whole wurruld in his pocket the Fairy gives — Oh, be the powers, Malachi! I came near forgetting to tell ye me dhrame. I dhramed last night I was picking up goold suvereigns till me back ached. So maybe the King 'll bring me some traymendous present— Oh, millia murdher, me sight 's gone entirely this time. Conshumin' to the minute longer, I 'll stay up — phew! ugh! ugh! ugh!"

The great puff of bitter pungent smoke which blinded the lad's eyes also sent him off into a fit of coughing. He was still choking and gasping and sweeping the water from his swimming lids when, happening to look up, who should he spy through the blue smoke, calmly sitting on his favorite stool on the opposite side of the hearth, but the little Master of the Fairies himself. As usual the King's gold crown was tilted rakishly to one side, his green velvet cloak was flung back from his shoulders, and he sat with one short, pipe-stem of a leg dangling carelessly over the other.

*"'The top of the avenin' to ye, Darby O'Gill"'*

"The top of the avenin' to ye, Darby O'Gill," piped he, "an' the complyments of the sayson to you an' yours."

At the first sound of the fairy's voice Malachi, with tail erect, trotted out of the kitchen.

"The same to yerself," coughed Darby rubbing his eyes, "an' if it is n't axing ye to go out of yer way too much, King, I 'll thank ye afther this to come in be the dure or the windy, and not be takin' thim short cuts down through the chimbley. You nearly put the two eyes out of me head, so ye did."

"Oh, faith, Darby me sowl," laughed the King good-naturedly, "the Christmas present I 've brought ye 'll put the two eyes back again, and brighter than ever."

The discontented look on Darby's face changed at once to a red glow of pleasure. He expected a bag of diamonds or a crock of gold at the very least. Still he strove hard to conceal his delight, and said as carelessly as he could:

"What is it, King darlint. I 'll go bail your present 's a grand one this time at any rate."

"You may well say that, me lad, for I 've brought ye," chuckled the King, clasping his knee and leaning back comfortably against the chimney corner — "I 've brought ye a jug of the foinest potteen in all Ireland ground."

Darby's jaw dropped to his chest. If ever hope took a cropper it was then. "Th-thank-ye kindly, King," he stuttered; and to hide his bitter disappointment the poor fellow began poking viciously at the smouldering turf.

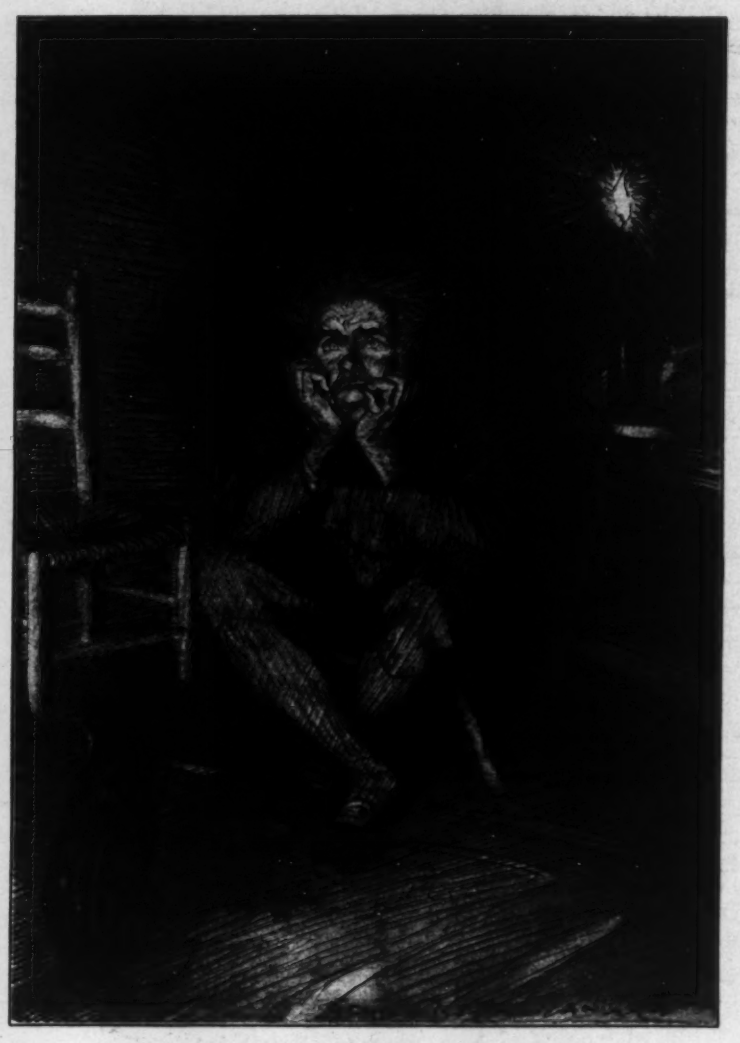
The evident chagrin of his friend was not lost on the Master of the Good People, and the quick-tempered little King flared up instantly.

"Why, thin, bad manners to you, what ails you the night — you and your sour looks? So my present is n't grand enough for you, and the loikes of you. Maybe it 's the py-losopher's stone or maybe it 's riches or ——"

Darby himself was thoroughly aroused. He felt slighted and belittled. Hammering out each word on the hearthstone, he replied:

"You 're right, King, it 's riches I want! It 's riches; an' that 's the laste ye might be afther givin' me."

The fairy's eyes snapped threateningly. "Have n't I tould ye ag'in and ag'in that I 'd never rune ye an' spile ye by givin' ye riches? Have n't —"



*"Crouched moody and silent before his own smoky hearth"*

"We hear ducks talkin'! No sinsible man, King, was ru'ned or spiled be riches. Besides there 's other things ye might give me."

The little King's lip curled. "Oh, ye ongrateful omadhaun! just to punish ye I 've a mind to—" he hesitated and looked steadily at Darby. "By jayminie I will—I 'll give ye any three wishes you make this night, barrin' riches. I won't break me wurrud on that score."

So great and so sudden was the offer that for a moment Darby's mind floundered helplessly. Meekly subsiding to his stool again he peered from under anxious brows, and asked doubtingly, "Do you mane it, King?"

The King frowned. "I do mane it; but the consequences 'll be on your own sore head."

Darby thoughtfully regarded the fairy. Then putting the poker carefully back in the corner said:

"Don't be vexed with me, King agra; sure I 've lots of throuble. I 'm a very onhappy man. I don't know why it is, but I 'm feelin' turrible. So by your lave, if it 's parfectly convaynient, I 'll take the favors of the three wishes."

"Out with them then! What do ye want?"

"Well, first an' foremost, King, I want the he-licks-her of life, that Maurteen Cavanaugh the schoolmasther was readin' about. I want to live forever."

The old King reeled and almost fell off the stool.

"Be the four fires of Fingal, Darby O'Gill, if you don't flog the worruld. But go on man alive what 'll ye be wantin' next?"

"Well afther that, if it 's not too much throuble, ye may make me as comfortable an' as well off as the rich Lord Killgobbin." By putting the wish this way Darby cleverly avoided a direct request for riches.

The King shut his lips in a grim smile, and slowly wagged his head.

"I will that! I 'll make ye as well off an' as comfortable as Lord Killgobbin — with every vein of me heart. Go on!"

"The third wish, King, is the easiest of all to grant. Make me happy."

"That I will! you won't know yerself. Wait till I 'm done with ye," said the King, getting up and drawing his cloak about his shoulders. "An' we 'll lose no time about it ayther. We 've a good dale of thravellin' to do the night, so put on you're great-coat."

Nothing loath the lad did as he was bid, and then waited expectantly.

"We 're goin' into sthrange places, me bould Trojan," the King went on, "an' I think it best we go unwisible. Come nearer to me."

With much impréssiveness the little King of the Good People raised his hand and touched his companion lightly on the arm.

On the moment a strange tingling chill swept over Darby, and he began to grow invisible. First his feet faded into thin air; and even as he stared open-mouthed at the place they had been, his knees disappeared; and the next second the lad felt himself snuffed out like a tallow dip.

The King also was gone, but presently the familiar voice of the little fairy sounded from its place on the stool:

"We 're goin' out now, avourneen."

"But how can I go out," wailed Darby in great distress. "Where are me two foine legs? What 's become of me I 'd like to know?"

"Be aisy! man, you 'll not nade yer legs for a while. I 'll put ye asthride a horse the night the loike of which you never rode afore. You 're goin' to ride the wind, Darby. Listen! D 'ye hear it callin' us?"

*"'But how can I go out,' wailed Darby in great distress"*

Darby was still looking for some traces of his vanished legs when, without realizing the slightest sense of motion, he found himself in the open. There was a flash of black sky, a glimpse of wet weather and the astonished man was three miles from home standing beside the King in old Daniel Delaney's kitchen. It was all so sudden; he could scarcely believe his eyes. And to make matters more confusing, although Darby had known old Dan'l's kitchen since childhood, there was a certain weirdness and unreality about it now that chilled the unseen intruder's blood.

The room was almost dark, and filled with fitful fire-shadows which danced and wavered and dimmed upon the walls.

"Mark well what ye see and hear, Darby O'Gill, for this is but a shadow of your first wish — the wish to live forever. This is the ashes of long life." The King's voice was so solemn that Darby cowered half-frightened from it.

Before the lonely hearth sat old Daniel Delaney and his wife Julia. Half the county knew their desolate history. Ninety-two years had passed over their heads, and seventy years they had lived together as man and wife. Of all the old couples in that parish — and there were many of them — Daniel Delaney and his wife were the very oldest, and the loneliest. Twenty years ago their last child had died in America, an old man. Long before that, Teddy, Michael and Dan, soldier lads, fell before Sebastopol. And now, without chick or child, indeed without one of their blood that bore their name, the old couple waited patiently, each night mumbling the hope that maybe the morrow might bring to them the welcome deliverance.

As Darby gazed, a comprehension of the desolation, the loneliness, and the ceaseless heartaches of the old people came to him like an inspiration, and his heart melted with pity.

He understood, as never before, how utterly old Dan'l's and Julia's world was gone — faded into vague memories. The new voices and strange young faces which kept constantly crowding into and filling the old fond nooks, gave to the couple a cruel sense of being aliens in an unsympathetic land. The winding lanes, the well-remembered farms and the crowded chapel were filled, for them, with dim specters. They were specters themselves, and the quiet waiting churchyard called ever and ever, with passionate insistence to their tired, empty hearts. Darby's eyes filled with hot tears.

*"Of all the old couples in that parish . . . Daniel Delaney and his wife were the very oldest, and the loneliest"*

"Will I be like Dan'l Delaney?" he whispered fearfully to the King.

"Worse. You 'll be all alone; Bridget 'll be gone from you. Hist! Dan'l is talking. Listen!"

"Is that you, Julia machree?" an old voice quavered. "Ah, so it is; so it is! I thought it was me father sittin' there an' — an' I was a little gossoon again at his knee — just like our little Mickey. Where 's Mickey? Oh, to be sure! Oh, thin was n't me father the handsome man — and grand! Six feet two in his stockin's! Six feet two. An' to think, agra, to think, that now, in all this wide, wide worruld, only you and me are left who ever set eyes on him. Is n't it a quare worruld entirely, Julia! A quare worruld!

Only you and me left, all dead, all dead!" The old man's voice fell to a whimper, and he wiped a tear from his cheek with shaking fingers.

"Aye, they 're all gone from us, Dan'l, me lad. I was just thinkin', your father's father built this house and sthrangers 'll have it soon — I could n't sleep last night for worrying over it. All me foine boys and tendher beautiful colleens! All, all gone. An' one gray day follys another gray day, an' nothing happens, nothing ever happens for us. Is n't this Christmas Eve, Dan'l? Little Norah's birthday?"

The old man lifted his trembling hands in an agony of regret. "Christmas Eve! Oh, Mother of Heaven! Oh, the merrymakin' an' the happiness of the childher! Marcyful Father, why can't we go to them?"

"Hush, Dan'l! For shame, man. Think how good God has been to us. Has n't He kept us together! Might n't He have taken you an' left me here alone? See how gentle He is with ould people. First, He crowds Heaven with their friends to prepare a welcome; then He fills the worruld so full of pains, an' aches, an' sorrow, that 't is no throuble at all to lave it. No throuble at all."

God help them, thought Darby. The bitterness of their sorrows filled his own heart, and the weight of all their years pressed down on him.

"King," he asked, "is n't it quare that we can't always be young and live forever?"

"It 's bekase you 've no knowledge of Heaven that you ax so foolish a question as that," sighed the King.

Meanwhile old Dan'l would not be comforted, but was fretting, and whimpering, like a child three years old.

"Come away, come away, King," urged Darby hoarsely. "When Bridget an' the childher are in the churchyard I want to lie with them. Yez may keep the he-licks-her, King. I want none of it."

"I thought so. Now for your second wish," said the King.

The words were n't out of his mouth till Darby found himself standing with the fairy in the window recess of a large, and brilliantly lighted bedroom in Killgobbin Castle. Soft, moss-green carpets an inch thick covered the floor. Slender shepherds and dainty shepherdesses, beautiful dames and stately knights smiled and curtsied from the priceless tapestries on the wall. In a far corner of the room stood a canopied mahogany bed, lace-draped and with snowy pillows. Gilded tables and luxurious easy-chairs were scattered here and there, while a great tiger skin, which gleamed yellow and black from the center of the floor, gave Darby a catch in his breath. It might have been the bedchamber of a king. No sound of the storm reached here.

Before a bright, hot fire of fine sea-coals, sat the rich and powerful Lord Killgobbin, gray-haired and shaggy-browed. His lordship's right leg, bandaged and swollen, rested upon a low chair piled high with cushions. On a fur rug near him lay Fifi, her ladyship's old spaniel — the fattest, ugliest dog Darby had ever seen.

"Darby," whispered the King, "yonder is Lord Killgobbin, and remember I was to make you as comfortable, and as well off as he!"

The fairy was still speaking when the nobleman let a roar out of him that rattled the fire-irons. "My supper! Where 's my supper? Get out of that you red-legged omahdaun," he bellowed to a crimson liveried servant who waited cowering just inside the door. "Bring up my supper at once or I 'll have your heart's blood. No puling bread and milk, mind you, but a rousing supper for Christmas Eve. Be off!"

The footman disappeared like a flash, leaving the room door ajar. Sweet sounds of flute, violin and harp, mingled with gay laughter, floated up the wide staircase. Lord Killgobbin's only son was giving a Yule party to his young friends. At the sound of the music the old nobleman uttered a moan that would wring one's heart. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, will ye listen to that. Dancing and cavorting an' enjoying themselves down there, an' me sitting up here suffering the torments, an' nobody caring a ha'porth whether I 'm living or dead. Oh my, oh my! Sitting here trussed up like an ould roosther —" His lordship's eye roved around the room in a vain quest for sympathy; alas! the smug-faced Fifi was the only living thing to be seen.

"Bad scran to you! You 're as hard-hearted as your misthress." Lord Killgobbin threatened the dog with his cane. But as if to show her disdain Fifi yawned in a bored way, turned wearily over and went to sleep again. It was the last straw. His lordship boiled with furious resentment, and leaning far over made a savage stroke at the dog with his cane. That was the unlucky

blow! Instead of hitting the placid, unconscious Fifi, the furious old lord lost his balance, missed his aim, and gave himself a terrific whack on the gouty leg. There was the row!

Never since that day at Ballinrobe fair, when Teddy McHale cracked his poor old father over the head with a blackthorn (mistaking the old gentleman for Peter Maloney, the family foe), had Darby heard such deafening roars, and such blood-curdling maledictions. Whether by accident or in an effort to drown Lord Killgobbin's voice the orchestra down-stairs played with redoubled vigor.

In the midst of the tumult, hurrying footsteps were heard upon the stairs, and presently, three wild-eyed footmen entered the room each bearing a silver tray. The first servant carried a bowl of thin gruel, the second a plate of dry toast and the salt, while the third footman stepped cautiously along bearing aloft a small pot of weak tea, without cream or sugar. The quiet, grim look which Lord Killgobbin threw at his terrified servants sent a shiver down Darby's back.

*"Instantly all was confusion"*

With eyes half shut his lordship spoke slowly and deliberately through clenched teeth:

"What 's that ye have in the bowl, ye divil's limb ye?"

"The docthor, your Lordship — an' — her ladyship, sir, seein' as it 's Christmas Eve, thought that you 'd like — that you 'd like a — a — — little change, so instead of bread an' — an' milk, they sent ye a little thin gruel, sir."

Lord Killgobbin grew ominously quiet. "Bring it over to me, my good man, don't be afraid," he said.

The three footmen each keeping a wary eye on his lordship's stick, advanced timidly in a row. Nothing was said or done until the gruel was within easy grip of him, and then in one furious sweep of his left arm, his lordship sent the tray and gruel half way up to the ceiling, while with his right hand he managed to bring the cane down with a resounding whack on the head of the unfortunate footman who carried the toast and salt.

Instantly all was confusion. While the frightened servants were scrambling after the scattered trays and dishes, Lord Killgobbin reached quickly around for the coal-scuttle which stood near his hand, and began a furious bombardment. Two of the footmen managed to escape from the room. The third, however, by an unlucky stumble over the rug went to the floor on his back in the corner. There he lay cowering, and with the tray, shielding his head from the furious rain of coal.

"The curse of the crows on ye all," shouted Killgobbin, "you 'd starve me, would yez?"

"Yes, sir — I — I mane no, your Lordship!" roared the terrified servant.

"Christmas Eve and a bowl of gruel!" (Bang, bang, bang rattled the coals on the tray.) "Christmas Eve with a sliver of toast and tay." (Bang, bang, bang.)

"Yes, sir" (bang). "Oh, me head, sir! Ow! wow! I 'm kilt entirely, sir!"

"Me wife 'd starve me — "

"Yes, sir, ow! ouch! I mane no, sir."

"Me son 's in conspiracy with the docthor — — "

"Yes, sir" (bang, bang, bang).

"Take that! Beef tay and dhry toast. I have n't had a meal fit for a dog in six weeks; six weeks, d 'ye hear me, ye sniveling rapscallion?"

"No, sir — I — I mane yes, sir!"

"You 're killing me by inches, so ye are! Ye murdherin' ringleaders ye."

"Yes, sir. Ouch! I mane no, sir!"

Darby turned a disappointed face to the Master of the Fairies. "Thanks be we 're unvisible, King. I would n't have that leg of Killgobbin's for all the money in the four provinces."

"Bah! Everybody's bread is butthered with trouble to about the same thickness. This is the ashes of foine living. His lordship 'd thrade his castle an' all his grandeur for your pair of legs. But you 've seen only his gout. The rale botherin' trouble is comin' up the stairs now." Even as the King spoke, Darby heard the rustle of a lady's dress upon the landing.

"Come away, come away, King," he urged excitedly. "It is n't dacint to be listening to family saycrets. I forgive ye me first two wishes, an' I 'll ax only for the third: Make me happy — it 's all I 'll ax."

"Oh, aye, the happiness! Sure enough! Truth I almost forgot the happiness. But never fear it 'll have ye dancin' an' jumpin' along the road before ye raich home."

One may get a good idea of how quickly the pair were sifted from place to place that night when one learns, that this last saying of the King was begun in Lord Killgobbin's bedchamber and finished so far away down the road that all which remained of the castle was a faint twinkle of lights on the distant hill.

And now the east wind, weary of mischief, had traveled on out over the sea leaving behind flattened hedge-rows, twisted thatches, and desolate highways.

To Darby's great surprise he found himself and the King huddled together under the dripping eaves of a low, thatched building which crouched by the wayside.

"By Gar, King, that was a long jump we med. I 'm only half a mile from home. This is Joey Hooligan's smithy."

"Thrue for ye, Darby me bouchal," answered the King. "I 've brought ye here to show ye the only ralely thruly happy man in this townland. Ye may take a look at him, he 's sittin' within." Darby drew back thoughtfully. This was to be the last of the three wishes; and the fate of the other two made him hesitate.

"Tell me first, King, before I look; is he a married man? I dunno."

"He is not," said the King.

"Of course," sighed Darby, "careless and free. Well, is he rich? But sure I nade n't ax. He must be — very."

*"'The curse of the crows on ye all,' shouted Killgobbin, 'you'd starve me, would yez?'"*

"He has n't a penny," replied the King, "nor chick nor child. He cares for nobody, an' nobody cares for him."

"Well, now look at that! Is n't that quare! What kind of a man is he? I 'm almost afeard to look at him."

"Sthop yer blatherin' man alive, an' come over to the windy and do as I bid ye."

As he was bidden, Darby took a peep through the grimy panes, and there on a pile of turf, alone before the dying forge-fire, sat an old man. His head was bare and he swayed back and forth as he nodded and gabbled and smiled to the graying embers. With an exclamation of deep disgust Darby jumped back.

"Why," he spluttered indignantly, "you 're making game of me, King! That 's only Tom the child — the poor innocent who never had an ounce of wit since the day he was born!"

"I know it," said the King, 'that 's the rayson he 's perfectly happy. He has no regret for yesterday nor no fear for to-morrow. He 's had his supper, there 's a fire ferninst him, a roof over his head for the night, so what more does he want."

For a moment Darby could n't answer. He stood humped together ready to cry with vexation and disappointment.

"There goes the last of me three grand wishes," he complained bitterly. "I 'm chated out of all of them, an' all you 've left me for me night's throuble, is the ashes of me wishes, a cowld in my chist from me wet brogues, an' a croak in me talk, so that I would n't know me own voice if I was in the next room. If you 've done wid me now, King, I 'll thank ye to make me wisible ag'in so that I can go home to me own dacint fambly."

There was no reply. Darby waited a moment in silence and then the horrible realization flashed over him that he was alone. Doubtless the quick-tempered little fairy had taken offense at his words and had left him to his fate, invisible and helpless, on the high-road. The poor fellow groaned aloud:

"Ochone mavrone, have n't I the misfortune!" he wailed. "I 'm fairly massacreed, so I am. What 'll Bridget say to have a poor, hoarse voice goin' croaking about the house instid of the foine lookin' man I was. Oh, vo! vo!" he roared. "I wondher if I can ate me vittles! What 'll I do with

the new shuit of clothes? What 'll I say to —— "

"Hould on to what ever 's botherin' ye, Darby e friend. Don't be afeard, I 'm comin' to ye!" It was the King's voice high in the air above Darby's head. The next instant our hero felt a touch upon the arm, and he and the King popped into clear visibility again.

Darby heaved a chest-splitting sigh of relief. "I thought you 'd desarted me, King."

"Foolish man," piped the fairy, "I was loathe to have ye go home disappointed and empty-handed, but to save me life I did n't know what ye naded that 'd do you any good. So I flew off with meself to your house, and Malachi, the cat, tould me that ye naded something; ye did n't know exactly what it was, but whatever it was ye 'd never be happy till ye got it!"

"It 's thrue for ye, thim were me very worruds."

"Well, I 'll lave ye here now, Darby," the king went on, seriously but not unkindly, "and do you hurry along your way. Look nayther to the right nor to the left an' somewhere on the road betwixt this, an' your own thrashol', the thing that 'll do ye most good in the worruld 'll catch up with ye. I 'm off."

"Good-night, King," and Darby left alone sploshed along the slushy road toward home. The lad whistled anxiously a bit of a tune as he went, all the time keeping wary eyes and ears strained for the first glimpse or sound of the expected gift.

"I wondher what it 'll be like," he said to himself over and over again. He had reached the tall hedge of Hagan's meadow and was already laughing and chuckling to himself over a sudden remembrance of Lord Killgobbin's butler roaring in the corner, when suddenly, something happened which brought him to a dead stop in the road.

Swift as lightning there darted through the lad's jaw a pain like the twang of a fiddle-string. At first Darby could n't understand the agony, for never until that unhappy hour had one of the O'Gills been afflicted with the toothache. However, he was not left long in doubt as to its character, for the next twang brought him up to his tiptoes with both hands grasping the side of his face.

"Oh-h murdher in Irish, what 's come over me! Be the powers of Moll Hagan's cat 't is the toothache." He danced round and round in his tracks, groan following groan; but whichever way he turned there was neither pity nor comfort in the dark sighing hedges, nor in the gloomy starless canopy.

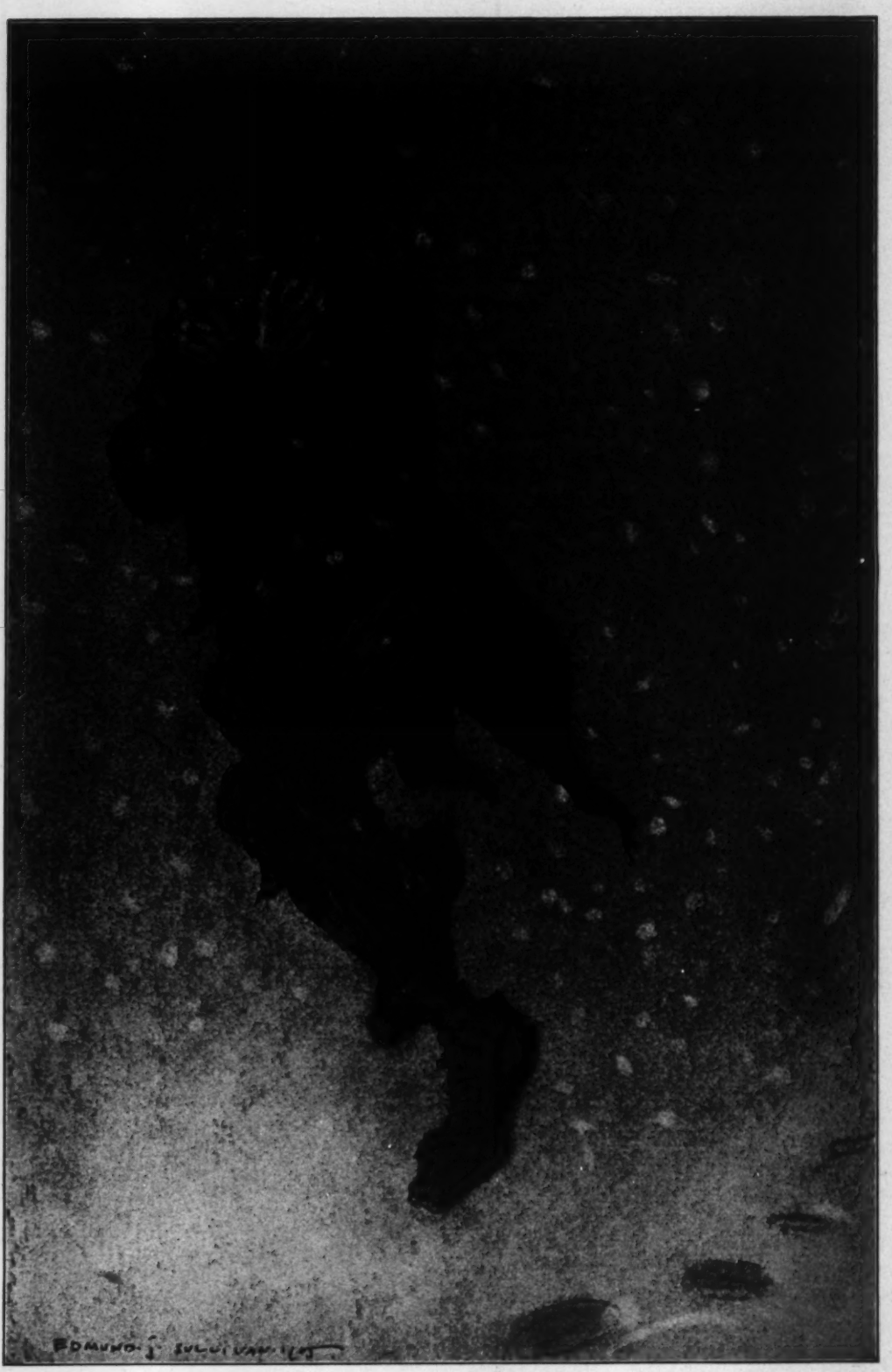
*"Tom the child — the poor innocent who never had an ounce of wit since the day he was born"*

Then a fiercer twang than all the others put together took the lad up into the air. Faster and faster they came, throb, throb, throb, like the blows of a hammer.

At last the poor man broke into a run as if to escape from the terrible pain, but as fast as he went the throb in his jaw kept time and tune to his flying feet.

"Oh, am n't I the foolish man to be galivantin' around this blessed night pryin' into other people's business. It 's a punishment. I wish I had that rapscallion of a King here now," he moaned as he reached the stile leading into his own field.

"That wish is granted at any rate, Darby asthore! What 's your hurry?"



"'BE THE POWERS OF MOLL HAGAN'S CAT 'TIS THE TOOTHACHE'"

There on the top of the stile, quizzical, cheery and expectant, waited the little fairy.

"Ow — um! Is this pain in the tooth the bliggard present you promised me, Brian Connors?"

"It is. I came to the conclusion that you wor actually blue-molded for want of a little rale throuble, so I gave it to ye. Ye naded a joult or two to make ye appreciate how well off ye wor before."

"Well, small thanks to ye for your present, King. If a man nades throuble he don't have to go thrampin' round all night lookin' for it with the loikes of you."

"You are like all the rest of the worruld, Darby O'Gill. You never appreciate what you have till you lose it. A man spinds his happiest days, grunting and groaning, but tin years afther they're over an' gone, he says to himself, 'Oh, wer' n't thim the happy, happy times?' If I take away the toothache will ye be raisonably happy, Darby? I dunno."

The persecuted man's spirit rose in unreasoning rebellion. No, I won't," he shouted.

"Thin kape it. Please yerself. Good-night." And the place where the friendly little king had been sitting was empty. He had vanished utterly.

"Come back, come back, King!" howled Darby. "I was a fool. Ouch! Oh, the top of me head went that time. If you 'll only take away this murdherin' pain, King, I 'll be the happiest man in Ireland ground, so I will."

The appeal was no sooner uttered than the pain left him, and a soft, friendly laugh floated down through the darkness.

"You 'll find the jug of potteen snug be the dure, avick, and all the happiness any mortal man' s entitled to waiting for ye beyant the thrashol' — an' that 's nothing more nor less than peace and plenty, and a warm-hearted, clear-headed woman for a wife and eight of the purtiest childher in the country of Tipperary. Go in to thim. Don't be fretting yourself any more over aymayaginary throubles; for as sure as ye do, the toothache 'll take a hammer or two at your gooms just to kape ye swate-minded an' cheerful. The complyments of the sayson to you an' yours. I 'm off."

The King's voice, lifted in a song, floated farther and farther away:

*" If you 've mate whin you 're hungry,*
*And dhrink whin you 're dhry,*
*Not too young whin you 're married,*
*Nor too ould whin you die —*
*Thin go happy, go lucky;*
*Go lucky, go happy;*
*Poor happy go lucky,*
*Good-bye, good-bye.*
*Bould happy go lucky*
*Good-bye."*

The song died away like a sigh of the wind in the hedges. Then clear and sweet broke the chapel bell across the listening fields, calling the parish, young and old, to midnight Mass. As Darby turned he saw every window in his cottage ablaze with cheerful light, and his own face glowed in warm response. With his hand on the door he paused and murmured:

"Why thin, afther this night I 'll always say that the man who can't find happiness in his own home nade n't look for it elsewhere."

# EDITORIAL

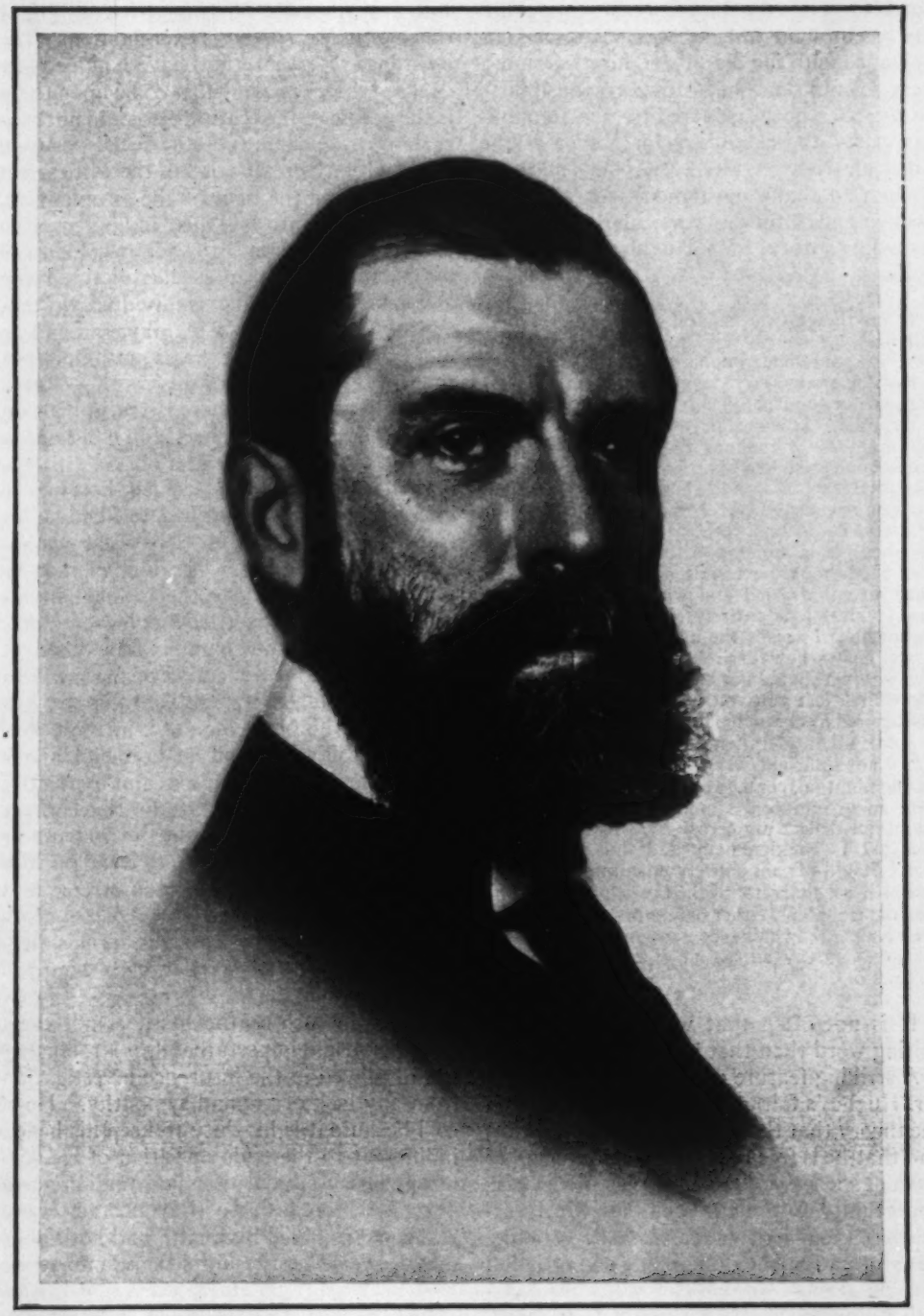
## CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

IT is not often that this country is treated to a more brilliant and stimulating intellectual performance than that of Lawyer Hughes of New York City — ripping the lid off the three great Life Insurance companies of his state. As for the effectiveness of his work, it is not too much to say that if it ceased now and no legislative action followed, Mr. Hughes would have rendered the country substantial and lasting service.

To begin with, it is no small thing to have rehabilitated the legislative inquiry as an effective method of obtaining information to which the people have a right and which they need in order to make proper laws. So many inquiries begun with enthusiasm and hope in the last twenty years have left the subject where it was taken up — or in worse confusion — that the public has come naturally to feel that little real help can be expected from any investigation. The reason for the weakness of many of the inquiries has been plain to one who took the trouble to study the testimony as a whole. It lay in the weakness of the examiner. Sometimes he knew little or nothing of the documentary history of the subject, and spent his time in seeking information which was already a matter of record — ending his task where it really should have begun. Again, he knew so little of the subject as a whole that he did not recognize an important fact if he drew it out. Frequently, again, the examiner lacked utterly the constructive faculty; he could not put two and two together when he had them. It has been much oftener ignorance and mental incapacity than bad faith, which has crippled our legislative inquiries. Mr. Hughes has demonstrated brilliantly how much useful information an examiner can secure if he knows what questions to ask.

Now the ability to ask telling questions does not come from intuition, from cleverness, from enthusiasm for a cause. It comes from *knowledge* of the subject. It is clear that in the present case Mr. Hughes, before he began to ask questions, knew what there was to know and from this vantage point began his search for information. Every question answered necessarily opened fresh avenues of inquiry. He has not only known what to ask, he has had the wisdom to stop his examination when necessary to digest his new information, to correlate it and so to come at his witnesses from entirely new and unexpected quarters. The public, watching him day after day steadily draw out information which it was supposed could not be extracted, has cried out: "This man is a wizard." Mr. Hughes well replied in a public letter the other day, "Whatever success has been gained is the result of unremitting toil and individual attention. There is no wizardry in it." Mr. Hughes's colleagues at the New York bar have been making the same answer for him. Indeed, they show no surprise at the unusual quality of his work. "That 's the way Hughes always has done things," they say. "He is the real thing. He is an indefatigable worker. He always has been. He gets at the vitals of a subject — never dallying with unnecessary details. He has a passion for mathematics, too — knows what figures mean and how to combine and compare them. When the insurance investigation began, the companies rained down volumes of figures on him. The accountants sent to assist said it was impossible to master the figures in the time at his disposal, but Mr. Hughes knew what figures were significant for his purpose. He sent the accountants after those. He did not content himself with finding out isolated figures, he sought to correlate figures; he did not keep his information concerning each company separate, he compared companies; but nobody who knows Hughes is surprised. This is the way he always goes at things."

But Mr. Hughes has brought something more than trained brains and a genius for



*Photograph by Pirie MacDonald*

Charles E. Hughes

hard work to the insurance investigation. He has brought to it a lofty idea of the importance and the dignity of his task and a very solemn sense of his own responsibility. In October he was offered by the Republican party the candidacy for Mayor of the City of New York — an offer splendid enough to shake most men's sense of proportion and of duty — particularly when presented as a duty. Mr. Hughes put the offer aside.

> In my judgment, [he said in his letter of declination], I have no right to accept the nomination. A paramount public duty forbids it.
>
> It is not necessary to enlarge upon the importance of the insurance investigation. That is undisputed. It is dealing with questions vital to the interests of millions of our fellow-citizens throughout the land. It presents an opportunity for public service second to none and involves a corelative responsibility. I have devoted myself unreservedly to this work. It commands all my energies. It is imperative that I continue in it. You have frankly recognized that it must continue unembarrassed and with unimpaired efficiency. But it is entirely clear to me that this cannot be if I accept the nomination.
>
> You know how desirous I have been that the investigation should not be colored by any suggestion of political motive. Whatever confidence it has inspired has been due to absolute independence of political consideration.
>
> It is not sufficient to say that an acceptance of this nomination, coming to me unsought, and despite an unequivocal statement of my position, would not deflect my course by a hair's breadth, and that I should remain, and that you intend that I should remain entirely untrammeled. The non-political character of the investigation and its freedom from bias, either of fear or favor, not only must exist, they must be recognized. I cannot permit them, by an action of mine, to become matters of debate.

It is not often that we hear a more inspiring word than that!

A striking feature of the inquiry has been Mr. Hughes's fairness. He has not gone on the theory that the examiner is an inquisitor, and that he is free to bully, to confuse and to sneer at witnesses. He has given them every opportunity to present their side, freely accepting their written statements — taking all information they offered — giving it full consideration. No one can study the legislative inquirer of the last two decades without realizing how often the cause of the people has been injured by a lack of this kind of fair play on the part of examiners. They too often have interpreted their business as that of prosecution, not investigation, and finally have ruined the cause in the minds of the judicial by their unfair and violent treatment. There has been nothing of this sort in Mr. Hughes's examination. The insurance representatives have had a square deal — whatever odium has come upon them is the odium of the truth they could not conceal. At the same time the social position, the wealth, the reputation of the witness has never affected the rigor of the examination.

This self-control — this indifference to personalities has not sprung from coldness of temperament. The press has pictured him as a pale and passionless individual, well advanced in years, with cold, gray eyes and an inquisitor's mien, but he is anything but that. He is young for his work — forty-three years of age — there is red in his skin and red in his dark hair and full whiskers — there is fullness of lip and a blaze in his eye even in its quietest phases which show him to be a man of fire and enthusiasm, and so his friends will tell you he is. His great passion has been for the law. The kind of man he is is well illustrated by the incident in his career which finally settled him in New York. He graduated at the Columbia Law-school in 1884, and became a member of the law firm of Chamberlain, Carter and Hornblower, but he did not like city life, and, in 1891, welcomed a call to a chair at Cornell University. The life there suited him perfectly, its calm, the leisure for study, the contact with eager young minds, but the pressure to return to the city, brought to bear on him by friends and family, was too strong, and in 1893 he came back to New York to practise; but even now he sighs for his professor's chair: "I was never so happy," he says.

A man of such sentiments does not show the reserve and imperturbability Mr. Hughes has displayed in the insurance investigation from any lack of fire and sympathy. He is cool because it is his duty to keep his head; indifferent to the trying position of his witnesses because he is after information; and not a little too, because his democracy is too real to be troubled by wealth and position.

A very excellent result of the examination, which is already patent, is the way it is educating the public. The simple, clear outlines on which it has been conducted have impressed the common man that Life Insurance is really a very simple matter of mathematics and of investments. So much money is collected at such a cost. If invested in safe channels it should yield such and such results. Why is it costing so much in

premiums? Mr. Hughes is showing clearly and convincingly that it is costing so much because of the excessive commissions of agents, the unnecessary luxury of offices, the extravagant salaries of officers, the speculations of directors, the payments to lobbyists and politicians. The whole matter unrolls like a problem in algebra under his firm hand.

The education the public is getting out of the insurance examination is similar to what it got out of Mr. Hughes's examination of the Consolidated Gas Company last spring — the examination which first turned public attention to him as a man of unusual intelligence and firmness, whom it was quite impossible to dazzle, bewilder or evade when he once had taken up a subject.

Now, this public enlightenment on great public questions is a great public service. Certain single facts, too, like securing the absolute proof of the contribution to the campaign funds, are so important that they alone justify the inquiry; for they give us that which is so difficult to get in the matter of the union between corporate and political interests — proof on which to rest our case.

As for the tonic effect of the inquiry it is already enormous. It has already driven home to thousands of young men who are, perhaps, standing at the very door of a compromise with honor, the almost inevitable public disgrace which awaits the man who plays with compromise, demonstrating again with fearful emphasis the fact that there is no punishment so terrible as public disclosure of evil doing. Quite as important, too, is the tonic effect of the revelation of a man like Mr. Hughes, willing to give unreservedly all his power to a public cause, and, for the sake of prosecuting to the end, refusing one of the great honors of public life in the United States.

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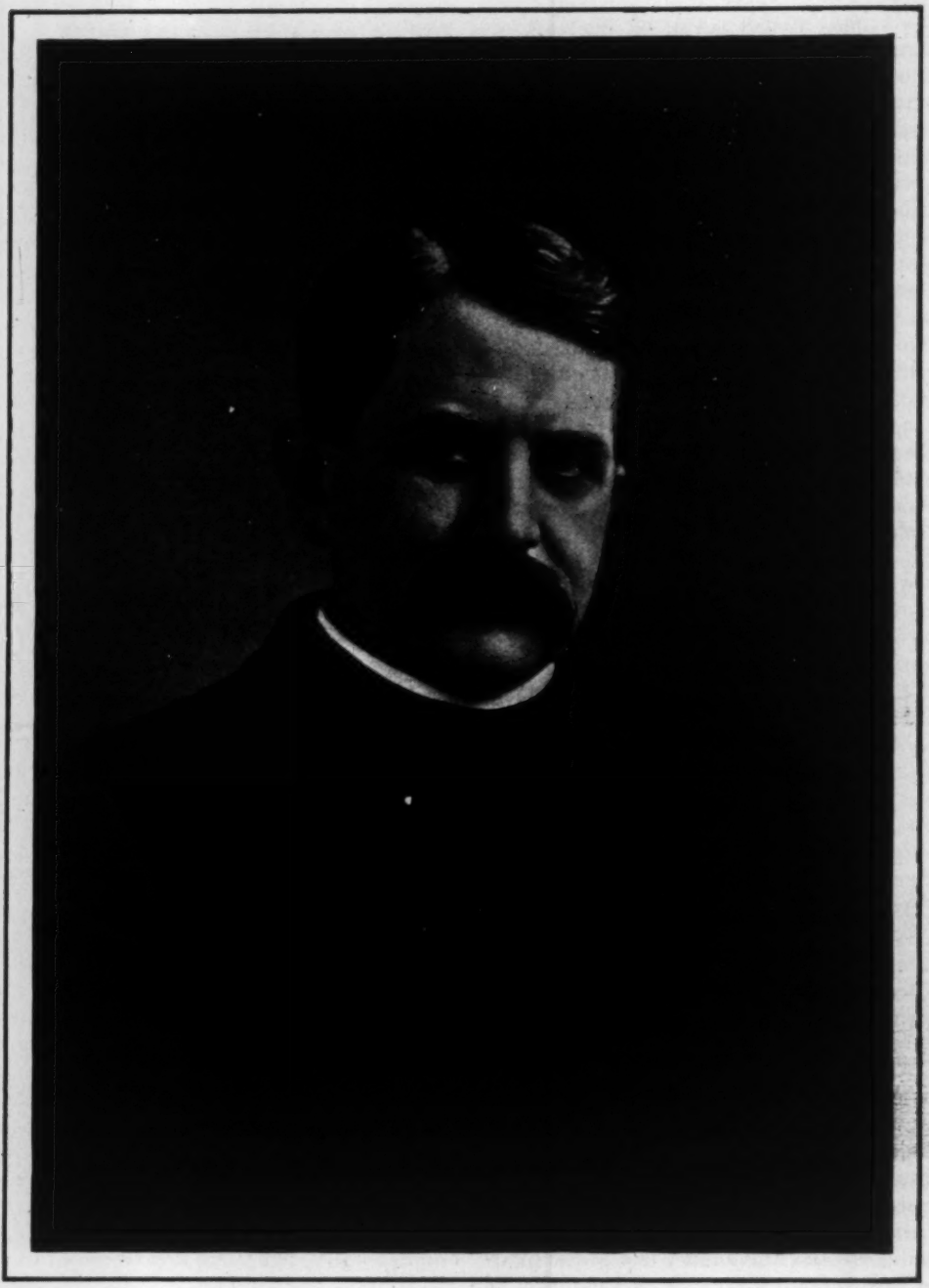
# THE FINAL TEST OF CHRISTIANITY

BY

REV. CHARLES D. WILLIAMS

THE chief moral demand of the age upon the Christian Church and the Christian believer is for the integration of the common conscience. That is the deepest ethical need of this generation. We are very much like a boy who has outgrown all his clothes. The religion of the past spoke its message of righteousness chiefly to the individual, and especially in terms of ecclesiastical proprieties and the minor moralities of personal behavior. But there has come to the modern world a sudden and vast expansion of commercial and political development. And the old Christianity is confronted with conditions for which she has no definite treatment. Her moral standards and her ethical systems are not big enough for the new life of to-day. She faces vast fields of conduct which are to her unexplored territory. She has not as yet begun to claim them for her Master, to whom they rightfully belong, simply because He is the moral King of all men and the spiritual Sovereign of all life. Consequently we frequently suffer from the moral disease of a divided and disintegrated conscience. And that disease is often most apparent among Christian people. We have as many moral standards as there are varieties of pursuits and professions among men. There is a separate and often inconsistent code of ethics for every range of human action, every plane of human conduct. The voice of conscience is often keen, clear and imperative in certain regions of our lives and conduct; and muffled, confused and all but silent in certain other realms. For instance we are often "long" on theological orthodoxy and ecclesiastical propriety. and excessively "short" on commercial integrity and political morality. Consequently our moral gait is halting. What we need is the coördination of our ethical instincts, the bringing up of our standards in all the va-



THE REV. CHARLES D. WILLIAMS, SINCE 1893 DEAN OF TRINITY CATHEDRAL, CLEVELAND

*Mr. Williams, forty-five years old, was born in Bellevue, Ohio. He went through Kenyon College and Kenyon Theological Seminary at Gambier, Ohio. Before going to Cleveland he was rector of a church — first in Cincinnati, and then in Steubenville, Ohio. The present article is a portion of an address first delivered by Mr. Williams from his own pulpit — and later on the platform at Chautauqua, New York.*

rious regions of our life and conduct to the same high level of the moral ideal: in other words, we need the unification and integration of a divided and disintegrated conscience. We need to pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "Unite my heart to fear thy name."

Let me illustrate and so explain my meaning.

There have been some appalling revelations made in the last few years both in our periodical and also our more permanent literature; exposures of commercial and political iniquity and civic unrighteousness. There are the stories of some of our gigantic business enterprises which have climbed to dizzy heights of unprecedented financial power. And they have done it by deliberate policies of commercial assassination, by ruthlessly crowding to the wall, both by fair means and oftener by foul, all honest competitors. And none is so insignificant as to escape their notice; the keeper of the little corner grocery, and even the street peddler are as calmly and quickly crushed out of existence as the great rival concerns. For with the trusts as with God, though in a different sense, "there is no respect of persons." It considers "not the person of the poor nor has respect unto the person of the mighty", not because it "fears the Lord," but because it has "respect unto the recompense of the reward." There are flagrantly dishonest collusions with the great transportation corporations, whereby not only utterly unfair advantages are secured over all competitors, but often the honest profits of these rivals are directly taxed to pay tribute into the treasury of the trusts. There is solemn perjury committed before courts of justice and investigating committees. Stocks are manipulated with diabolical ingenuity to the fleecing of the innocent and the ruin of the honest investor. There is not wanting evidence of crimes against persons, against individual rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There are indirect evasions and overt fractures not merely of the moral law, but of the common statutes of the state and nation; and there are great legal firms who deliberately prostitute the brilliant abilities and accumulated knowledge which should be consecrated to the maintenance of justice among men, to the defense of such iniquitous injustice. These are the real anarchists who are chiefly to be feared to-day, who threaten most seriously to overturn the very foundations of law and order among us, and not the poor fellows who talk bad English and wave red flags in our streets. Nothing is stopped at which promises commercial power and financial success. And whatever or whosoever stands in the way to that goal is promptly and ruthlessly trampled under foot.

This is the record which has never been successfully impugned.

And yet who are they who do these things? They are often gentlemen who are scrupulously correct in their personal behavior. As to the minor morals, they are temperate, sober and chaste. They are good husbands, kind fathers. Their home life is above reproach. They are often kind and considerate neighbors. They pay their debts and fulfill their personal obligations to their friends. They scorn a lie where no business interest is at stake. They are interested actively in all civic improvements of a material sort. They give munificently to all movements for human betterment that do not interfere with their commercial schemes. They found hospitals, schools and social settlements. They build libraries and universities. They are even orthodox, pious and devoted in their religious life. They go to church regularly, teach in Sunday-school, lead in prayer-meeting, support the pastor (so long as he preaches smooth things), and give generously to missions.

Now, why is this so? What is the secret of this strange ethical inconsistency, this moral contradition? It seems to me to lie in a lack of moral coördination, a divided and disintegrated conscience. These men have attained and fulfilled their ideals of morality in their personal conduct and relationships and their technically religious life. In these regions they exercise and exhaust their conscience. But in their commercial relations and business life they have no standards whatsoever. Here they are morally color-blind. They see no distinctions of right and wrong. They are for the most part utterly unconscious of the flagrant iniquity of their doings. For here in this region of commercial life, the writs of Christ do not run. Even common conscience and the moral law have no jurisdiction. "The accepted rules of the game" are a sufficient code of ethics. There is a hopeless cleavage, a bridgeless gulf through the midst of their lives. They have fulfilled all the reasonable requirements of righteousness here in their personal conduct

and religious piety. They are, therefore, free to do as they like in this other and outer region of their existence. They need to pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "unite my heart to fear thy name."

And how does such conduct strike the public conscience? Well, in a large degree, I fear, it does not strike it at all. It wholly misses the mark. Tell the ordinary man of the streets, "so and so is unkind to his wife and cruel to his children, he is unchaste, impure, and intemperate, he lies to his friends" perhaps even "he puts sand into the sugar he sells you," and he will flame into righteous indignation. But tell him: "so and so gambles in stocks and so ruins honest industry; he crushes competitors by unfair means; he uses his vast commercial power for injustice; he seizes unfair advantages," and he will calmly shrug his shoulders and say, "Oh well, that is business," and then utter that fatuous and iniquitous apothegm, so meaningless in its tautology and yet so potent to cover a multitude of sins, "business is business."

The public conscience is sadly in need of integration on this matter and until it is so integrated, nothing effective can be done against our gigantic commercial iniquities. Bureaus may investigate, Congress and legislatures pass laws, courts interpret and apply them, and executives enforce them, but unless public sentiment backs the movement up, it will all go for naught.

Ay, even go to the Church and say: "so and so is suspiciously heretical; he is not sound in his doctrines; he does not observe the proprieties of worship; he does not even go to Church; above all he does not support the ecclesiastical institution and religious work," and they are inclined to excommunicate him. But tell the Church: "so and so has made his vast wealth by flagrantly dishonest and oppressive methods," and the Church will shrug its shoulders in nine cases out of ten, saying "that is a secular affair with which we, as religious or Christian people, have no concern. We are interested in how the rich man spends his money, not in how he makes it." If only a man gives generously, the whole race of college presidents, charity workers, parsons and even bishops will run after him and canonize him. It seems to me that the Church needs also to pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "unite my heart to fear thy name."

When we turn to the political world, the spectacle is still more appalling and the disintegration of the public and Christian conscience even more evident.

We hear constant warnings against the danger of mingling religion with politics; but the danger to-day is not too much religion but too much business in politics. Would God there were more religion and less business.

That mingling of business with politics appears in two forms.

On the one side, there is the nefarious warfare conducted by unscrupulous politicians against legitimate business interests. A gang of unprincipled lawmakers, whether in a city council, a state legislature, or a national congress, organize a system of blackmail and extortion. They refuse righteous and necessary legislation until their price is paid. Or they threaten disastrous and ruinous laws unless they are bought off. And yet respectable gentlemen, gentlemen of high honor and sensitive conscience, and often too, of earnest religious principles, will go on voting for such creatures and maintaining them in office where they can conduct their nefarious trade. Why? Simply because their names appear under the eagle or the rooster where these gentlemen have always been accustomed to put their cross on election day. For they must vote the straight ticket. They must keep the party in power. They must support the party machine. It is another case of disintegrated conscience; keen and clear on personal and religious matters, muffled and confused and all but silent on political affairs.

But the undue mingling of business and politics appears more frequently in another form; namely the unholy alliance of special commercial interests, and those not always legitimate, with the lawmakers of the land. It is that alliance that creates the iniquitous lobby in every legislature of the country, from the village Board of Aldermen up to the United States Congress; which bids fair to turn the national Senate itself into such a commercial lobby, instead of the august council of a great people.

By far the greatest part of the shameless corruption which pervades like dry-rot our political institutions springs directly out of this unholy alliance of business with politics. If the "business man in politics" meant only wise economies and able administrative ability, we should all join in bidding him

God-speed. But if it mean, as it too often does mean, prostitution of justice, equity and the public good to private greed, the wholesale bribery of legislatures for profitable franchises and special privileges, it is time that the business man should be replaced by the statesman, if that race be not already extinct.

It is time, also, that we turn our righteous indignation from the petty politicians who are often weak and facile tools in the hands of powerful agents, to those agents; from the bribed to the briber. And yet these same bribers are often the most respectable and eminent members of our best society and often of our best churches. Scrupulous and high-minded in private life, devoted and earnest in technically religious affairs, they yet seem to be literally without conscience, unmoral rather than immoral, in their political activities and relationships. They too are victims of this subtle and fatal disease of a divided conscience.

Here lies our greatest national peril. This dry-rot of commercialism honeycombs our free institutions and threatens to bring to naught that vast and critical experiment of democracy and representative government which, in the providence of God, we are set to try for the human race.

Meanwhile, what is the Church doing about the matter? Once in a while she recognizes her duty and faces it. (Thank God for the big, brave Bishop of Rhode Island! He is organizing his clergy against the political and commercial corruption which possesses that state.) But the Church for the most part preserves a discreet silence. Her watchmen are "dumb dogs that will not bark," to use the language of the old prophet. They refrain their voices though the enemy march with banners to assault the walls of the city of God. How often do we hear sermons on commercial righteousness or political morality? Nay, we concern ourselves chiefly with metaphysical speculations about mysteries we can never explain, or ecclesiastical etiquette, or at the best, about the minor moralities of personal conduct and charities. But we have no concern with either business or politics, that is with nine-tenths of the lives of the people who sit before us Sunday after Sunday. And why? Because the Church, too, has a disintegrated conscience. It is "long" on piety and desperately "short" on civic righteousness.

What should the Church do? I answer, it should do just what its Master and Founder did. Jesus faced political and commercial conditions worse than ours; He felt them all ut He did not attack them directly, as it were. That is, He did not plunge into politics, organize parties, or outline political campaigns or economic policies. Neither did He address Himself directly to Cæsar on his throne or to Pontius Pilate in the governor's chair. That is, He did not attempt the professional politician. Apparently, even to Jesus the professional politician was hopeless. But He addressed Himself to the fisherman and the peasant, that is, to the common people. And he preached a Gospel of universal righteousness. He integrated, so far as He was able, the public conscience. He saw life whole and He made others see it whole. He connected His religion as immediately with the commonest and most secular aspects of life as with its most extraordinary acts of piety. He made common honesty, justice, truthfulness and integrity as much a part of the service of God as prayers and sacraments and even more than ceremonies and creeds. He implanted in the Christian conscience the primary and germinal principles of social justice and of civic and secular righteousness and left them there to do their work. And before that new Christian conscience, so coördinated and integrated, many a hateful institution like slavery and the degradation of woman melted slowly away. Before that conscience the rotten fabric of the Roman Empire itself crumbled into dust and a new and vastly better Christendom rose in its place. And the Christian conscience still remains the life and inspiration of all civic and political reform. If we will only let it have a free course to-day, and not shut it up in any narrow ecclesiastical compartments of our life, it will do the work of moral regeneration for our political and commercial world to-day.

This is the paramount ethical business of the Christian Church to-day, to let the Christian conscience out of the narrow limitations where we too often confine it, and give it its rightful sway over the whole common life of man. The Church, is to teach men to do business and to vote as they pray, in the fear of God; to go to the polls or the legislative halls as they go to the sacrament, in the fear of God. She is to speak as fearlessly from her pulpits against the evils of commercial dishonesty and political corruption as she does now against the evils of divorce or drunkenness, let it cost her what it

may in patronage, in gifts or in social prestige. And until she does, she will not commend her religion as valid or virile to this age and generation.

More than this, she is to sound in the ears of her young men of this generation, young men who are always ready to answer the call to chivalrous action and even sacrifice, young men who still "dream dreams and see visions," she is to sound in the ears of these young men the call to righteous political and honest commercial careers and make that call as holy and imperative as the call to her ministry. There is no holier or higher sphere to-day for the best service of God and humanity for the consecrated man, the man of the highest principles and most delicately sensitive conscience, in other words, the most truly religious and Christian man, than this same sphere of business and even politics. And there is none that is apter, if a man be true to his principles, to develop the strongest and noblest character, the finest heroism, the truest sainthood. These are the new quests for the new knights of to-day, infinitely better than a crusade for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel.

This then is the call the Church should lift up with trumpet voice in the ears of her youth.

*" God give us men ; times like these demand*
*Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hand.*
*Men whom the lust of office does not kill,*
*Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,*
*Men who possess opinions and a will,*
*Men who have honor, men who will not lie,*
*Men who can stand before a demagogue,*
*And down his treacherous flatteries without winking.*
*Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the clouds,*
*In public duty and in private thinking.*
*For, while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,*
*Their large professions and their little deeds,*
*Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,*
*Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps."*

Here then lies the searching and final test of our modern Christianity. Can it produce such men to-day? If it can and will, it shall prove itself to the conscience and mind of to-day "the power of God unto salvation." If it cannot or will not, it must perish, whatever arguments may be alleged as to its authenticity and authority. In every age it has produced the saint who met the needs of that age. Can it produce to-day the type of Christian who shall meet the needs of this age ; the man of open mind and yet reverent faith, of intellectual hospitality and spiritual insight ; the man of large heart with room for all that is human ; and the man of solid conscience who rings true wherever you strike him, in whatever region or plane of his life?

I make no doubt that the Christianity of Christ can do all this. It has the inherent force and vitality to do it, but whether it will to-day remains for us who bear His name before the world to-day, particularly those of us who still face the future, to answer in the lives and careers that lie before us.